Sept. 25, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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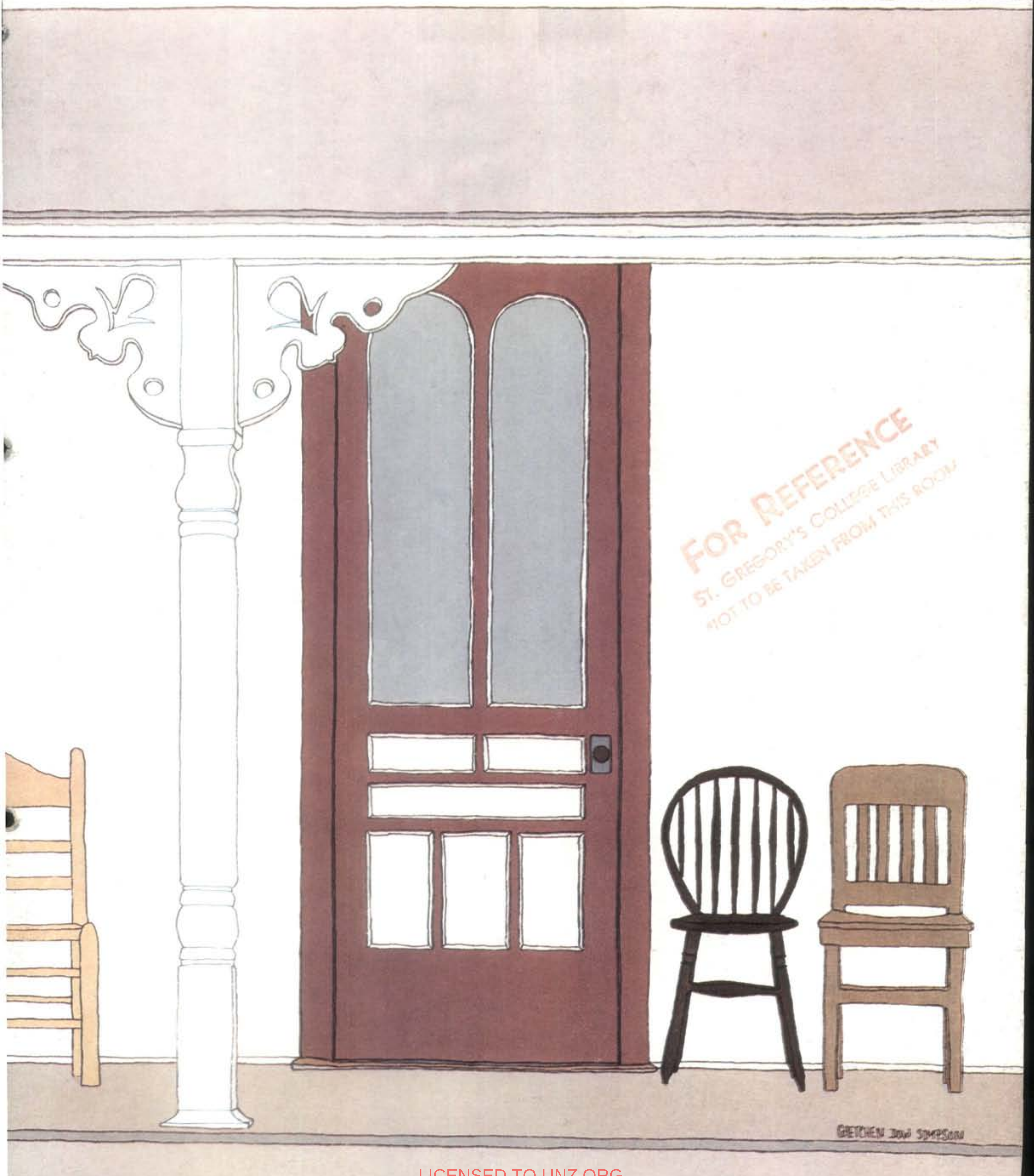
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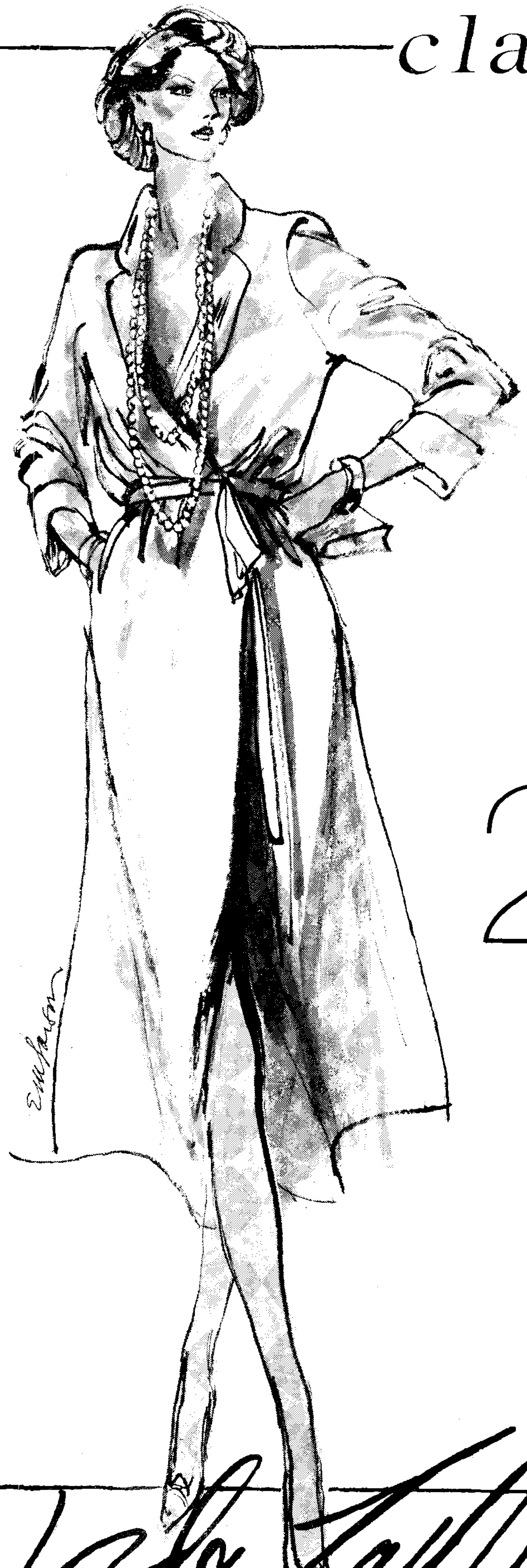

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A play by Paul Giovanni (who also directed), based on characters created by Arthur Conan Doyle, with Paxton Whitehead as a young Sherlock Holmes. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 28. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical OKLAHOMA! is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 8. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A musical revue conceived by Julianne Boyd (who also directed) from the music of Eubie Blake. The cast includes Ethel Beatty, Leslie Dockery, Gregory Hines, Maurice Hines, Alaina Reed, and Lynnie Godfrey. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 20. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)

Game Plan—A clumsy melodrama about a Marine who returns from Vietnam and refuses to become a football coach, thereby shattering his father's hopes. The performance is poor. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Inspector General—Gogol's play, in a new translation by Betsy Hulick, stars Theodore Bikel, Helen Burns, Arnold Soboloff, Max Wright, and Bob Balaban. Directed by Liviu Ciulei. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 21, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 19. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LIV, No. 32, September 25, 1978. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1978 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles, and by a number of other good actors in supporting ones. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PIANO BAR—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

PLAYERS—A comedy by an Australian playwright named David Williamson. The subject matter is professional football, and the cast consists of six men, all of whom are at one another's throats, not (it turns out) without reason. (9/18/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

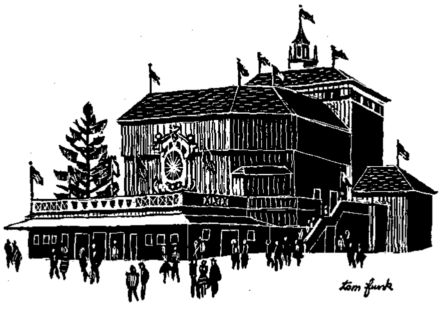
RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY—Charles Ludlam's production of **CORN** is being presented through Wednesday, Oct. 4. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

RUNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ST. MARK'S GOSPEL—As Mark, Alec McCowen gives an incomparable solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. (9/18/78) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes at the Marymount on Sunday, Sept. 24, and will reopen at the Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St., on Tuesday, Oct. 24, for a second three-week engagement.)

TRIBUTE—A comedy by Bernard Slade upon an unlikely subject—the attempt of a dying man to establish an affectionate relationship with a priggish son. Jack Lemmon, in the leading role, gives an extraordinary performance. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,648 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE GIN GAME:** An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DANCE

FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, Sept. 20: "The Consort," "Half Time" (première), and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Excursions," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "Half Time."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 24: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "Parisien," and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 24: "The Real McCoy," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 26: "The Consort," "Impromptu," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "A Footstep of Air," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Excursions," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "Parisien," and "A Footstep of Air." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 8—Tuesday evening, Sept. 26: "Summerspace," "Sounddance," "Inlets" (première), and "Squaregame."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: "Torse I," "Exchange" (première), and "Squaregame."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "Torse II," "Inlets," and "Travelogue."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Summerspace," "Solo," "Inlets," and "Sounddance."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 30: "RainForest," "Rebus," and "Changing Steps et cetera."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Summerspace," "Signals," and "Exchange." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Trumpeter Curly Walker and an alto saxophonist named C-Sharpe co-pilot a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 23; on Tuesday, Sept. 26, **JEANNE LEE,** a ground-breaking free-jazz vocalist for years, will sing and chant with her quartet.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his big band. Music from ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. **LEE HORWIN**, who has an unmannered, effortless (and, therefore, enviable) deep, dark, smoky jazz voice, needs a better, subtler repertoire than the one she works from. Most of what she sings now are innocuous, bouncy pop tunes that neglect her vocal resources. Through Saturday, Sept. 23. Tuesday, Sept. 26, marks the beginning of Joe Papp Sings week. And that's what he's going to do. Shows are at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. Singer **HELEN HUMES**, who smiles a lot and comes across as an old-fashioned bouncy, bubbly performer, does delicate ballads and authoritative blues numbers with her trio through Saturday, Sept. 23. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 27-30, trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his quintet will play jubilant Curson tunes. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Thursday, Sept. 21, will be claimed by the folkie duo the Aztec Two-Step and by **GEORGE GERDES**, a folksinger-humorist who has a good, tight mid-sixties folk-rock quartet to back him up; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, two R. & B. groups, the Dramatics and the McCrary's, will alternate; on Tuesday, Sept. 26, guitarist Pat Metheny will drop in with his quartet; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, L.A. rock guitarist Larry Carlton will trade sets with trombonist Raul De Souza. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house favorite, performs here through Sunday, Sept. 24; on Monday, Sept. 25, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** will take over. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An elegant second-floor night club that seems to overlook Rio, Corcovado, and the outlying suburbs—it's all done with cleverly angled mirrored walls that reflect small electric lamps placed around the room. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, heads up a dance trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander winds up his summer crescendos in the Café Carlyle on Saturday, Sept. 23. On Tuesday, Sept. 26, **BOBBY SHORT** and his trio will move back in for the fall semester. Sets begin at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, a strong bebop pianist, works in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

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CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, and it's sometimes hard to hear the music. Trombonist George Masso leads a trio through Friday, Sept. 22; cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER**, pianist **MICHAEL RENZI**, and drummer **DON REID** will move in on Monday, Sept. 25. Music from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

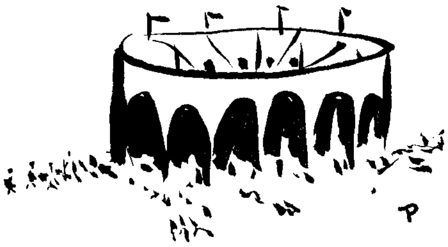
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Red Balaban (who owns the place), and Ed Polcer are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Sept. 26, trombonist George Masso will sit in with the band. On Sunday, Sept. 24, tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; O'Brien and Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Vibraharpist **TERRY GIBBS** has arrived to work with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** and a couple of other musical colleagues. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the resident legend, performs with assistance from drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Joe Muranyi. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Excellent non-anemic Tex-Mex chili. Most rock performers receive so much exposure—they either tour a great deal or make a lot of records or both—that they have to continually pump out new material and, sometimes, change styles. But **DOUG SAHM**, the Texas rock-and-roll recluse—he rarely ventures out of Austin, and he records for a local Texas label—hasn't changed much since 1966, when he was known as Sir Douglas. He's still singing a juke-joint-inspired combination of blues, rockabilly, Cajun, country-and-Western, and rock music in his unmistakably breathy, melancholy voice, and his admirers think that it's just fine. Sahm and his band, which includes a tenor sax and a trumpet that play in tune—a real achievement in rock—perform in this at-home setting Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20-21. Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON** will bring in his band on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 25-26; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, the Lost Gonzo Band, a Texas-rock outfit that used to back up Jerry Jeff Walker, will be onstage. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.



Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a straight-arrow baritone and a good pianist, works with bassist **JACK SIX** in the bar of this restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Clarinettist and saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD**, trumpeter Dick Vance, and bassist Beverly Peer, who all played in the Chick Webb orchestra a few decades back, are playing together again here. They didn't get Ella Fitzgerald (the authentic Chick Webb thrush) but they did get **CAROL SLOANE**, who sang with Les and Larry Elgart and who, on occasion, sounds a lot like Ella. Saxophonist Norris Tierney and drummer Panama Francis, who plays the part of Chick Webb, round out the group, which performs through Saturday, Sept. 23. On Tuesday, Sept. 26, Eckstine-influenced baritone Earl Coleman will come in with a backing crew headed up by pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG** and his quintet **US'N**, which is made up of Young's studio cohorts, and which plays stunningly intricate and exuberant arrangements, will be on hand Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. Wednesday, Sept. 20, belongs to saxophonist **GERRY NIEWOOD** and his quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 21-23, country-and-Western folkie Pete Rowan will be present; and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, Bruce Cockburn will perform his folk-pop compositions. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the new blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Here are a few of the various performers in evidence right now: André De Shields, who spends the early part of his evenings doing Fats Waller tunes in "Ain't Misbehavin';" at eleven-thirty through Sunday, Sept. 24, he'll concentrate on John Bubbles routines. On Tuesday, Sept. 26, Tony Azito, who is a singer in a lanky dancer's body and who comes across as a modern-day vaudevillian, will perform at nine; and at eleven-thirty, Charles Ward, a member of the "Dancin' " cast, will sing. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—What do successful

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

studio musicians do with their profits? Well, some buy fast cars, and some order Doc Severinsen outfits. Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers and who are sought after for their trumpet and saxophone skills, respectively, opened this pleasant club (along with a third partner) a few weeks ago, and their growing clientele must make them glad they didn't opt for sequin-studded jeans. **CHARLES SULLIVAN**, a fine, moving trumpet player, leads a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 24; Tuesdays are reserved for Brazilian music; and on Wednesday, Sept. 27, pianist Mike Nock will bring in a quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**BOBBY COLE**, a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a singer with a hoarse, raspy voice, is found upstairs, in a quiet, formal room far from the Vegas-style doings on the first floor. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JOE LEE WILSON** does fire-breathing vocals with his backing quartet through Saturday, Sept. 23, and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 26-30, **BOB MOVER**, a driving young alto player, will head up a quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a *lot* of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** is here with a quartet through Sunday, Sept. 24; on Tuesday, Sept. 26, drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND** will return with the quintet that Charles Mingus led until his recent illness. The group plays all-Mingus sets; the very fine **EDDIE GOMEZ** plays the bass lines. Monday night belongs to a band guided by bassist **SAM JONES** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. **THE COUNTSMEN**, a quintet headed by ex-Basieites **EARLE WARREN** and **DICKY WELLS**, swing every night but Monday, Sept. 25, when historic jazz films will be shown. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Richard Pryor and **Patti Labelle**—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 20-24, at 8.

Cheap Trick and **the Cars**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Descendants of Mike and Phoebe—Performing excerpts from "The Depot," a folk/jazz opera by Bill Lee. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Jackie McLean and **Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand)**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 22-23, at 9:30 and midnight.

B. B. King, Bobby Bland, and **Betty Wright**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Dexter Gordon's Quartet and **Johnny Griffin**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—The free concerts continue with Portia Nelson and Steve Ross performing the songs of Cole Porter. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Monday through Thursday, Sept. 25-28, at 6.)

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Neil Young and **Crazy Horse**—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, at 8.

John Klemmer—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Helen Humes, Dick Hyman, Eddie Daniels, George Duvivier, and Ron Traxler. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

R.E.O. Speedwagon, U.F.O., and **Molly Hatchett**—Palladium. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8.

Bob Dylan—Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.

Bill Gaither Trio—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8.

Blue Oyster Cult and **Thin Lizzy**—Palladium. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 8.

Paul Bley and **Perry Robinson and Badal Roy**—Public Theatre. Friday, Sept. 29, at 9:30 and midnight.

New Lost City Ramblers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8.

David Liebman and Richard Beirach and **Double Image**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 9:30 and midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

James Brooks—Abstract Expressionist paintings, some of them in black and white, all done during the past decade. Through Thursday, Sept. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Ron Isaacs—This artist, using a jigsaw, makes plywood representations of clothing—in this show, mostly old-fashioned chemises and bodices and aprons—that entirely *trompent* the *œil*. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Recent portrait heads by a painter whose colorful, slashing attack on the canvas (and his subjects) sometimes skids over from the Expressionistic into caricature. Through Oct. 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935) **and Elie Nadelman** (1882-1946)—Drawings. Through Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Mullen—Minimalist paintings. Through Oct. 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Fredric F. Myers—Shaped canvases that look more like empty picture frames than like completed works since each piece is built around a circular opening in the middle. Through Thursday, Sept. 28. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Angel Romano—Geometric patterns worked out in effective color combinations. The artist is an Argentine now resident in Rome. Through Tuesday, Sept. 26. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Abstract oils and watercolors. Through Oct. 7. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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Manfred Schwartz (1909-70)—Flecks of pastel literally hammered into the paper to depict the pebbly shores of Étretat, and (an outgrowth of the same idea) huge canvases on which the night sky is represented by myriad pointillist dots. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Genre prints of the lower East Side, the Bowery, Washington Square. Through Oct. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Edward Youkilis—Abstract acrylics on paper and canvas; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Mexican Costumes—A loan show of fifty-five costumes, including some whose designs and weaving techniques predate the Spanish conquest. Through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: American paintings from the Colonial and Federal periods, including twelve Copley portraits. Through Friday, Sept. 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Bissier, Hartung, Reinhoud, and others associated with this gallery. Through Oct. 14.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Nicola Benois—More than a hundred set designs for operas by a former scenic designer for La Scala. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Battaglia, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Louise Bourgeois—One room is given over to a single sculpture in painted wood and latex. Another has ten smaller sculptures in a variety of mediums. Through Oct. 21. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Buchanan / Marc Boone—Heavy, rough-sided cast-stone blocks, made of Georgia clay and cement, set up in arrangements that evoke crumbling masonry and Ozymandias. / An attempt in black-and-white drawings, sometimes touched up with color, to catch the look of various sounds. Through Oct. 7. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Shlomo Cassos / Paul Linfante—Paint and paper collages. / Paintings of giant apples. Through Oct. 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean Dufy (1888-1964)—Circus scenes, musicians, race horses, and river boats, all painted in the tradition established by the artist's older brother Raoul. Through Oct. 7. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Philip Evergood (1901-73)—A cross-section of his works in various mediums. Through Friday, Sept. 29. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Fahlen—In addition to his customary large wall constructions of wood, felt, and resin, the artist is showing smaller, freestanding works made from toy animals. Through Oct. 7. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jan Groth—Abstract drawings and a single tapestry. Through Oct. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hiroshige (1797-1858)—Thirty-six color woodcuts of Mount Fuji, usually seen beyond a lively genre foreground. Through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.) . . . ¶ Landscapes. Through Oct. 7. (Ronin, 605 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Josef Levi—New paintings and drawings by an artist who often incorporates his copies of Old Master paintings into contemporary settings. Through Oct. 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Fulvia Levibianchi—Six outsize paintings, each devoted to a single female breast. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy McGahee—Oil paintings of figures in groups, and collages. Through Oct. 7. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

Mariann Loveland Miller—Allegorical paintings that usually include figures in nature. Through Oct. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró and Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Colorful aquatints by the former, and lithograph drawings of nudes by the latter.

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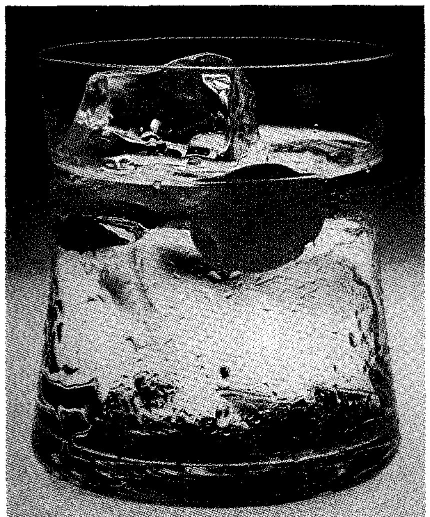
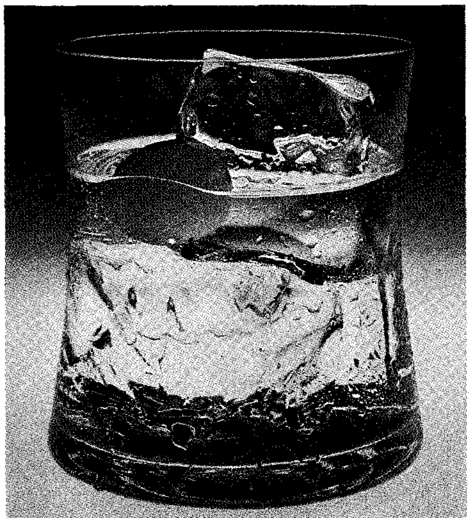
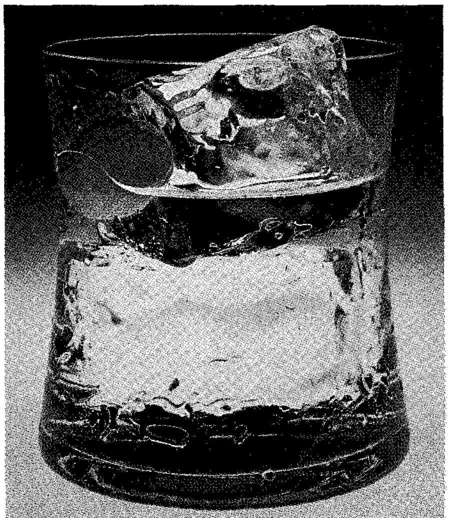

Sip one. A gin martini


Sip two. A vodka martini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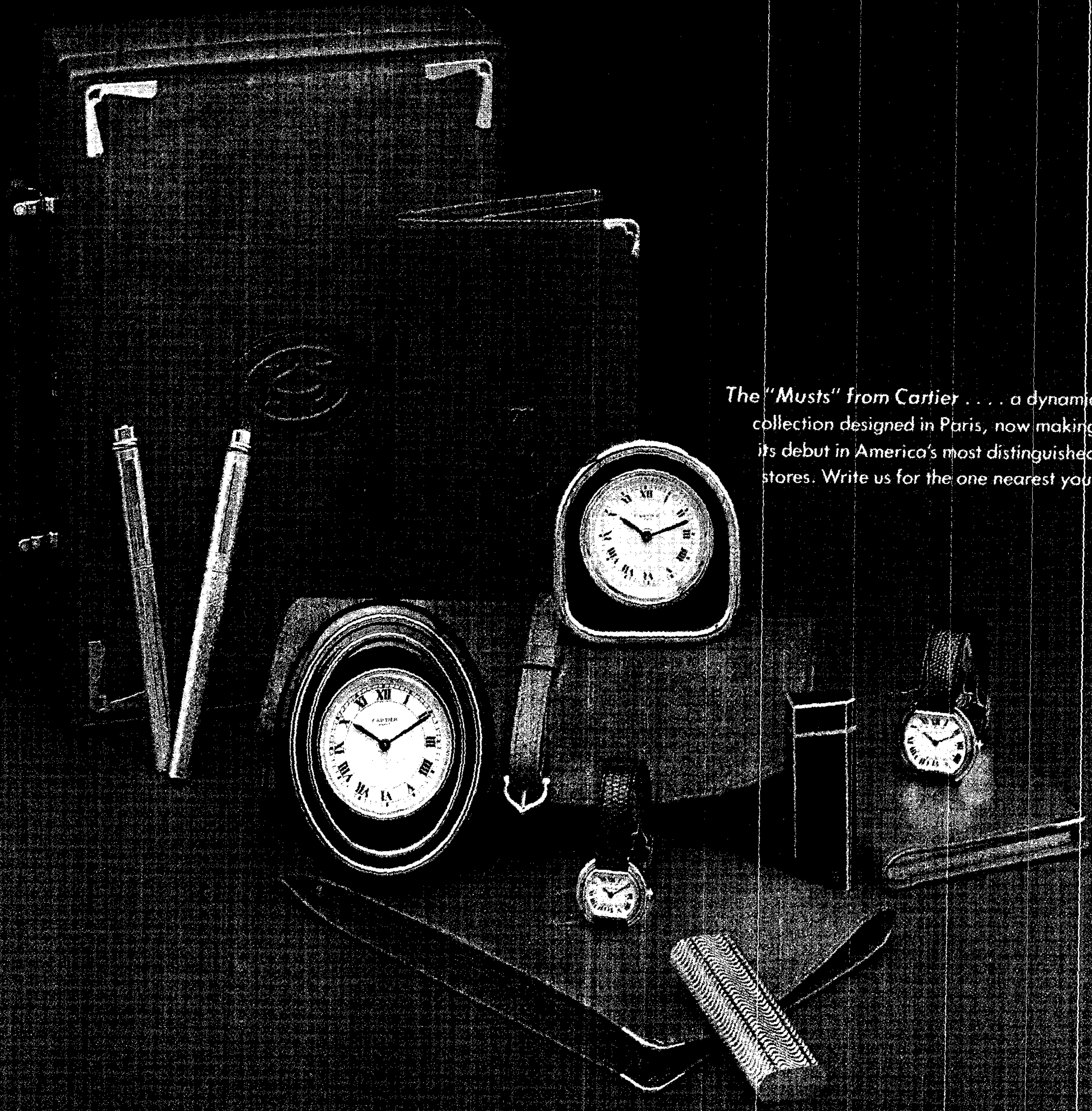

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Through Oct. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Christopher Wilmarth / Philippe Hosiasson (1898-1978)—Sculptures in which painted and etched glass is applied to stainless-steel plates. Through Oct. 4. / Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—An inaugural exhibit that includes a couple of wall boxes with enigmatic tableaux inside by Brenda Goodman, and several paintings that seem to be floor plans for landscapes by David Sharpe. Through Oct. 7. (Pam Adler, a new gallery at 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Cottingham / Alan Herman—Photo-Realist paintings, one of them centered on the word "Rat" in a huge, bunting-draped sign for Rattner's Bakery. / Life-size environments—Tom Wong's Chinese laundry, for instance, complete with neatly stacked bundles, or a table for two in the far corner of a saloon, next to the rest rooms. Through Oct. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta / Juan Bujan—Nightmares of the most horrendous sort rendered in comic-book style on paper by this Cuban-born artist. / "Political Folklore" is the title of this exhibit by an Argentine-born artist who paints, in a primitive style, such scenes as President Carter dancing sedately with his wife in a vast ballroom, with Amy watching from one side of the room and invited personages from another. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Claire Falkenstein—Large kitelike constructions made of bamboo, copper rods, and linen, all skillfully trussed up together. Some hang on the wall, some are suspended from the ceiling, and some are freestanding. (Neill, 136 Greene St.). . . ¶ Graphics. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Oct. 19.

Mary Grigoriadis—Abstract paintings in which tightly worked areas of Byzantine design done in thick, bold-colored oils are contrasted with areas of raw linen. Also drawings. Through Oct. 4. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Christopher Knowles—Imaginative paintings of the earth, the moon, the sun, the universe, and time itself, done in bright colors by a nineteen-year-old autistic boy who has been tutored by the dramatist Robert Wilson. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Judith Nelson / Robert Batterton—Rounded, organic-looking forms are seen against a screen-like background. / Paintings and drawings of costumes—some fanciful and some workaday—that seem to be worn by invisible people. Through Wednesday, Sept. 27. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Don Nice—Two realist triptychs, one representing the animals of the peaceable kingdom and the other their wilder fellow-creatures. Through Oct. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—Realist paintings of costumed and masked figures by a Chicago-based artist. Through Oct. 14. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Julius Tobias / Takuji Azechi—An environment of concrete slabs. / Works that combine photographs and wood carvings. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At the COOPER, 155 Wooster St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit of works by gallery artists, among them Jennifer Bartlett, Lynda Benglis, and Kes Zapkus. Through Oct. 4. . . . WESTBROADWAY, 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Beatrice Riese, Robert Feldgus, and Howard Goldstein, and kinetic sculptures by Dickson Carroll. Through Oct. 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Philip Johnson—Preliminary studies, working drawings, and models for two of the architect's designs: his home in New Canaan, and the planned A.T. & T. corporate headquarters on Madison Avenue. Through Oct. 31. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-78)—Etchings. Through Oct. 21. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Raquel Rabinovich—A large sculpture of smoke-gray tempered glass. Through Oct. 17. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—Documentary photographs from the fifties which were made on assignment for *Look*, *Life*, and other publications. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Richard Avedon—The Metropolitan Museum is showing his high-fashion photographs from the last three decades. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Marie Cosindas / Ray Metzker—Still-lifes and portraits by a photographer (one-time painter) whose manipulations of Polaroid-film emulsions achieve the soft look of oils. / Black-and-white abstractions. Through Nov. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Gianfranco Gorgoni—A hundred (X-rated) color photographs. Through Oct. 7. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Christopher James—Photographic prints that have been hand-dyed and coated with soft-colored enamels. Through Oct. 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Russell Lee—More than a hundred and fifty prints by a photographer best known for his works done for the Farm Security Administration. Through Oct. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nicholas Nixon / André Kertész—Social gatherings of all sorts figure in forty 8 x 10 contact prints. / Photographs, most of them of Washington Square Park. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

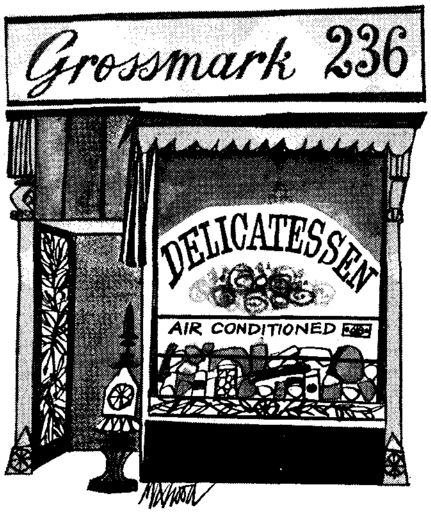
C. E. Watkins (1829-1916)—Twenty-five large plate photographs of the Yosemite Valley and Oregon. Through Oct. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

American Photography Since 1960—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Contemporary still-lifes. The participants include Gowin, Krims, Groover. Through Oct. 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Richard Avedon's fashion prints. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A small show of paintings and sculptures recently acquired by the museum. Through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Through Oct. 3. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of the French artist and writer Henri Michaux. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art About Art" is a lighthearted exhibition that demonstrates how American artists (from Warhol to Grooms and back again) appropriate the works of others for their own purposes—sometimes in homage and sometimes as a starting point but more often in fun. Through Sunday, Sept. 24. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of sculptures from the last ten years that reflect a link with architecture. Some of the sculptors are Alice Aycock, Rafael Ferrer, Michael Hurson, and George Grant. Through Oct. 25. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Nov. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of anthropological artifacts from Papua New Guinea features a hut with a conical thatched roof and a double-hulled canoe with a banana-leaf sail. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5. Additional evening hours: Friday, Sept. 22, and Friday, Sept. 29, until 9.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—French and Italian neoclassical drawings and prints, selected for their depictions of interior decoration and architecture. In addition, related objects and textiles from the period. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit of Richard Mayhew's semi-abstract landscape paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Sept. 20: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Luis Lima, and Yuri Mazurok; conducted by James Conlon.... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 21: "Otello," with Renata Scotto, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 22: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 23: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Luis Lima, and Yuri Mazurok; James Conlon.... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 23: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; Raymond Leppard.... ¶ Monday evening, Sept. 25: "Otello," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 26: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; Raymond Leppard.... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Luis Lima, and Mario Sereni; James Conlon.... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Otello," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 30: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; Raymond Leppard.... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2, and Saturday, Sept. 30, at 1.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Emerson Buckley.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Jacque Trussel, and William Justus; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Richard T. Gill; Judith Somogi.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Emerson Buckley.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Diana Soviero, Bruce Reed, and Howard Hensel; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 1: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 7 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700), and Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 8: A new production of Rossini's "The Turk in Italy," in an English translation by Andrew Porter. With Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, Donald Gramm, Alan Titus, and James Billings; Julius Rudel....

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¶ Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 2: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Diana Soviero, Bruce Reed, and Howard Hensel; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Sherry Zannoth, Enrico Di Giuseppe, David Holloway, Richard T. Gill, and Vernon Hartman; John Mauceri.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and James Billings; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Richard Taylor, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and William Justus; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

Die Fledermaus—Johann Strauss's opera, in English, with Frank Guarrera and Theodor Uppman, baritones. Produced by Rudolf Bing, directed by Henry Butler, and conducted by Eugene Kohn. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30, a non-subscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Rudolf Serkin, piano); Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 22, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 7:30 (all with Yefim Bronfman, piano); Sunday, Sept. 24, at 3:45, a non-subscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic (with Vladimir Horowitz, piano); and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30 (all with Rodney Friend, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello).

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 3.)

RECITALS

Beethoven Society—Samuel Lipman, piano, with assisting artists, playing Beethoven's complete quartets for piano and strings. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 682-3900, Ext. 463.)

Edward Lee—Piano, in a program of Russian music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 5:45.)

João Carlos Martins—Piano, playing Book I of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

Eastman Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

Staffan Scheja—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

Concert Artists Guild—A benefit concert performed by Guild alumni Agustin Anievas, piano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Gene Boucher, baritone; and the Raphael Trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

Friedman-Vardi-Silberstein Trio—Erick Friedman, violin; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and Jascha Silberstein, cello. With Renée Siebert, flute, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Music for strings, winds, and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23-24, at 2:05.... ¶ St. Louis, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 25-26, at 8:05.... **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 26-28, at 8.... ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 29, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—Nets vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 8. ... ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 29, at 8. (Rutgers University Athletic Center, Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—**saturday, sept. 23:** Army vs. Virginia, at West Point, at 1:30.... ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 12:50.... ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30.... ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 7:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... **saturday, sept. 30:** Army vs. Washington State, at West Point, at 1:30.... ¶ Boston College vs. Navy, at Chestnut Hill, at 6.... ¶ Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 1:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30.... ¶ Manhattan vs. Maritime Academy, at Mt. St. Michael Field, at 1.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Princeton, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 24: Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4.... ¶ Jets vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **madison square garden,** Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. (564-4400): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 7:35.... **nassau coliseum,** Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516 794-9100): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Sept. 23.... ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, Sept. 26.... ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 30. (All games at 8:05.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 23. The Matron, Wednesday, Sept. 20; the Ruffian Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 23; the Manhattan Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 24; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 27; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.)... **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 30. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 23, and the Mermaid, Saturday, Sept. 30.... **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30.... **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Oct. 20.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 7.

ET ALIA

Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, the City Garden Club of New York, and the Bonsai Society of Greater New York. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Friday through Tuesday, Sept. 22-26, from 10 to 5:30, and Wednesday, Sept. 27, from 10 to 2.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 21, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations; from several collectors.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 10:15: Chinese paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, from a number of sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 2, and Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, including ceramics, jade, snuff bottles, textiles, and paintings; collected by Mrs. Clifford D. Martin and others.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Sept. 29, at 2: Japanese porcelains, pottery, and prints, together with other Asian works of art; the property of Dr. John Pope and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 23.... **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Sept. 22, at 2, and Saturday, Sept. 23, at 10:30 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco glassware, Tiffany lamps, and other decorative pieces, and animalier bronzes and other sculptures.

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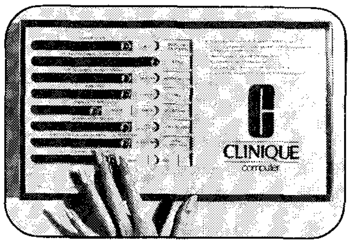

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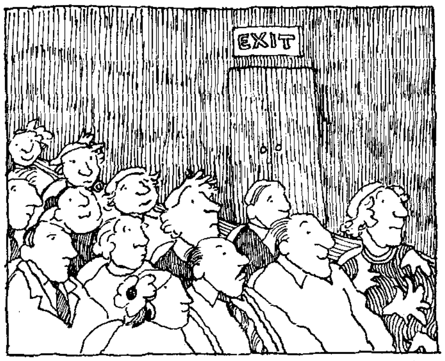
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 24: "Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer."
Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 26: "Providence."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 26: To be announced.
From Sept. 27: "Girl Friends."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 21: "Eyes of Laura Mars" and "Taxi Driver."
From Sept. 22: "Hooper" and "The Late Show."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Sept. 21: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
From Sept. 22: "Up in Smoke."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 21: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl."
From Sept. 22: "Young Frankenstein."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 22: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Sept. 23: "A Wedding."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Néa."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Slave of Love."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 21: "The End."
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Pretty Baby."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 26: "Girl Friends."
From Sept. 27: "Bloodbrothers."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (No evening performances on Thursday, Sept. 21.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"No Time for Breakfast."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 21: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Sept. 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 21: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl."
From Sept. 22: "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio" (both formerly X-rated, now R-rated).

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Sept. 21: "Eyes of Laura Mars."
From Sept. 22: "Up in Smoke."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 26: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Sept. 27: "Bloodbrothers."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Baby."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 21: "Almost Summer" and "American Graffiti." From Sept. 22: "Go Tell the Spartans."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cat and Mouse."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Baby."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 21: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl." From Sept. 22: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
Theatre 3: "The Buddy Holly Story."
Theatre 4: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War").

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Who'll Stop the Rain."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 21: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl."
From Sept. 22: "Hooper."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Sept. 22: "Foul Play."
From Sept. 23: "A Wedding."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 26: "Foul Play."
From Sept. 27: "Girl Friends."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Women."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Pretty Baby."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Buddy Holly Story."
Theatre 2: "Eyes of Laura Mars."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 21: "House Calls" and "The Goodbye Girl." From Sept. 22: "Go Tell the Spartans."
Theatre 4: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Cat and Mouse."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 21: "Warlords of Atlantis" and "Casey's Shadow."
From Sept. 22: "Hooper" and "The Gumball Rally."

TIMES SQUARE

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Sept. 21: "Warlords of Atlantis." (†)
From Sept. 22: "Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Sept. 21: "Almost Summer" (†) and "American Graffiti." (†)
From Sept. 22: "Go Tell the Spartans." (†)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Sept. 26: "Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)
From Sept. 27: "Bloodbrothers." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Convention Girls" and "Naked Rider."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 3: "Young Frankenstein." (†)
Theatre 4: "Hooper." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"2001: A Space Odyssey." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Avalanche."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 20: "Summer Paradise" (1978), in Swedish, directed by Gunnel Lindblom, with Birgitta Valberg and Sif Ruud; and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda.
Sept. 21: "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
Sept. 22-23: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha." (†)
Sept. 24: "Coming Home" (1978), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern; and "The Chase." (†)
Sept. 25: "China Gate" (†) and "The Quiet American." (†)
Sept. 26: "The Man Who Left His Will on Film" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "Double Suicide." (†)
Sept. 27: "La Chinoise" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; and "China Is Near." (†)
Sept. 28: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Marnie" (1964), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 20: "The Golem" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur; and "Waxworks" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with Conrad Veidt, Emil Jannings, and Werner Krauss.
Sept. 21: "Death by Hanging" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "Face of Another" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara.
Sept. 22: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; and "And Then There Were None." (†)
Sept. 23: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "The Stranger." (†)
Sept. 24: "Bonaparte." (†)
Sept. 25: "Follow the Fleet" (†); and "Kristina Talking Pictures" (1976), directed by Yvonne Rainer.
Sept. 26: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia" (1974), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Warren Oates; and "Cockfighter" (1974), directed by Monte Hellman, with Warren Oates.
Sept. 27: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.
Sept. 28: "The Seven Samurai." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 21: "Straight Time" (1978), directed by Ulu Grosbard, with Dustin

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Hoffman and Theresa Russell; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971), directed by Harvey Hart, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.

Sept. 22-23: "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.

Sept. 24-25: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir." (†)

Sept. 26: "The Betsy" (†) and "Once Is Not Enough." (†)

Sept. 27-28: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Deliverance." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Sept. 20: "Tout Va Bien" (1972), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard, with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda; and "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (1975), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira.

Sept. 21-23: "Stroszek" (1977), in German and English, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes; and "Heart of Glass" (1977), in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Sept. 24-25: "The Mother and the Whore." (†)

Sept. 26-27: "Tokyo Story" (†) and "Pickpocket." (†)

From Sept. 28: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972), in German, directed by Werner Herzog; and "The American Friend." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 23: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

Sept. 24-26: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†); and "The Great Waltz" (1938), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus.

From Sept. 27: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Gaslight" (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Sept. 21: "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Joli Mai" (1963), directed by Chris Marker, a documentary film narrated by Simone Signoret.

Sept. 22-23: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Sept. 24-25: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; "Open City" (†); and "Night and Fog." (†)

Sept. 26: "The Tarnished Angels" (†); and "The Lusty Men" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy.

Sept. 27-28: "The Woman in Green" (1945) and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 20: "This Time for Keeps" (1947), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Esther Williams, Lauritz Melchior, Jimmy Durante, Johnnie Johnston, and Dame May Whitty; and "Duchess of Idaho" (1950), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Esther Williams, Van Johnson, John Lund, and Mel Tormé.

Sept. 21: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936), directed by John Ford, with Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, and Claude Gillingwater; and "Kidnapped" (1938), directed by Alfred Werker, with Freddie Bartholomew and Warner Baxter.

Sept. 22-23: "Thank You, Mr. Moto" (1938), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre, Thomas Beck, and Pauline Frederick; and "Sherlock Holmes" (1932), directed by William K. Howard, with Clive Brook as the detective and Reginald Owen as Dr. Watson.

Sept. 24: "Cardinal Richelieu" (1935), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with George Arliss; and "The Affairs of Cellini" (1934), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Fredric March, Constance Bennett, Frank Morgan, and Fay Wray.

Sept. 25: "Algiers" (†); and "Appointment for Love" (1941), directed by William A. Seiter, with Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer, Rita Johnson, and Eugene Pallette.

Sept. 26: "Café Metropole" (1937), directed by Edward H. Griffith, with Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Adolphe Menjou, and Helen Westley; and "Lloyds of London" (1936), directed by Henry King, with Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, and Tyrone Power.

Sept. 27: "The Sun Comes Up" (1949), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr., Lassie, Lloyd Nolan, and Percy Kilbride; and "Three Daring Daughters." (†)

Sept. 28: "Girl Crazy" (1932), directed by William Seiter, with Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey, and Dixie Lee; and "Delicious." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 21 at 2:30: "Family Enforcer" (1977), directed by Ralph DeVito, with Joseph Cortese, Lou Criscuola, Joseph Pesci, and Anne Johns; not recommended for children.... ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: "Brothers" (1929), a German silent film, directed by Werner Hochbaum; music and sound effects, but no English inter-titles.... ¶ Sept. 21 at 8:30: "The Eternal Mask" (1935), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Mathias Wieman and Olga Tschechowa; English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 22 at 2:30: "Raid" (1932), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Gina Falkenberg and Friedrich Gnass, no English subtitles; and "Brothers."... ¶ Sept. 22 at 6: "Fiend Without a Face" (1958), directed by Arthur Crabtree, with Marshall Thompson and Kim Parker.... ¶ Sept. 23 at noon: "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan" (1953), directed by Sidney Gilliat, with Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, and Peter Finch. ... ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30: "Raid."... ¶ Sept. 23 at 5: "Life Begins Tomorrow" (1933), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Erich Haussman and Hilde von Stolz; no English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 24 at 12:30: "The Mikado" (1939), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Martyn Green and Kenny Baker.... ¶ Sept. 24 at 2:30: "Son of Paleface" (1952), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Bob Hope, Jane Russell, Roy Rogers, and Trigger.... ¶ Sept. 24 at 5: "The Eternal Mask."... ¶ Sept. 25 at noon: "South Pacific: End of Eden?" (1978), directed by Julian-Krainin, with James Michener.... ¶ Sept. 25 at 2:30: "Life Begins Tomorrow."... ¶ Sept. 25 at 6: "Suburban Music Hall" (1934), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Luise Ullrich and Mathias Wieman; no English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 26 at noon: "South Pacific: End of Eden?"... ¶ Sept. 26 at 2:30: "Romance of the Underworld" (1928), directed by Irving Cummings, with Mary Astor, John Boles, and Oscar Apfel.... ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "Light Cavalry" (1935), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Marika Rokk and Fritz Kampers; no English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 2:30: "Suburban Music Hall."... ¶ Sept. 28 at 6: "Shadows of the Past" (1936), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Luise Ullrich and Gustav Diessl; no English subtitles.... ¶ Sept. 28 at 8:30: "The Tsarina's Favorite" (1936), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Olga Tschechowa and Anton Pointner; no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 24: "The Erotic Signal" (1978), directed by Walter Gutman.... ¶ Starting Sept. 26: A videotape program by Brettschneider, Kriegman, Lamelas, Walker, Atchley, and Gladstone. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **avery fisher hall**, Lincoln Center. Sept. 22 at 8:30: "A Wedding" (Robert Altman; United States).... **alice tully hall.** Sept. 23 at 2: "Spies" (Fritz Lang; Germany, 1929). ... ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "Skip Tracer" (Zale R. Dalen; Canada).... ¶ Sept. 23 at 9 and Sept. 24 at 3: "The Green Room" (François Truffaut; France).... ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "Camouflage" (Krzysztof Zanussi; Poland).... ¶ Sept. 24 at 9: "Skip Tracer."... ¶ Sept. 25 at 6:15: "Camouflage."... ¶ Sept. 25 at 9:30 and Sept. 26 at 6:15: "Bloodbrothers" (Robert Mulligan; United States).... ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30 and Sept. 27 at 6:15: "Styles of Radical Will," a three-part program consisting of "With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade," Lorraine Gray; "CIA: Case Officer," Saul Landau; and "They Are Their Own Gifts," Lucille Rhodes and Margaret Murphy (United States).... ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:30 and Sept. 28 at 6:15: "Newsfront" (Phillip Noyce; Australia).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30: "The Apple Game" (Vera Chytilova; Czechoslovakia). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film, "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and the studio lighting make it all seem so artificial one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may have been an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé. Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer. James M. Cain had a hand in the dialogue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 25.)

Almost Summer—With Bruno Kirby, Lee Purcell, Didi Conn, and Tim Matheson; directed by Martin Davidson. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Sept. 21.)

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/77.) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 28.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Sept. 21.)

And Then There Were None (1945)—The Agatha Christie story and play "Ten Little Indians" (recently parodied in the boisterous, unfunny "Murder by Death") tells how ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows. On arrival, they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they immediately start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, June Duprez, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Richard Haydn, Louis Hayward, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, and Harry Thurston. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 22.)

The Betsy—The director, Daniel Petrie, aims low and misses his target—maybe through taste and halfheartedness as much as ineptitude. This adaptation of Harold Robbins' novel about three generations of a Detroit automobile dynasty lacks the juicy vulgarity of soul which Robbins requires—it's so tranquil it's like a reverie on the clichés of the genre. As the superabundantly sexed patriarch of the family, Laurence Olivier keeps on acting after everyone else has given up. He must be doing it for himself—for the sheer love of testing himself as an actor. His energy blasts through the film's largo style; it's a personal triumph. With Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, and Jane Alexander. (2/27/78) (Cinema Village; Sept. 26.)

Bloodbrothers—With Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and Richard Gere; directed by Robert Mulligan. (Cinema II, 86th St. East, and Criterion; starting Sept. 27.)

Bonaparte (1927, 1971)—This work of Abel Gance, one of the great pioneers of film and a master of fast editing, has not had the recognition it deserves, because he was technically so far ahead of his time that theatres weren't designed or equipped to handle his films. His 1927 "Napoleon" was made in Polyvision, and those lucky enough to have seen it projected that way (or, as it sometimes was, on three ordinary screens) will recall that his conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects. The imagery poured from the three sources; history seemed to be literally an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. His epic was, however, so rarely shown that in 1934 he edited another version of it, and then in 1971 prepared this version. Even though much of the visual complexity is gone, what's left is still worth seeing—sweepingly romantic, both naïve and sophisticated. Antonin Artaud appears as Marat, Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Four and a half hours.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs are reprised, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Regency; Sept. 24-26.)

The Buddy Holly Story—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Casey's Shadow—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. (Olympia; through Sept. 21.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (5/22/78) (Waverly, and New Yorker.)

The Chase (1966)—Marlon Brando as the sheriff of a corrupt, blood-lusting Texas town in the mythical America of liberal sadomasochistic fantasies. Lillian Hellman wrote the screenplay (from Horton Foote's material), and the little foxes really took over. Our vines have no tender grapes left in this hellhole of wife-swapping, nigger-hating, and nigger-lover-hating, where people are motivated by dirty sex or big money, and you can tell which as soon as they say their first lines. Many people all over the world blame Texas for the assassination of Kennedy—as if the murder had boiled up out of the unconscious of the people there—and this film exploits and confirms this hysterical view, going so far as to provide a facsimile of Jack Ruby's shooting of Oswald, with a racist (and, of course, a white gentile Southerner) as a substitute for Ruby, and a totally innocent hero (Robert Redford) as a substitute for Oswald. It's as if Kennedy was killed because Texas is all heat and guns and violence—Sicily gone wild. The director, Arthur Penn, tries to set things on fire with the old Elia Kazan bazooka. The producer, Sam Spiegel, said that it was about "the consequences of affluence," and it does suggest "La Dolce Vita" on the range. Lillian Hellman publicly expressed her dissatisfaction with the results, and it is generally acknowledged that Penn didn't have artistic control over the production, but the picture affects some people very strongly, and it has a considerable reputation, especially in Europe. With Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson, Miriam Hopkins, E. G. Marshall, Robert Duvall, Janice Rule, James Fox, and Henry Hull. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

China Gate (1957)—Samuel Fuller wrote and directed this sock-it-to-'em action melodrama, in which Nat (King) Cole appeared, along with Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, Lee Van Cleef, and Marcel Dalio. Victor Young and Max Steiner were responsible for the music. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

China Is Near (1968)—Marco Bellocchio's highly original political comedy, in which the people are so awful they're funny. Bellocchio's characters are as much a private zoo as Buñuel's; the five principals use one another in every way they can, with the film structured like a classic comic opera. The two key adversaries are a prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist and his pompous Socialist brother. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent and important film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a land about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. The film reports, accurately and wonderfully, on a new society trying to cohere yet wishing to dissent. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

Delicious (1931)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a Fox musical with Ira and George Gershwin songs (not enough of them). David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Cinema Village; Sept. 27-28.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that cues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 26.)

Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer (1975)—A documentary film, directed by Thom Andersen. (Little Theatre; through Sept. 24.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (Coronet; through Sept. 21.)

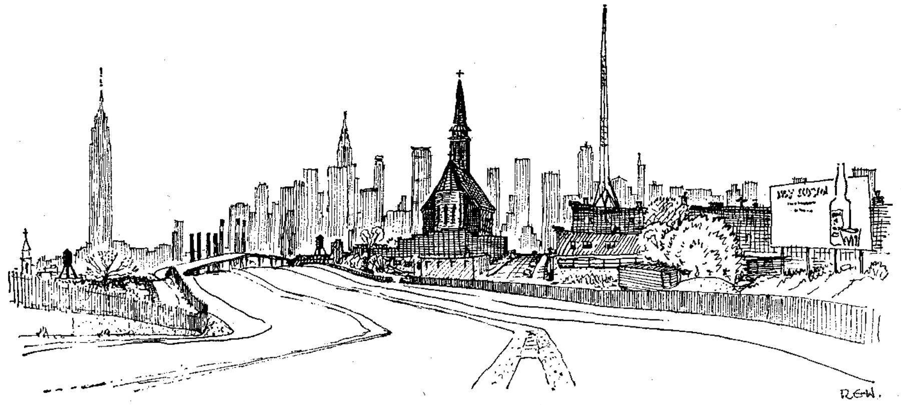
Eyes of Laura Mars—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Loews Orpheum; through Sept. 21.)

Follow the Fleet (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to be a TV star.) The material, derived from the play "Shore Leave" (which had earlier become the musical "Hit the Deck"), isn't as sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is pleasant enough, the numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the villainess bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Mark Sandrich directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, and Forum. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Sept. 26.)

Girl Friends—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is interesting, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (Cinema II; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Art, and Paramount; starting Sept. 27.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Rich-



ard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the exchanges suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, Quad Cinema, Playboy, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 21.)

Go Tell the Spartans—With Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson, directed by Ted Post. (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Sept. 22.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Ziegfeld.)

The Gumball Rally (1976)—A cross-country car race, with Michael Sarrazin, directed by Chuck Bail. (Olympia; starting Sept. 22.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Hooper—Burt Reynolds, whose "Smokey and the Bandit" was the second-biggest money-maker of 1977, in another film directed by Hal Needham, about Reynolds as Hollywood's top stunt man. Maybe the man's very anonymity represents some popular riposte to sophisticated intellectualism; maybe he simply provides fodder for those who have been bemused into accepting physical prowess and grace as a good. (9/4/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Sept. 22.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Quad Cinema, Playboy, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 21.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Baronet.)

The Late Show (1977)—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 22.)

Lin Tse-hsu ("The Opium War")—An alert and beautiful film from China, about the Opium War of 1839-42 between the British and the Chinese. The picture was suppressed for fifteen years or so by Mme. Mao—one of the Gang of Four—because it is about the past; the Gang of Four insisted on films that were about the present and had abundant revolutionary themes. "The Opium War," directed by Chen Chun-li, dwells on China's long history. Pictorially, with its long perspectives down vistas of heads bowing to the Emperor in Peking, it reminds one of the aesthetic innovations of the Italian Renaissance; intellectually, it is of great gaiety, poise, and interest, with piercing attention paid to the old. In Mandarin. (9/11/78) (Guild.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the start of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (Cinema Village; Sept. 24-25.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissim. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you before." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 24-25.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Murray Hill, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Beekman. No evening performances on Thursday, Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Sept. 26.)

Néa—With Samy Frey and Ann Zacharias, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Trans-Lux East.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The great and harrowing documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia; Sept. 24-25.)

No Time for Breakfast—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Once Is Not Enough (1975)—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naive that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. The picture lacks the nerve to be crudely flamboyant, and so it isn't the smashing trash it should have been, but it has its moments, such as George Hamilton, as a celebrated stud, luring a virgin named January Wayne (Deborah Raffin) into his lecher's pad, which is equipped with red couches, blazing fires, and a Sinatra record at the ready. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (Cinema Village; Sept. 26.)

Open City (1945)—This brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation is famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 24-25.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 26-27.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photog-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rapher-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

PROVIDENCE (1977)—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Little Theatre; starting Sept. 26.)

THE QUIET AMERICAN (1958)—It was a commercial failure, and it's also an artistic failure, but the theme and the principal characters are of such immediacy and interest that it's far more absorbing than successful movies with a more conventional subject matter. Graham Greene's 1956 novel was based on his experiences as a correspondent in Indo-China, and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who adapted the book and directed the movie, photographed most of it in Vietnam. It is a study of the American (Audie Murphy) as do-gooder, and of the harm that innocent and crusading idealism can do, and it is a study of the Englishman (Michael Redgrave) as cynical, convictionless neutralist. There are so many fine things in the film (especially Redgrave's portrait of a man whose cold exterior is just a thin skin over his passionate desperation) that perhaps you can simply put aside the offending compromises of the last reel. With Claude Dauphin and Georgia Moll; photographed by Robert Krasker. It has a great deal more visual style than most Mankiewicz films. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

REVENGE OF THE PINK PANTHER—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

SIDDHARTHA (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling (as compared to thinking) when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 22-23.)

A SLAVE OF LOVE—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Plaza.)

THE STRANGER (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

THE TARNISHED ANGELS (1957)—Rock Hudson said that this movie was not like his others—that he disapproved of it, and that such nasty stories shouldn't be presented to the American public. The nasty material is William Faulkner's "Pylon," adapted by George Zuckerman. Set in New Orleans in 1931, the movie attempts to re-create Faulkner's hectic, feverish atmosphere and heroes—the ex-war pilots who will do anything to sustain the thrill of flying. The daredevils are played by Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, as his promiscuous parachutist wife, and Jack Carson, as a mechanic; Hudson, limp as ever, is the heavy-drinking reporter who wants to do a story on the trio. This movie would be better—in its odd, neo-thirties sort of way—if the last quarter hour had been left out. It's the kind of bad movie that you know is bad—and yet you're held by the mixture of polished style and quasi-melodramatics achieved by the director, Douglas Sirk. Shot in CinemaScope. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

TAXI DRIVER (1976)—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 21.)

THREE DARING DAUGHTERS (1948)—An M-G-M musical featuring the full horror of Jeanette MacDonald and José Iturbi. Jane Powell and Edward Arnold also traipse around in this huge hunk of arch, family-style whimsy. Fred M. Wilcox directed. Only redeeming feature: Moyna Macgill (Angela Lansbury's talented mother). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 27.)

TOKYO STORY (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 26-27.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Gemini 2, and Rivoli.)

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Gramercy.... ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 21.)

UP IN SMOKE—With Tommy Chong and Cheech Marin, directed by Lou Adler. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Sept. 22.)

VIVA ITALIA!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

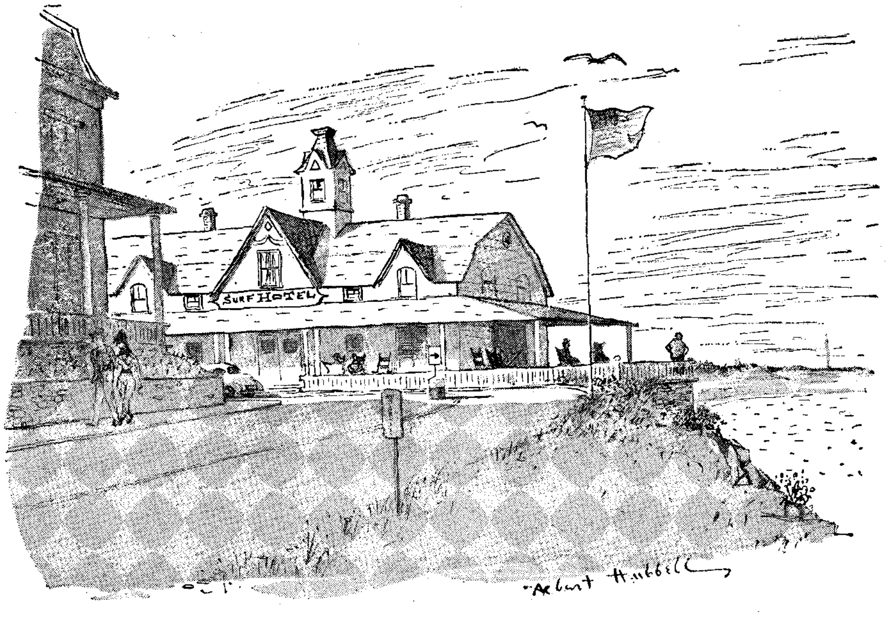
WARLORDS OF ATLANTIS—With Doug McClure and Peter Gilmore, directed by Kevin Connor. (Olympia, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Sept. 21.)

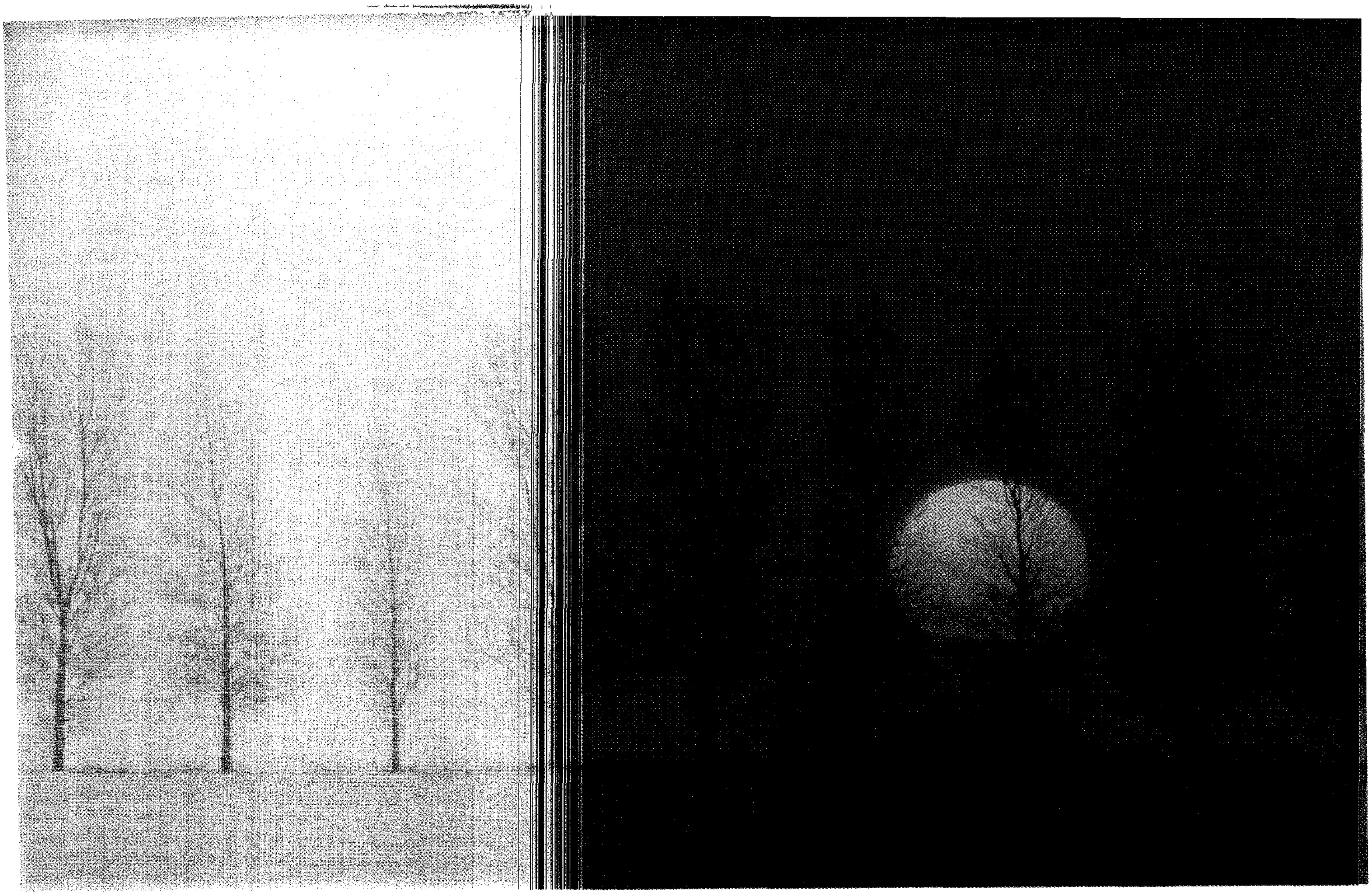
A WEDDING—With Desi Arnaz, Jr., Carol Burnett, Geraldine Chaplin, Howard Duff, Mia Farrow, Vittorio Gassman, Lillian Gish, Lauren Hutton, Viveca Lindfors, Pat McCormick, Dina Merrill, and Nina van Pallandt; directed by Robert Altman. (Sutton, and Cinema 3; starting Sept. 23.)

WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN—An interesting film by Karel Reisz—the Czech-born director of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Morgan!," "The Loves of Isadora"—made from an uninteresting piece of pulp called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact of stimulants and soporifics and random noise on a culture. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Festival.... ¶ Bay Cinema; through Sept. 21.... ¶ Criterion; through Sept. 26.... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 22.)

WOMEN—Directed by Márta Mészáros. A Hungarian film about an alliance between two women who are of great glumness. They talk to each other perpetually at an angle of ninety degrees, and the film shares their rather stuffy melancholia, though it wishes to illustrate friendship. In Hungarian. (9/18/78) (Cinema Studio.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (Embassy.... ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Sept. 22.)





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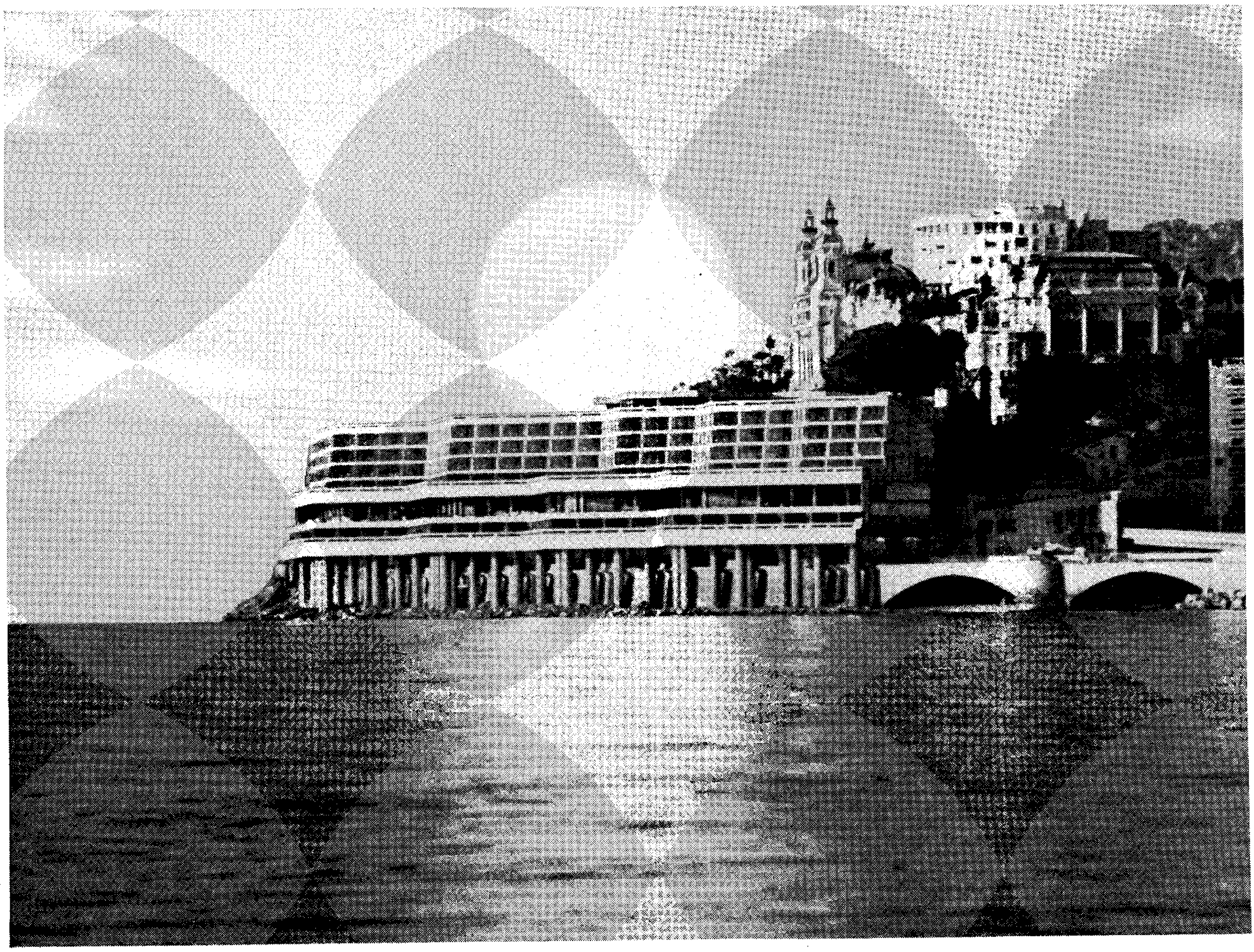

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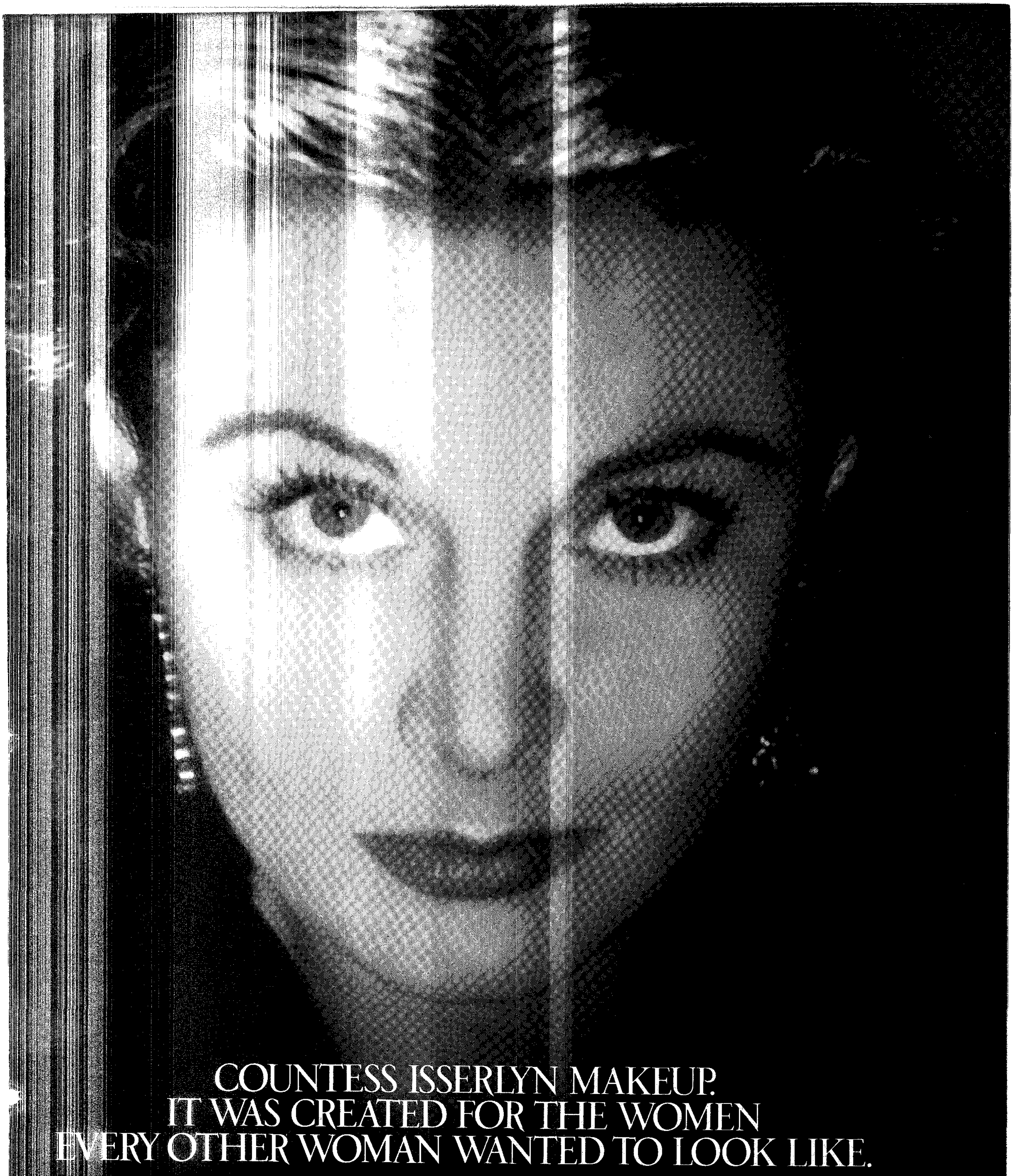

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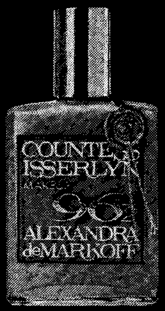

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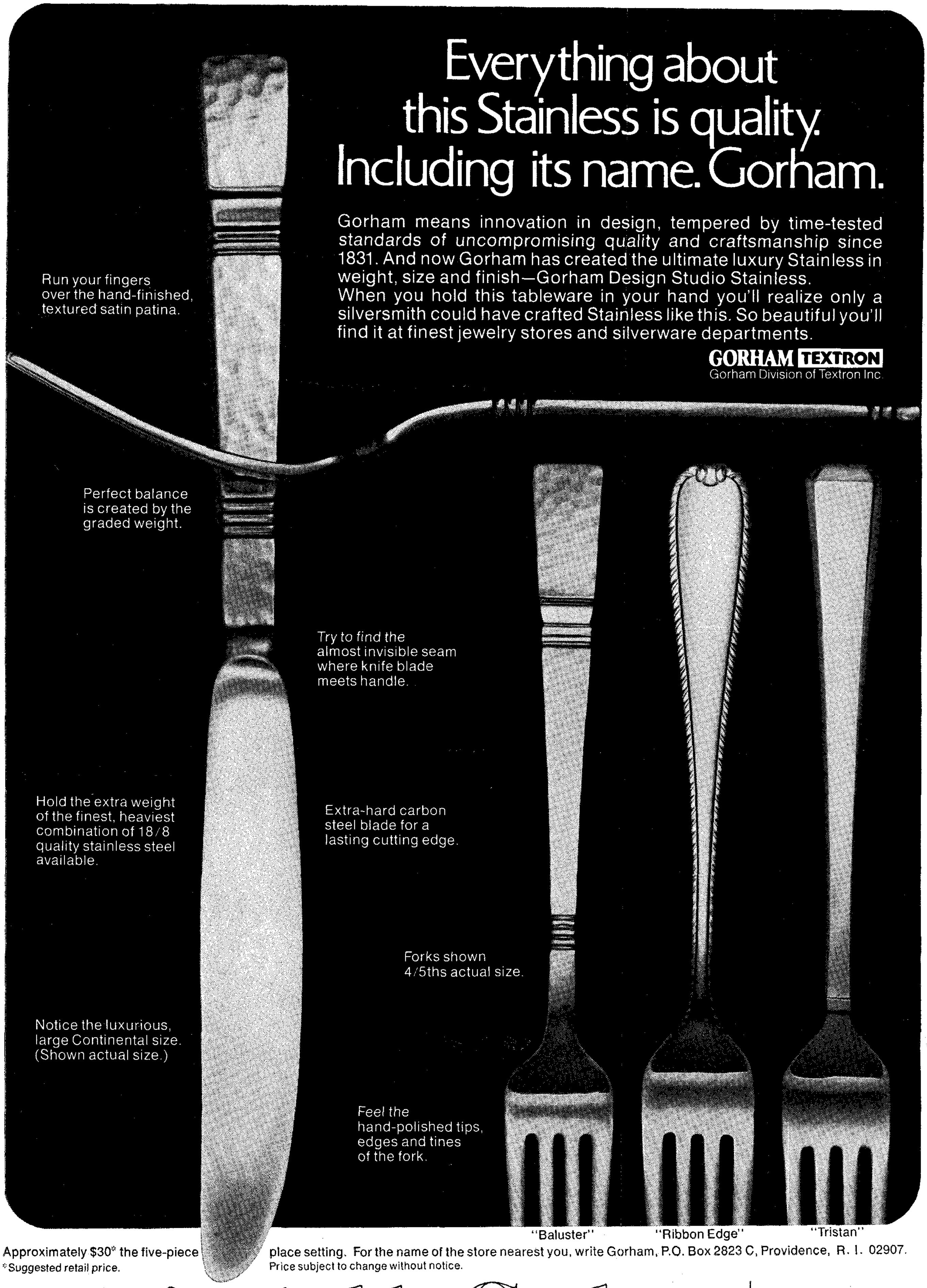

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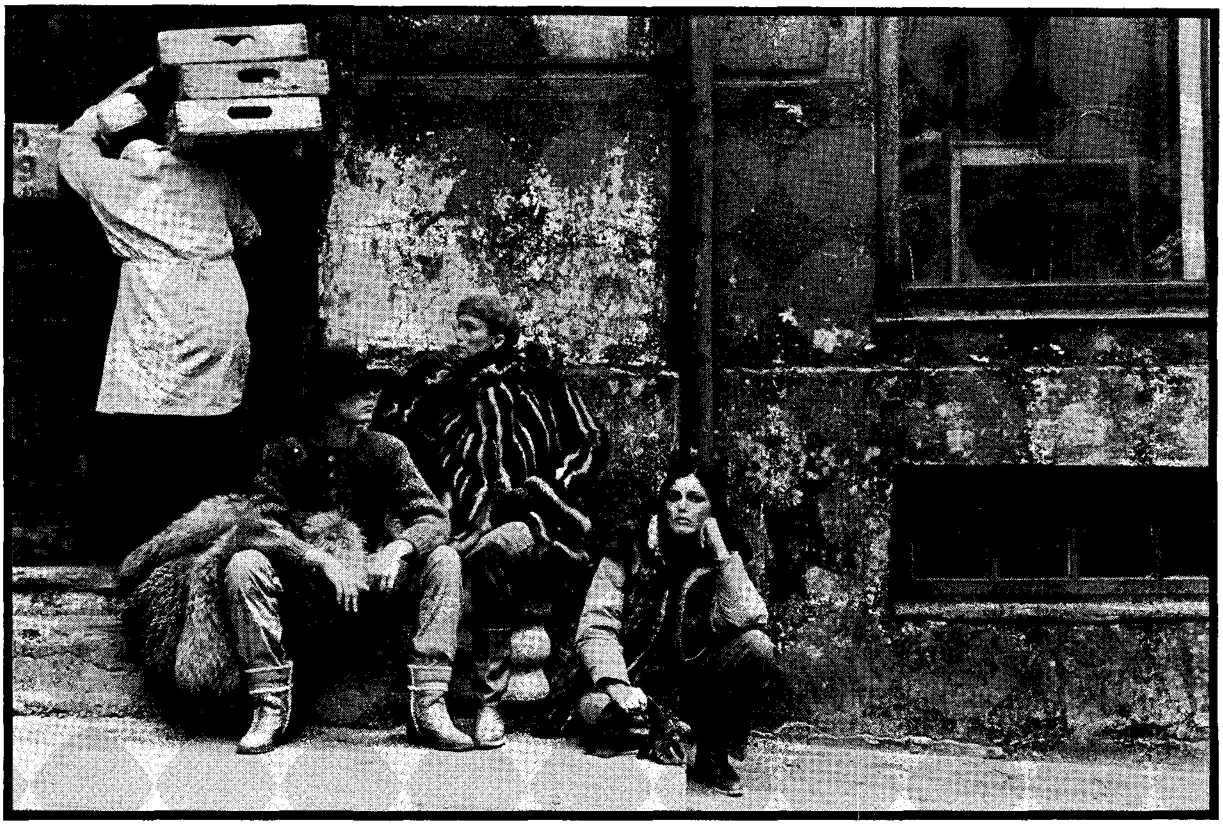

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT six o'clock in the evening on Primary Day, from a bench on the corner of Seventy-second Street and Central Park West, the prediction is: rain any minute. At the far end of Seventy-second Street, over the Hudson, the sky is dense and threatening. The bushes behind the stone wall of the Park are whispering agitated warnings; on the lamppost nearest to our bench, a blue-and-white Hugh Carey poster quivers and shakes. Suddenly there is an ominous noise like a tidal wave, but it is only an express train roaring by, its sound coming up through an old brown grating in the sidewalk. A hundred and fifty feet above the street, on a flagpole sticking up from the roof of the Dakota, an American flag with tattered edges performs a frenzied ballet—winding and unwinding, twirling, leaping, snapping, spiralling—but probably no one else sees it. Everybody is hurrying: tromping up subway steps and crossing streets, intent on destinations, glancing upward just long enough to guess whether they'll make it without getting soaked. The sky gets blacker, the colors electric, the wind picks up. Preoccupied faces sail past; only giddy joggers laugh and smile, greeting each other. A collie on a leash trots by, serene and mysterious, placidly accepting a world of elevators and concrete, collars and leashes. A young man with a blank gaze hurries by, disco blasting from his transistor radio. (Perhaps he is thinking of a kaleidoscopic night where there will be no silence and no loneliness; perhaps the collie dreams in some dim way of a meadow deep with splendid-smelling grass, and a rabbit darting.) On the lamppost, Hugh Carey stares off the edge of his trembling cardboard. (Carey: What do they want from me? Passersby: What will he do for me?) A small boy on a red-and-yellow plastic tricycle pedals past, and stops on the corner. He knows what he wants; turning, he yells, "Mommy!" She catches up. He wants to go home. She wants to go to the drugstore. A doorman's whistle chirps; somebody else's need is clear: a taxi *now*, before it rains. Too late; big raindrops are splatting on the sidewalk, a random sampling here and there. Then faster, heavier. Light circles of dry pavement remain under each protecting tree. We run to one, but now the rain ignores the leaves, comes straight down; the pavement darkens at our feet. From nowhere, bright umbrellas have burst open all around us, bobbing. Rain is sliding down the windows of the buses, flying off the bumpers of the cars. People without umbrellas hold drenched packages over their heads. The half-naked joggers stand defenseless in the downpour, sneaker-deep in splashing water, waiting for the lights to change.

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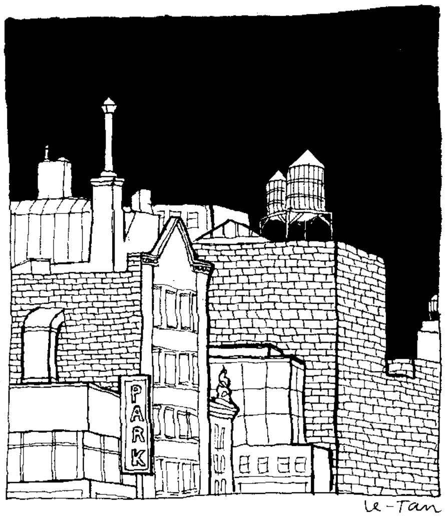
How to Walk

THAT building right there, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street—that's the Frick Collection. That man over there, with the white hair and the blue blazer and the blue-and-white houndstooth-check trousers, that's C. Carson Conrad. All his pals call him Casey. The last three Presidents of the United States have called him the Executive Director of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. See how physically fit and sporty he looks? Now watch him closely. He's about to take a walk. Casey Conrad thinks walking is great for you. In fact, he just said to a friend, "Walking is an idea whose time has come." He also said that he has statistical evidence that the average adult American's hip width has been increasing at the rate of one inch every generation.



About two hundred people have gathered outside the Frick Collection to take a walk up Fifth Avenue to Ninety-first Street. They heard about the walk on the radio, thanks to the publicity efforts of Casey Conrad and the Kinney Shoe Corporation, who have mapped out sixty walking tours in America. Before too long, Conrad and Kinney believe, walking will become an "in" thing in America. Crossing the street will, at last, have pop-cultural significance. Conrad is past sixty, and he has become a skilled walker. As a rule, he favors an alternating-foot method of walking—first moving, say, the right foot forward, then the left a half stride ahead of the right, and so on.

Some helpful hints, worth bearing in mind when walking up Fifth Avenue with a crowd of two hundred people:

(1) Maybe bring a sandwich. You can nibble at it along the way. Just three or four other people will bring sandwiches. So that none of them will feel self-conscious, it would be a nice gesture if you brought one, too.

(2) If two clarinettists and a bassoonist, wearing eighteenth-century velvet-and-brocade costumes, have come along and are playing a little Scott Joplin and a little Mozart, ask them if they would mind keeping it

down a bit while the tour guide is talking.

(3) Ask the person who is moderating the tour at the moment—not Casey Conrad, he's just out for the walk; a writer named Karen Cure, who, along with C. Ray Smith, has written five walking guides for tours through parts of New York—to speak louder into the microphone of her portable amplifier. Tell her to hold the microphone horizontally, pointed at her throat. That's the way TV stars do it.

(4) Don't trip and break your neck. Then you have to sue the city and everything, and it's a big hassle. It's much nicer just to enjoy the walk.

(5) At Seventy-ninth Street, you might feel like dropping around the corner for a peek inside the Ukrainian Institute of America. Perhaps a person walking with you will say, "Oh, maybe we'll get to see the Shah." Politely explain, "No, no—*Ukrainian*."

(6) Fifth Avenue is one of the great paved stretches in America. At all times, pay attention to your surroundings. Standing at Seventy-ninth Street, carefully observe the Ukrainian Institute and its neighbors. Very nice block. Look across Central Park at the towers of the San Remo. Now look at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Now turn around and look down Fifth to the Empire State Building. Lower your gaze to street level. That vehicle, parked at the curb, is an outstanding example of late-twentieth-century radio-and-television sales-and-service panel truck.

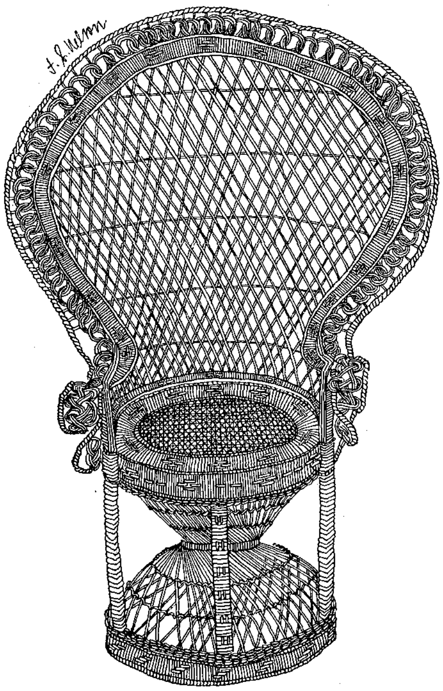
(7) At the end of the tour, at Ninety-first Street, stands the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. On the sidewalk outside the museum is a Sabrett hot-dog vender. When he looks you in the eye and asks, "From where you come?," you ask in return, "What?" Next, he says, "From what country you come?" You say, "Downtown."

Quick

WE have just received this communiqué from a reckless lady we know who travelled to Europe this summer with her twelve-year-old son, missed their prearranged plane connection home, and decided to go all out and fly back to New York from London via the Concorde:

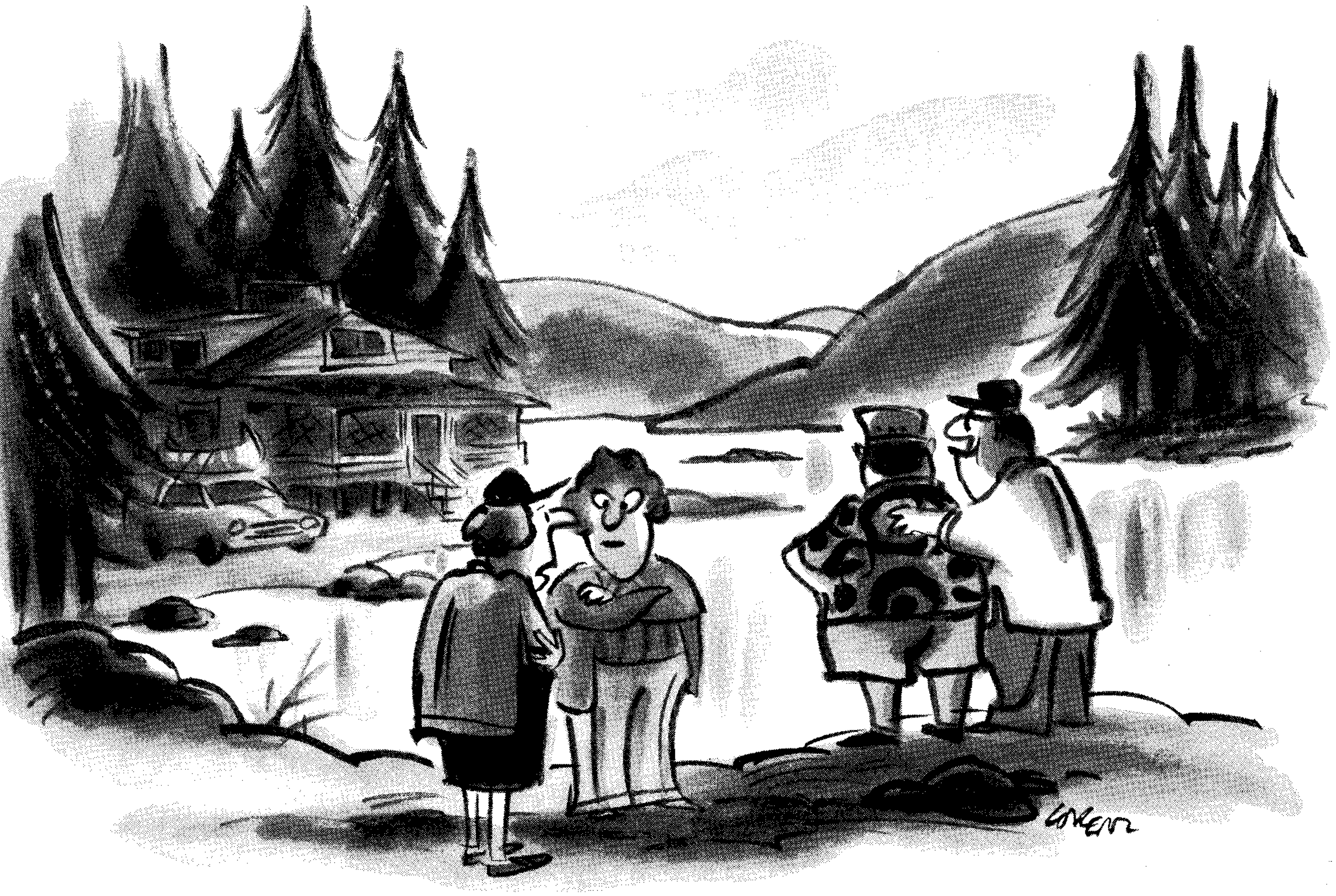
I feel *touched* at last by the space age. No more of this old business of standing by and waiting, waiting, waiting for someone to make room for *us*. We have new horizons. Literally and figuratively, ha-ha! I'll try to sort them out, even though I'm still reeling from the overwhelming fact that we raced the sun back to this side of the Atlantic and won—or more or less won.

We were in a rush to come home, a rush being one of the main reasons people take the Concorde. What the rush was with us was simply that we were wounded in Paris, in Geneva, and in London by an unpleasant and basically all-pervasive preoccupation with money on the part of the natives, and an undisguised interest in us based solely on how much of it we were going to give to *them*. One of the minor blows, among the major ones, for example, was the discovery that the French tradition of including breakfast with a hotel room had been abandoned—at least, in our case. Our hotel sent us the classic croissants, hot chocolate, and fruit, but at an extra charge of fourteen dollars per person. We began to feel comforted, however, on the day of our departure. We found great solace in London in the realization that we were going to have practically an entire day there, with takeoff time at 5:30 P.M. We began to feel more and more elated in the hour-to-hour build-up of the day. There was no last-day pressure. No rush now. The relief from *that* burden all by itself was dramatic. We had a leisurely breakfast in our hotel room (classic croissants, hot chocolate, and fruit, at only eleven dollars per person). My son and I congratulated each other on everything we were going to fit into the next six hours, before we were to set out for Heathrow Airport, and we decided not to eat lunch, in preparation for all the caviar-level delicacies the Concorde promised. We meandered along the waterways in St. James's Park, tossing bits of croissants (heretofore saved for ourselves) to the ducks, geese, swans, and pelicans. We had five long rides on the double-deckers. We walked back and forth across Westminster Bridge and stood around in the Abbey. We took in everything in the fossil galleries in the British Museum (Natural History). We took in everything in the Science Museum—every automobile, train, ship, plane, and space vehicle, as well as the exhibits on climate and the solar system. We bought a Harrods raincoat (for him) and a Burberry (for me). We arrived at Heathrow refreshed, relaxed, pleased with ourselves, and hungry, and we still had almost an hour before flight time.



Our pace, along with the pace of everything else around us, seemed to pick up speed as soon as we presented ourselves, with our luggage, at the British Airways counter. Our tickets were examined faster, our passports returned faster, our luggage taken from us faster than at any other counter during four weeks of travel in Europe. We stood on no lines. The B.A. personnel smiled affectionately at us and showed concern for our comfort, for our thirst, for our film—whether exposed or still in our camera, and how much X-ray it had been subjected to by those security-examination machines. The smiles were fast. The concern was quick. We were directed to wait in the Monarch Lounge, the waiting room for first-class B.A. passengers. We were eligible, because *all* passengers on the Concorde are in first class. "We invite passengers to help themselves to drinks and other refreshments" was the message on a sign posted at a console that offered us our choice of Indian tonic water, Pepsi, tea, or coffee, along with pretzel sticks, cheese puffs, and McVitie's Chocolate Digestive Biscuits. One cheese puff, a sip of Pepsi, and we were immediately asked to zip along to the Concorde lounge, identified at the entrance by a sign saying "Concorde Passengers Only," which adjoined the passenger gate leading to the Concorde. We had a vague sense of being rushed.

"We keep the passengers close to the plane," a young steward wearing a light-gray jacket said to us with a quick smile, and efficiently, with one hand, he offered a tray of filled champagne glasses. He held the bottle in his other hand (Moët & Chandon '71). I took a glass and got our first look at our fellow-passengers—about fifteen of them so far, and every one a male,



"Oh, I like nature, too, but not, you know, 'au naturel.' "

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average age forty-seven, wearing a business suit and either making a free, international telephone call or hovering around the half-dozen telephones available to all Concordeans as part of the eight-hundred-and-thirty-three-dollar one-way fare. (Round trip, sixteen hundred and sixty-six dollars. No reduced fares for anybody on the Concorde.) Not a bluejean or a backpack—the two invariables we'd seen wherever we went in Europe—in sight. The informal dressers were limited to gray slacks, Navy-blue blazers with brass buttons, Gucci loafers, and unlighted pipes in the mouth. Lots of suntans. Lots of Rolex watches. Lots of Omega watches. Lots of Hermès belts. One Ultrasuede safari-type beige jacket with pocketless khaki pants worn by a gentleman with a receding hairline and brown horn-rimmed glasses. Another woman turned up. Very classy. A two-piece Ungaro cotton dress, flower-patterned in rust, yellow, and beige, and, over the dress, a beige cashmere Valerie Louthan kimono-style cardigan. She also had on sling-pump Magli shoes. My son and I were wearing jogging suits and sneakers. We stationed ourselves near a business-suiter with a heavy cold who made three quick international telephone calls in a row: to his secretary, asking her to reserve a table for lunch the next day; to a friend, reporting that he had gone to David Niven's son's restaurant, on Pont Street, near Beauchamp Place, and informing the friend that "Beauchamp" was pronounced as though it were spelled "Beacham;" and to another businessman, advising him that the dollar was really *down* in London. My son got to the international telephone before I did, dialled 01-01 plus the area code and number, reached a friend, and made a date to play tennis in Central Park late that afternoon. While my son was impressing his friend with the fact that the call was free, I was offered a tray of hors d'oeuvres by an elderly gentleman wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, who had on a butler's uniform, with black-and-white pin-striped pants. Ham, asparagus, egg, cottage-cheese, white-meat-chicken, sardine, and Scottish-salmon sandwiches.

"Is Scottish salmon better than Norwegian salmon?" I asked the gentleman.

"Without question, Madam," he said solicitously. "Scottish salmon has a unique taste, which derives from its curing process."

When I finally got to dial my first free transatlantic call, the early-boarding calls were announced, for rows one through six. We were slotted for Row 16, Seats A and B. I got no answer to my first call, to friends in Malibu. No answer to San Francisco. Oh, boy. No answer to Oslo, Norway. A busy signal at my hairdresser's, in New York. No answer from my brother, in Amagansett. My son tugged impatiently at my arm, even though Row 16 hadn't been called yet. In desperation, I called my office. An answer. Hooray! Natasha, our receptionist, told me that the weather in New York was hot and humid.

"I'll be in a little later today," I began.

"O.K.," she said, and hung up before I could tell her where I was.

One fast, bite-sized Scottish-salmon sandwich and into the approach to the plane: the shortest one—about five steps—I'd ever been through. It was called the "jetway." Behind us, a gentleman over the intercom announced that two items had been left behind in the lounge: a cigarette lighter and a bottle of duty-free gin. He added that he hoped the passengers had taken the free newspapers from the lounge, because there wouldn't be any given out on the Concorde. We entered the Concorde, just to the right of the nose to the playing, over the plane's intercom, of "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head." The galley was straight ahead. Smiling stewardesses quickly grabbed our hand luggage and again I had the vague feeling of being rushed as they urged us to take our seats. Their costumes looked very much like those worn by stewardesses on Eastern Airlines shuttle flights: cool-looking, Weatherall shirtwaist dresses (with the red-and-blue British Airways logo on a white background), coverall aprons of blue poplin, and patent-leather Navy-blue moccasin-type pumps with sensible heels. The interior of the main cabin was disappointing. Ordinary. Out of sync with the supersonic technology of the Concorde: conventional seats, paired on each side, with a narrow aisle in between. Little windows. Brown-and-beige carpeting. Orange-and-white vinyl wall coverings. Ordinary seat belts, royal blue in color. Seating capacity of the plane: one hundred passengers. Plus three in the pilot's cabin, plus seven stewards and stewardesses. As we made our way to our seats, we passed the classy lady in the two-piece Ungaro. She was sitting in 3-C.

"The first three rows are the best," she was saying to her seat companion, the wearer of the Ultrasuede safari jacket. "It's quieter up front, and it doesn't shake as much."

Seat belts on, I checked my watch. We were already fifteen minutes beyond the takeoff time.

"It's like your Cape Kennedy," a stewardess explained. "You know, these last-minute adjustments."

"Raindrops" stopped playing, and a stewardess spoke: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Captain Morris and his crew welcome you aboard this British Airways Concorde, the world's first supersonic passenger aircraft. We are now departing for New York. Our estimated flight time today is three hours and ten minutes, a time saving of approximately a half over subsonic jets. Our cruising speed will be 1,350 miles, or 2,000 kilometres, per hour, over twice the speed of sound, and we will reach a maximum altitude of 58,000 feet, or 17,678 metres. The local time in New York is now 1 P.M., and we expect to land shortly after 4 P.M. Machmeters at the front of each cabin show our speed, Mach 2 being twice the speed of sound. . . ." The rest of the talk was the usual stuff: call buttons in a panel over your head, together with reading-light switch and ventilator control; Concorde flight wallet in seat pocket in front of you; five channels of stereophonic sound. Safety instructions were the same—place seat backs in upright position, etc. Disposal bags were the same. Washrooms were the same, except that they had carpets on the floors. My son and I were disappointed. We wanted things to be more space-agey, like the "Mission to Mars" attraction at Walt Disney World. We hadn't even taken *off* yet. No explanations.

My son had opened his Concorde flight wallet: headsets for the "supersonic stereo programmes;" free slipper socks; free postcards picturing the Concorde—"The British Airways Concorde, powered by four Rolls-Royce SNECMA Olympus 593 turbojets, produced by British Aircraft Corporation and Aerospatiale-France;" free stationery pads embossed with "British Airways Concorde," in gold letters, the capital "C" enclosing a little gold crown. The supersonic stereo programs were short.

"There's no time for anything on this plane," my son said. "We don't even get a movie."

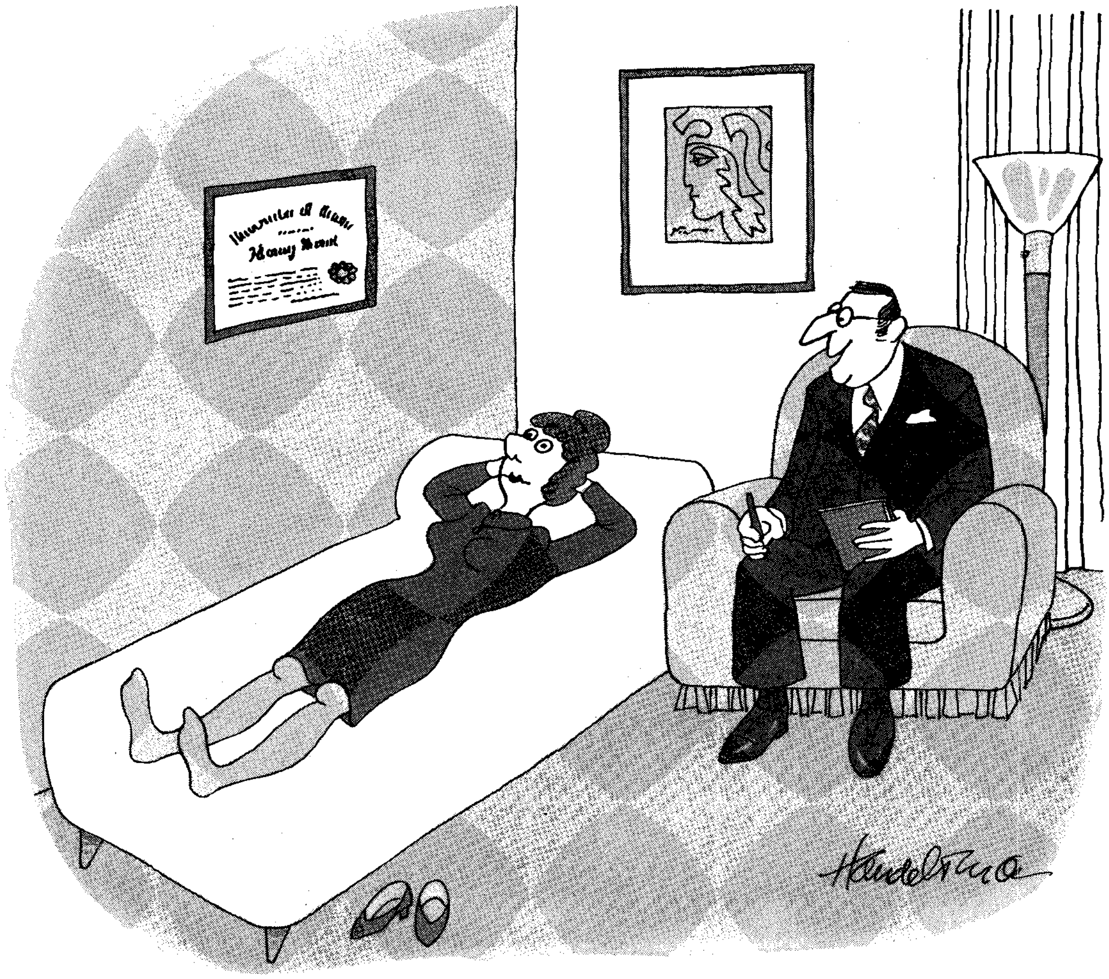
At last, some action. The Captain's voice: "Will the crew position the doors, please?"

The Concorde, like any other plane, moved slowly to the runway.

And then: "Will the crew be seated for takeoff, please?"

We took off at six-thirty. The takeoff was sudden, and a bit bumpy. Otherwise, no big difference from other takeoffs. What *was* different was our heightened awareness of space and size. The aisles were too narrow for the full skirts worn by the stewardesses; every time they passed by, the skirts brushed my arm. The stewards' ties looked more suitable: unusually narrow.

The Captain's voice: "We've just heard, as ex-



"I think that you are potentially a marvellous person. I think I am, too."

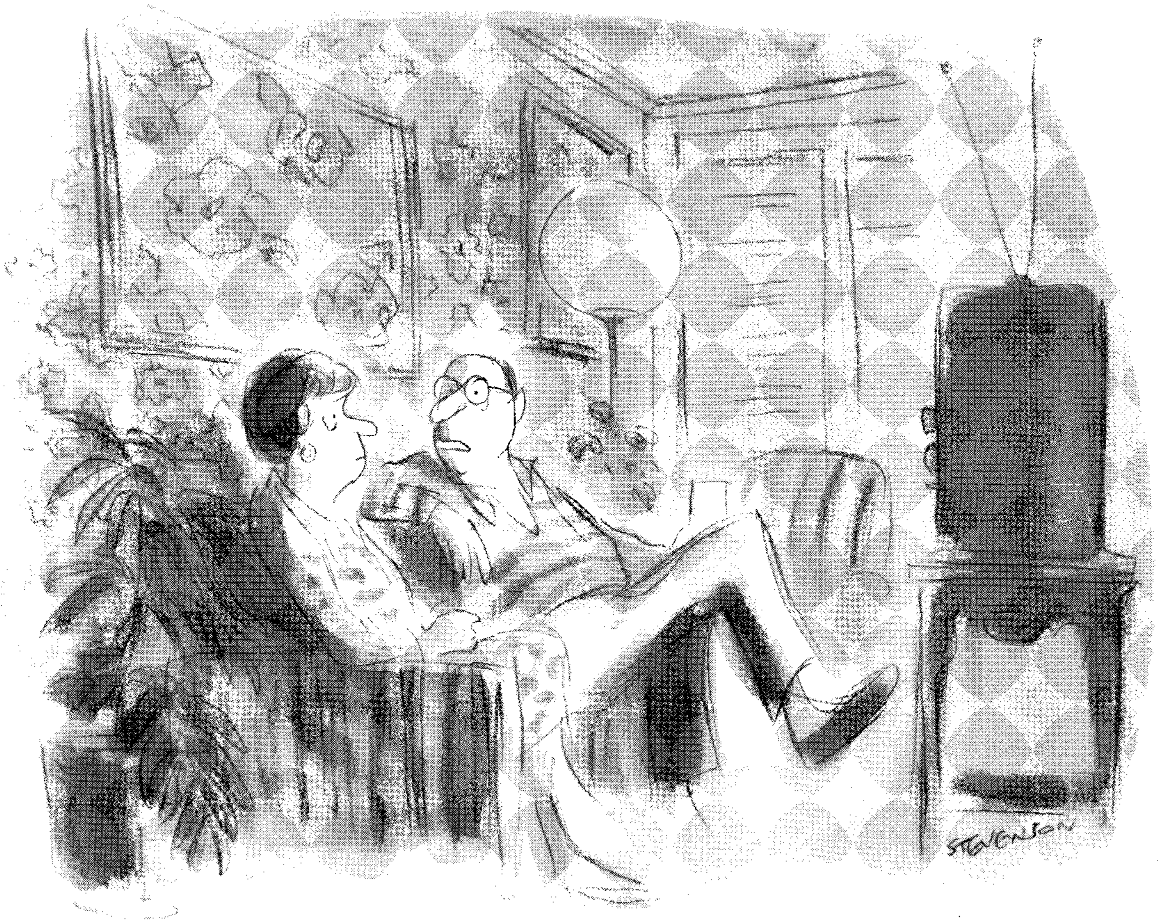
pected, our takeoff time was 6:30 P.M. We'll be in New York at ten minutes to 5 P.M., hopefully." The projected flight time had increased by ten minutes. Bad news and good news—no explanations.

The stewardesses passed out free decks of blue-and-white playing cards embossed with the Concorde logo in gold, but nobody had time to play cards. Champagne was served quickly, with canapés of smoked salmon (Scottish) and foie gras. Then came a nice, fast dinner: chilled Iranian caviar; sirloin steak marchand de vin; garden peas, baby marrow Provençale, and amandine potatoes; palm-heart salad with vinaigrette dressing; fresh strawberries with cream; coffee; brandy; Drambuie; Cointreau; Jamaica Macanudo cigars. Served on Royal Doulton bone *china*. Concorde-blue tablecloths. Great dinner. But no dawdling. By the time the chocolate mints were served, and the coffee, we were going twice the speed of sound. The only sign of it was on the Machmeter: M 2.00. Through the tiny windows, I could see blue sky and a few white clouds.

An opportunity to stretch and talk to a few of the other passengers. A serious young man in Row 17: first flight on the Concorde. A construction engineer on leave from his job in Saudi Arabia. No complaints. A tall, handsome gentleman from Pound Ridge, New York, returning from a visit to his factory in Scotland. First flight. He thought he'd give it a try. A cranky young man in Row 18. He was going to fire his secretary, because she had booked his flight and had not found out about the first three rows of the plane, so that he could have sat in one of them. Complaints about noise, about bumping into people in the aisle. An athletic-looking gentleman with a deep suntan. His complaint: "I usually run about two miles on a flight on a 747. I can't *run* in this aisle." His wife, one of the few other women aboard, had an enormous tote bag, in which she was carrying an accumulation of all the publications she wanted to read. They included *Foreign Affairs*, *Commentary*, *Human Nature*, *New Age*, *Atlas*, *The Economist*, and *Barron's*. She usually got through all that and more on 747s while her husband was jogging on them, she said, but so far she had read only one article in *Foreign Affairs*.

At 55,000 feet, and the Concorde going at 1,340 miles an hour, my son informed me that the outside skin of the Concorde was now very hot. He urged me to touch the window. I did. It felt warm. Very different from subsonic planes, which always have drafts around the windows. Every once in a while, the Captain of our Concorde, introducing himself each time as Captain Morris, made some quick announcements about our acceleration and speed. Early on, for example, he said, "In a couple of minutes, we'll be starting our climb using our reheats, or afterburners, as you call them in America, and this provides us with a sudden thrust, in case you detect a bit of a jolt." Another time, as we were cruising at 28,000 feet, we were going at ninety-five per cent of the speed of sound, and Captain Morris told us to watch the Machmeter while he again turned on the reheats. "We keep the reheats on until one point seven," he said, "and this occurs at 45,000 feet." My son said he understood everything the Captain told us. I understood nothing. I didn't even feel the jolt. My son said he definitely felt the jolt. "We're flying on these Rolls-Royce Olympus engines, and we've got two-spool turbojets fitted with the afterburners for takeoff and transonic acceleration," my son said. "The plane has a droop nose. It's partly drooped for takeoff, and when we land it will be fully drooped, but right now it's straight." So much for the space-age babies.

I had set my watch back to New York time. At 3:30 P.M., dinner being over, we were invited to pay a visit to the pilot's cabin. We were escorted up front by a steward, who gave us a few more facts about people who fly on the Concorde: sixty per cent of the passengers on the London to New York flights are Americans; eighty per cent are business people; forty per cent have been on the aircraft before. There were three officers in the pilot's cabin: Captain Colin Morris, First Officer John



"When they put this show on a cassette, let's make sure we don't buy it."

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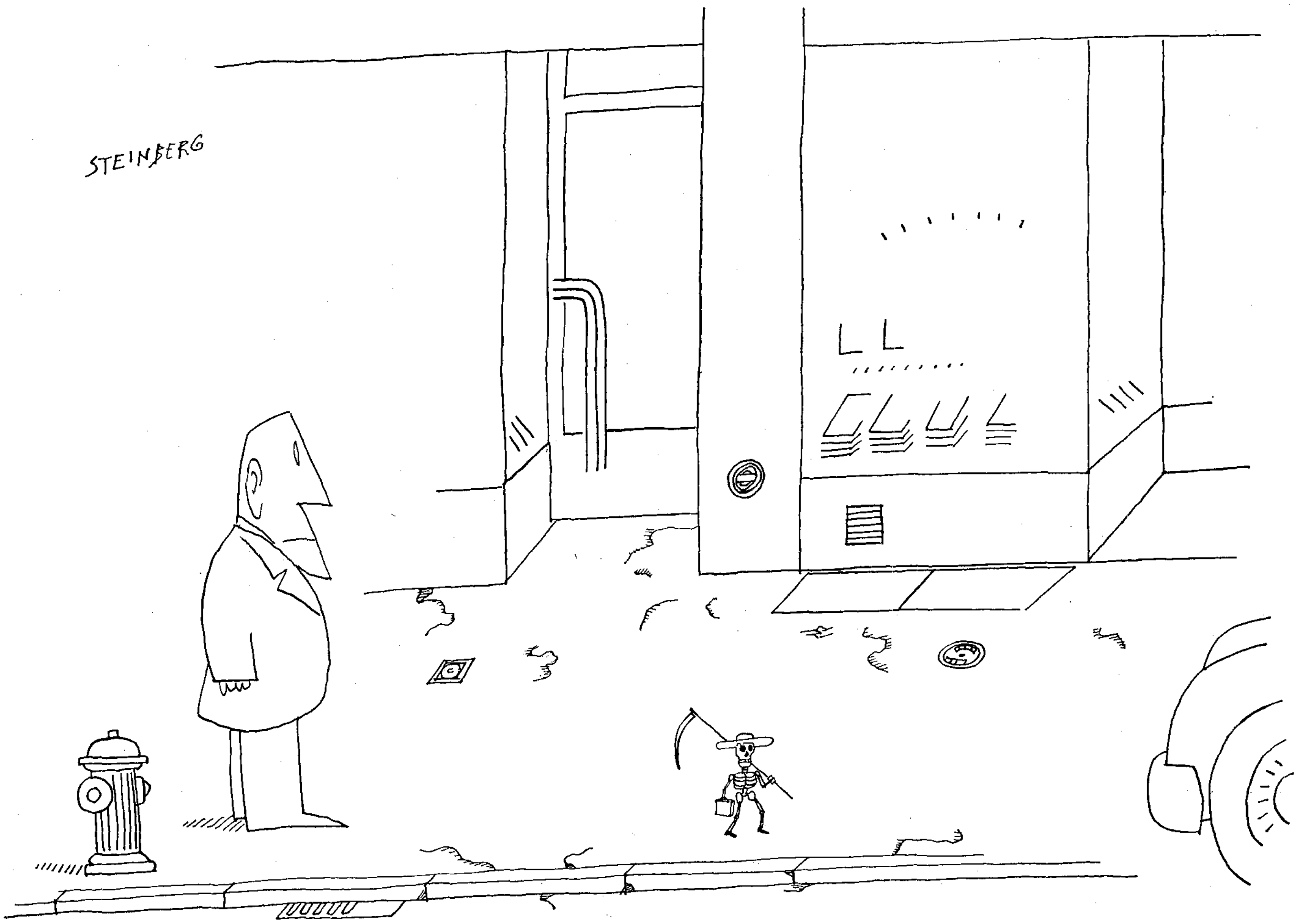

White, and Third Officer Peter Phillips. All of them, in white shirts with blue-and-gold epaulets on the shoulders, looked like Basil Rathbone. They were also full of jokes. The cabin looked cramped to me—almost like the space modules I've seen on television—with a breathtaking array of push buttons on control panels. The usual kind of intimidating labels: "Equipment Bay Cooling," "Standby Valves," "Master Valve," "Engine On," "O/Full," "U/Full," "Ditching," "Air Bleed Control."

"We take a bit of exercise," Captain Morris said when I asked about the cramped space. "We walk three steps out and three steps back."

"We're fit, virile young men," First Officer White said.

"Let us say everything here is accessible," Captain Morris said. "We can reach everything without having to stretch."

They said they had all worked on different kinds of aircraft before taking the five-month course on how to fly the Concorde. Impression of great reliability.

On our way back to our seats, we passed the lady with the tote bag full of reading material. She was still on *Foreign Affairs*. Her husband looked stationary and grim.

By the time we sat down and I had filled out my customs declaration, Captain Morris announced that we were de-accelerating, that we were over Nantucket, and that the temperature in New York was "a hazy eighty-one degrees." We were down to M .85 when he announced that there would be a ten-to-fifteen-minute landing delay. At M .56, and 15,000 feet, fifty miles from New York, he said, "Mysteriously, ladies and gentlemen, the holding times have increased from ten or fifteen minutes to forty minutes. It will now be *fifty* minutes till arrival."

New York time was 4:50 P.M. With the fifty-minute delay, we'd still be beating the sun by fifty minutes.

At 5:15 P.M., Captain Morris, in a happy voice, announced that we were flying at 8,000 feet. "Good signs," he said. "We can expect to be landing in *fifteen* minutes' time."

All the passengers around us looked bleak.

"The nose down creates a drag and allows the pilots to have a better view of the runway," my son said. "We'll be landing like any other plane but at a greater angle to the landing strip. There are no flaps on the Concorde wings to slow the plane down while landing, so the entire body of the aircraft acts as a flap."

The "No Smoking" and "Fasten Seat Belts" signs flashed on. At M .44, it felt to me as though the plane were going uphill. At M .35, "Raindrops" started playing again.

"Officers and crew take seats for landing, please."

We came down at 5:35 P.M. We *had* beaten the sun. By fifty-*five* minutes. Flight time: four hours and five minutes.

"Raindrops" went off.

"This is Captain Morris. I would like to apologize for the delay. I do hope it hasn't spoiled the flight, and we hope to see you again in the near future. Will the cabin crews please disarm the doors?"

Everybody seemed to get off the plane very quickly. My son and I got off sort of reluctantly, now that the race was over. As we settled in for what turned out to be a half hour's wait for our luggage, I noticed Captain Morris, First Officer White, and Third Officer Phillips walking very briskly toward the exits. They were rushing to get somewhere.

ALANI BEACH NOW

Right Now, the Vacation Value Is Back Where It Used to Be. At Alani Beach. Right now. Right here. The little fish that were dead are swimming again; the big hotels that had to close for a while (because of all the talk) are open. Many times, the sun shines—on the sidewalks, on the park benches (many of which have been repaired), on the beach itself.

Alani Beach and the Whole Alani Area Are More Nearly Alive Than They've Been for Years. The drugstores have new, expanded security precautions. Restaurants that had to close because of the small green snails appearing suddenly everywhere have opened for certain things. The patches of damp that had invaded the concrete—crumbling the walls, infesting the hidden supports, heaving up the foundations until buildings collapsed without warning, until hundreds, maybe more, were trapped, buried alive, condemned to a death-in-life, choking for breath in the rubble, gasping out cries of help, but no help, none, all gone—these patches of damp have been identified, plastered over, repainted, and swathed in absorbent material to aid in the temporary relief of excess moisture.

The Water Is Being Revitalized. Many curious and advanced processes, relying on the most expensive technology, have been utilized in Alani Beach's effort to reinvigorate the water. Special agents hostile to the red stinging plants that have recently been afloat, clinging together in red clumps like coagulated blood, multiplying on the richness of the sludge, easing through the disposal drains into the pools, into the pipes, choking off every simple flow of liquid, turning the water into a kind of grotesque jelly—special agents have been put to use to encourage the helpful instead of the hurtful side of this disastrous act or vengeance of God.

Alani Beach Is Younger Than Ever Before. The oldsters have packed up and left. It's a different story now. No more depressing oldsters clogging the sidewalks, sitting in those railed areas—talking, talking, talking. No more oldsters walking up and down. We shut off support services, drove up the cost of food. We were tough, because we knew we were fighting for the future of Alani Beach. Now, instead of oldsters we've got discos, and shops selling jade and Oriental objects and electronic calculators at enormous markdowns.

The Unusual Bars Are Open! On the rubble of the area where we had to go beyond cosmetics and actually demolish a number of badly compromised buildings, there is now an amusement zone. You can tell by the little spring in people's step, by the way they look quickly, then away, that it's an amusement zone. People come in quiet, leaving the hotels with perfect security, under cover, not open to the night, taken safely in huge transports painted green. Not the failed green, from the military, from the holding pens, from the epidemic spread, no, not that green, based on wasting chemicals, flaking off into the hand at the lightest touch, no, not that green, but another green, more soothing, more resistant to rust, *another green* is used to give color to the transports, to the fun. In the amusement zone, people go their own way, in quiet. Some people adopt special themes: medical themes, themes with special clothing. In certain unusual bars, people have permission to wear the new leggings, the new serious leggings, leggings that can be worn tight against the damp, against the cold, leggings that give a thrill of constriction as they are laced tighter and tighter, changing the texture of the skin.

And the Resuscitated Hotel Reine-American Is at the Center of It All. Walk in the door: there's new green matting everywhere. The international cartel that has assumed ownership of the fabled Reine-American has invested in coco matting and hundreds of thousands of swaths of special absorbent material to help prevent leakage. Special underground swimming pools, hundreds of metres beneath the surface, guarantee a glorious dip in pure water in secure surroundings. Special "shufflers"—unique shoes resistant to fungal growth and to the powerful fungicides in use to combat fungal growth—are available at poolside. Alarm devices, designed to alert guests on a *room-by-room basis* of a successful invasion of the concrete by the killing damp, have been installed and can be activated by feeding in fifty-cent pieces. Complimentary decks of playing cards have been placed in many rooms (and all suites) for use during the terror.

—George W. S. Trow

The Good Sister, the Bad Sister, and the Duck

A SILVER DISH

WHAT do you do about death—in this case, the death of an old father? If you're a modern person, sixty years of age, and a man who's been around, like Woody Selbst, what do you do? Take this matter of mourning, and take it against a contemporary background. How, against a contemporary background, do you mourn an octogenarian father, nearly blind, his heart enlarged, his lungs filling with fluid, who creeps, stumbles, gives off the odors, the moldiness or gassiness of old men. I *mean!* As Woody put it, be realistic. Think what times these are. The papers daily give it to you—the Lufthansa pilot in Aden is described by the hostages on his knees, begging the Palestinian terrorists not to execute him, but they shoot him through the head. Later they themselves are killed. And still others shoot others, or shoot themselves. That's what you read in the press, see on the tube, mention at dinner. We know now what goes daily through the whole of the human community, like a global death-peristalsis.

Woody, a businessman in South Chicago, was not an ignorant person. He knew more such phrases than you would expect a tile contractor (offices, lobbies, lavatories) to know. The kind of knowledge he had was not the kind for which you get academic degrees. Although Woody had studied for two years in a seminary, preparing to be a minister. Two years of college during the Depression was more than most high-school graduates could afford. After that, in his own vital, picturesque, original way (Morris, his old man, was also, in his days of nature, vital and picturesque) Woody had read up on many subjects, subscribed to *Science* and other magazines that gave real information, and had taken night courses at De Paul and Northwestern in ecology, criminology, existentialism. Also he had travelled extensively in Japan, Mexico, and Africa, and there was an African experience that was especially relevant to mourning. It was this: On a launch near the Murchison Falls in Uganda, he had seen a buffalo calf seized by a crocodile from the bank of the White Nile. There were giraffes along the tropical river, and hippopotamuses, and baboons, and flamingos and other brilliant birds crossing the bright air in the heat of the morning, when the calf, stepping into the river to drink, was grabbed by the hoof and dragged down. The parent buffaloes couldn't figure it out. Under the water the calf still threshed, fought, churned the mud. Woody, the robust traveller, took this in as he sailed by, and to him it looked as if the parent cattle were asking each other dumbly what had happened. He chose to assume that there was pain in this, he read brute grief into it. On the White Nile, Woody had the impression that he had gone back to the pre-Adamite past, and he brought reflections on this impression home to South Chicago. He brought also a bundle of hashish from Kampala. In this he took a chance with the customs inspectors, banking perhaps on his broad build, frank face, high color. He didn't look like a wrongdoer, a bad guy; he looked like a good guy. But he liked taking chances. Risk was a wonderful stimulus. He threw down his trenchcoat on the customs counter. If the inspectors searched the pockets, he was prepared to say that the coat wasn't his. But he got away with it, and the Thanksgiving turkey was stuffed with hashish. This was much enjoyed. That was practically the last feast at which Pop, who also relished risk or defiance, was present. The hashish Woody had tried to raise in his back yard from the Africa seeds didn't take. But behind his warehouse, where the Lincoln Continental was parked, he kept a patch of marijuana. There was no harm at all in Woody but he didn't like being entirely within the law. It was simply a question of self-respect.

After that Thanksgiving, Pop gradually sank as if he had a slow leak. This went on for some years. In and out of the hospital, he dwindled, his mind wandered, he couldn't even concentrate enough to complain, except in exceptional moments on the Sundays Woody regularly devoted to him. Morris, an amateur who once was taken seriously by Willie Hoppe, the great pro himself, couldn't execute the simplest billiard shots anymore. He could only conceive shots; he began to theorize about impossible three-cushion combinations. Halina, the Polish woman with whom Morris had lived for over forty years as man and wife, was too old herself now to run to the hospital. So Woody had to do it. There was Woody's mother, too—a Christian convert—needing care; she was over eighty and frequently hospitalized. Everybody had diabetes and pleurisy and arthritis and cataracts and cardiac pacemakers. And everybody had lived by the body, but

Dana Fradon

"Miss Attwood, take this measured response out and measure it."

the body was giving out.

There were Woody's two sisters as well, unmarried, in their fifties, very Christian, very straight, still living with Mama in an entirely Christian bungalow. Woody, who took full responsibility for them all, occasionally had to put one of the girls (they had become sick girls) in a mental institution. Nothing severe. The sisters were wonderful women, both of them gorgeous once, but neither of the poor things was playing with a full deck. And all the factions had to be kept separate—Mama, the Christian convert; the fundamentalist sisters; Pop, who read the Yiddish paper as long as he could still see print; Halina, a good Catholic. Woody, the seminary forty years behind him, described himself as an agnostic. Pop had no more religion than you could find in the Yiddish paper, but he made Woody promise to bury him among Jews, and that was where he lay now, in the Hawaiian shirt Woody had bought for him at the tilers' convention in Honolulu. Woody would allow no undertaker's assistant to dress him but came to the parlor and buttoned the stiff into the shirt himself, and the old man went down looking like Ben-Gurion in a simple wooden coffin, sure to rot fast. That was how Woody wanted it all. At the graveside, he had taken off and folded his jacket, rolled up his sleeves on thick freckled biceps, waved back the little tractor standing by, and shovelled the dirt himself. His big face, broad at the bottom, narrowed upward like a Dutch house. And, his small good lower teeth taking hold of the upper lip in his exertion, he performed the final duty of a son. He was very fit, so it must have been emotion, not the shovelling, that made him redden so. After the funeral, he went home with Halina and her son, a decent Polack like his mother, and talented, too—Mitosh played the organ at hockey and basketball games in the Stadium, which took a smart man because it was a rabble-rousing kind of occupation—and they had some drinks and comforted the old girl. Halina was true blue, always one hundred per cent for Morris.

Then for the rest of the week Woody was busy, had jobs to run, office responsibilities, family responsibilities. He lived alone; as did his wife; as did his mistress: everybody in a separate establishment. Since his wife, after fifteen years of separation, had not learned to take care of herself, Woody did her shopping on Fridays, filled her freezer. He had to take her this week to buy shoes. Also, Friday night he always spent with Helen—Helen was his wife de facto. Saturday he did his big weekly shopping. Saturday night he devoted to Mom and his sisters. So he was too busy to attend to his own feelings except, intermittently, to note to himself, "First Thursday in the grave." "First Friday, and fine weather." "First Saturday; he's got to be getting used to it." Under his breath he occasionally said, "Oh, Pop."

But it was Sunday that hit him, when the bells rang all over South Chicago—the Ukrainian, Roman Catholic, Greek, Russian, African-Methodist churches, sounding off one after another. Woody had his offices in his warehouse, and there had built an apartment for himself, very spacious and convenient, in the top story. Because he left every Sunday morning at seven to spend the day with Pop, he had forgotten by how many churches Selbst Tile Company was surrounded. He was still in bed when he heard the bells, and all at once he knew how heartbroken he was. This sudden big heartache in a man of sixty, a practical, physical, healthy-minded, and experienced man, was deeply unpleasant. When he had an unpleasant condition, he believed in taking something for it. So he thought, What shall I take? There were plenty of remedies available. His cellar was stocked with cases of Scotch whiskey, Polish vodka, Armagnac, Moselle, Burgundy. There were also freezers with steaks and with game and with Alaskan king crab. He bought with a broad hand—by the crate and by the dozen. But in the end, when he got out of bed, he took nothing but a cup of coffee. While the kettle was heating, he put on his Japanese judo-style suit and sat down to reflect.

Woody was moved when things were *honest*. Bearing beams were honest, undisguised concrete pillars inside high-rise apartments were honest. It was bad to cover up anything. He hated faking. Stone was honest. Metal was honest. These Sunday bells were very straight. They broke loose, they wagged and rocked, and the vibrations and the banging did something for him—cleansed his insides, purified his blood. A bell was a one-way throat, had only one thing to tell you and simply told it. He listened.

He had had some connections with bells and churches. He was after all something of a Christian. Born a Jew, he was a Jew facially, with a hint of Iroquois or Cherokee, but his mother had been converted more than fifty years ago by her brother-in-law, the Reverend Dr. Kovner. Kovner, a rabbinical student who had left the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati to become a minister and establish a mission, had given Woody a partly Christian upbringing. Now Pop was on the outs with these fundamentalists. He said that the Jews came to the mission to get coffee, bacon, canned pineapple, day-old bread, and dairy products. And if they had to listen to sermons, that was O.K.—this was the Depression and you couldn't be too particular—but he knew they sold the bacon.

The Gospels said it plainly: "Salvation is from the Jews."

Backing the Reverend Doctor were wealthy fundamentalists, mainly Swedes, eager to speed up the Second Coming by converting all Jews. The foremost of Kovner's backers was Mrs. Skoglund, who had inherited a large dairy business from her late husband. Woody was under her special protection.

Woody was fourteen years of age

when Pop took off with Halina, who worked in his shop, leaving his difficult Christian wife and his converted son and his small daughters. He came to Woody in the back yard one spring day and said, "From now on you're the man of the house." Woody was practicing with a golf club, knocking off the heads of dandelions. Pop came into the yard in his good suit, which was too hot for the weather, and when he took off his fedora the skin of his head was marked with a deep ring and the sweat was sprinkled over his scalp—more drops than hairs. He said, "I'm going to move out." Pop was anxious, but he was set to go—determined. "It's no use. I can't live a life like this." Envisioning the life Pop simply *had* to live, his free life, Woody was able to picture him in the billiard parlor, under the "L" tracks in a crap game, or playing poker at Brown and Koppel's upstairs. "You're going to be the man of the house," said Pop. "It's O.K. I put you all on welfare. I just got back from Wabansia Avenue, from the Relief Station." Hence the suit and the hat. "They're sending out a caseworker." Then he said, "You got to lend me money to buy gasoline—the caddie money you saved."

Understanding that Pop couldn't get away without his help, Woody turned over to him all he had earned at the Sunset Ridge Country Club in Winnetka. Pop felt that the valuable life lesson he was transmitting was worth far more than these dollars, and whenever he was conning his boy a sort of high-priest expression came down over his bent nose, his ruddy face. The children, who got their finest ideas at the movies, called him Richard Dix. Later, when the comic strip came out, they said he was Dick Tracy.

As Woody now saw it, under the tumbling bells, he had bankrolled his own desertion. Ha ha! He found this delightful; and especially Pop's attitude of "That'll teach you to trust your father." For this was a demonstration on behalf of real life and free instincts, against religion and hypocrisy. But mainly it was aimed against being a fool, the disgrace of foolishness. Pop had it in for the Reverend Dr. Kovner, not because he was an apostate (Pop couldn't have cared less), not because the mission was a racket (he admitted that the Reverend Doctor was personally honest), but because Dr. Kovner behaved foolishly, spoke like a fool, and acted like a fiddler. He tossed his hair like a Paganini (this was Woody's addition; Pop had never even heard of Paganini). Proof that he was not a spiritual leader was that he converted Jewish women by stealing their hearts. "He works up all those broads," said Pop. "He doesn't even know it himself, I swear he doesn't know how he gets them."

From the other side, Kovner often warned Woody, "Your father is a dangerous person. Of course, you love him; you should love him and forgive him, Voodrow, but you are old enough to understand he is leading a life of wice."

It was all petty stuff: Pop's sinning was on a boy level and therefore made a big impression on a boy. And on Mother. Are wives children, or what? Mother often said, "I hope you put that brute in your prayers. Look what he has done to us. But only pray for him, don't see him." But he saw him all the time. Woodrow was leading a double life, sacred and profane. He accepted Jesus Christ as his personal redeemer. Aunt Rebecca took advantage of this. She made him work. He had to work under Aunt Rebecca. He filled in for the janitor at the mission and settlement house. In winter, he had to feed the coal furnace, and on some nights he slept near the furnace room, on the pool table. He also picked the lock of the storeroom. He took canned pineapple and cut bacon from the flitch with his pocketknife. He crammed himself with uncooked bacon. He had a big frame to fill out.

Only now, sipping Melitta coffee, he asked himself—had he been so hungry? No, he loved being reckless. He was fighting Aunt Rebecca Kovner when he took out his knife and got on a box to reach the bacon. She didn't know, she couldn't prove that Woody, such a frank, strong, positive boy who looked you in the eye, so direct, was a thief also. But he was also a thief. Whenever she looked at him, he knew that she was seeing his father. In the curve of his nose, the movements of his eyes, the thickness of his body, in his healthy face she saw that wicked savage, Morris.

Morris, you see, had been a street boy in Liverpool—Woody's mother and her sister were British by birth. Morris's Polish family, on their way to America, abandoned him in Liverpool because he had an eye infection and they would all have been sent back from Ellis Island. They stopped awhile

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TORSO

If suddenly you walk on grass turned stone
and think its marble handsomer than green,
or see at play a nymph and faun that seem
happier in bronze than in any dream,
let your walking stick fall from your weary hand,
you're in The Empire, friend.

Air, fire, water, fauns, naiads, lions
drawn from nature, or bodied in imagination,
everything God ventured and reason grew bored
nourishing have in stone and metal been restored.
This is the end of things. This is, at the road's end,
a mirror by which to enter.

Stand in a niche, roll your eyes up, and watch
the ages vanish round the bend, and watch
how moss develops in the statue's groin,
how dust rains on the shoulders—that tan of time.
Someone breaks an arm off, and the head from the shoulders
falls with the thud of boulders.

The torso left is a nameless sum of muscle.
In a thousand years a mouse, living in a hole,
with a claw broken off from trying to eke
a life out of granite, will scurry with a squeak
across the road one night and not come back to its burrow
at midnight tonight. Or at daybreak tomorrow.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Howard Moss.*)

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"Tell us, if you can, William, how you feel about first grade."

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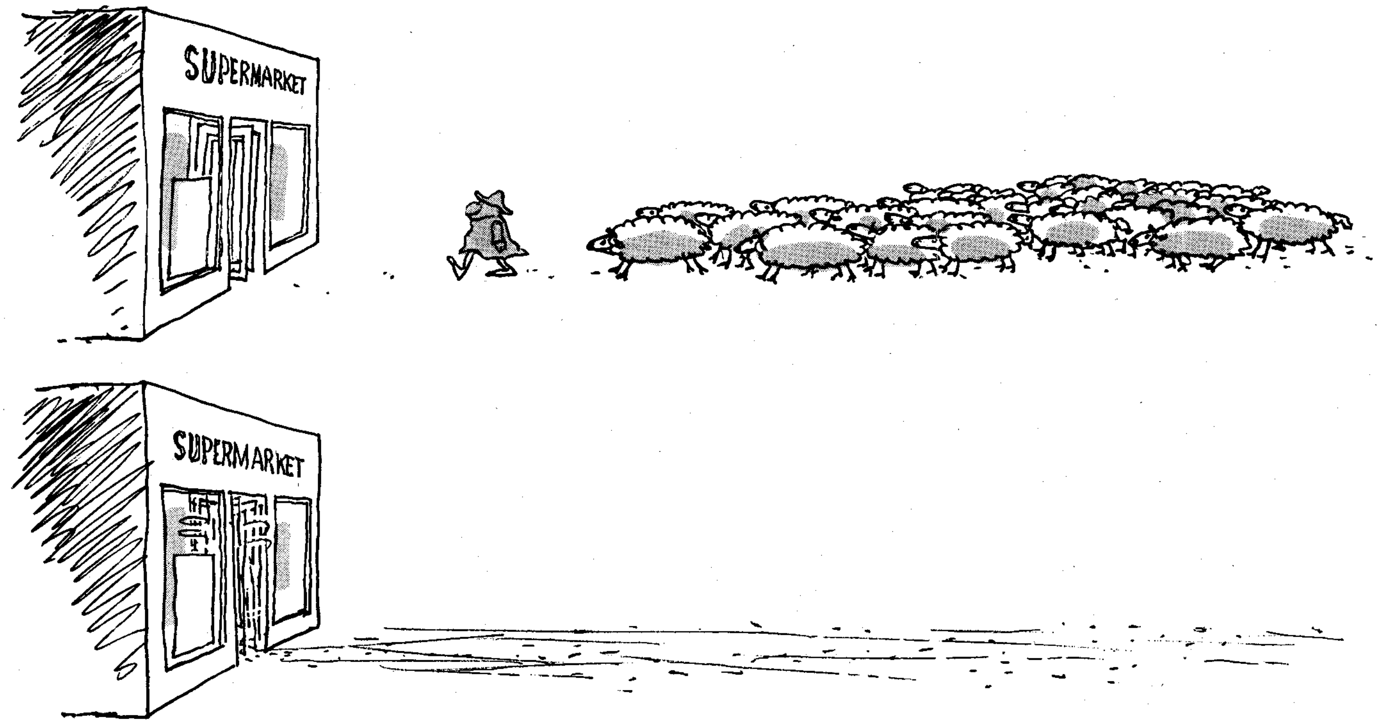
in England, but his eyes kept running and they ditched him. They slipped away, and he had to make out alone in Liverpool at the age of twelve. Mother came of better people. Pop, who slept in the cellar of her house, fell in love with her. At sixteen, scabbing during a seamen's strike, he shovelled his way across the Atlantic and jumped ship in Brooklyn. He became an American, and America never knew it. He voted without papers, he drove without a license, he paid no taxes, he cut every corner. Horses, cards, billiards, and women were his lifelong interests, in ascending order. Did he love anyone (he was so busy)? Yes, he loved Halina. He loved his son. To this day, Mother believed that he had loved her most and always wanted to come back. This gave her a chance to act the queen, with her plump wrists and faded Queen Victoria face. "The girls are instructed never to admit him," she said. The Empress of India, speaking.

Bell-battered Woodrow's soul was whirling this Sunday morning, indoors and out, to the past, back to his upper corner of the warehouse, laid out with such originality—the bells coming and going, metal on naked metal, until the bell circle expanded over the whole of steelmaking, oil-refining, power-producing mid-autumn South Chicago, and all its Croatians, Ukrainians, Greeks, Poles, and respectable blacks heading for their churches to hear Mass or to sing hymns.

Woody himself had been a good hymn singer. He still knew the hymns. He had testified, too. He was often sent by Aunt Rebecca to get up and tell a church full of Scandihoovians that he, a Jewish lad, accepted Jesus Christ. For this she paid him fifty cents. She made the disbursement. She was the bookkeeper, fiscal chief, general manager of the mission. The Reverend Doctor didn't know a thing about the operation. What the Doctor supplied was the fervor. He was genuine, a wonderful preacher. And what about Woody himself? He also had fervor. He was drawn to the Reverend Doctor. The Reverend Doctor taught him to lift up his eyes, gave him his higher life. Apart from this higher life, the rest was Chicago—the ways of Chicago, which came so natural that nobody thought to question them. So, for instance, in 1933 (what ancient, ancient times!) at the Century of Progress World's Fair, when Woody was a coolie and pulled a rickshaw, wearing a peaked straw hat and trotting with powerful, thick legs, while the brawny red farmers—his boozing passengers—were laughing their heads off and pestered him for whores, he, although a freshman at the seminary, saw nothing wrong, when girls asked him to steer a little business their way, in making dates and accepting tips from both sides. He necked in Grant Park with a powerful girl who had to go home quickly to nurse her baby. Smelling of milk, she rode beside him on the streetcar to the West Side, squeezing his rickshaw puller's thigh and wetting her blouse. This was the Roosevelt Road car. Then, in the apartment where she lived with her mother, he couldn't remember that there were any husbands around. What he did remember was the strong milk odor. Without inconsistency, next morning he did New Testament Greek: The light shineth in darkness—*to fos en te skotia fainei*—and the darkness comprehended it not.

And all the while he trotted between the shafts on the fairgrounds he had



one idea—nothing to do with these horny giants having a big time in the city: that the goal, the project, the purpose was (and he couldn't explain why he thought so; all evidence was against it), God's idea was that this world should be a love-world, that it should eventually recover and be entirely a world of love. He wouldn't have said this to a soul, for he could see himself how stupid it was—personal and stupid. Nevertheless, there it was at the center of his feelings. And at the same time Aunt Rebecca was right when she said to him, strictly private, close to his ear even, "You're a little crook, like your father."

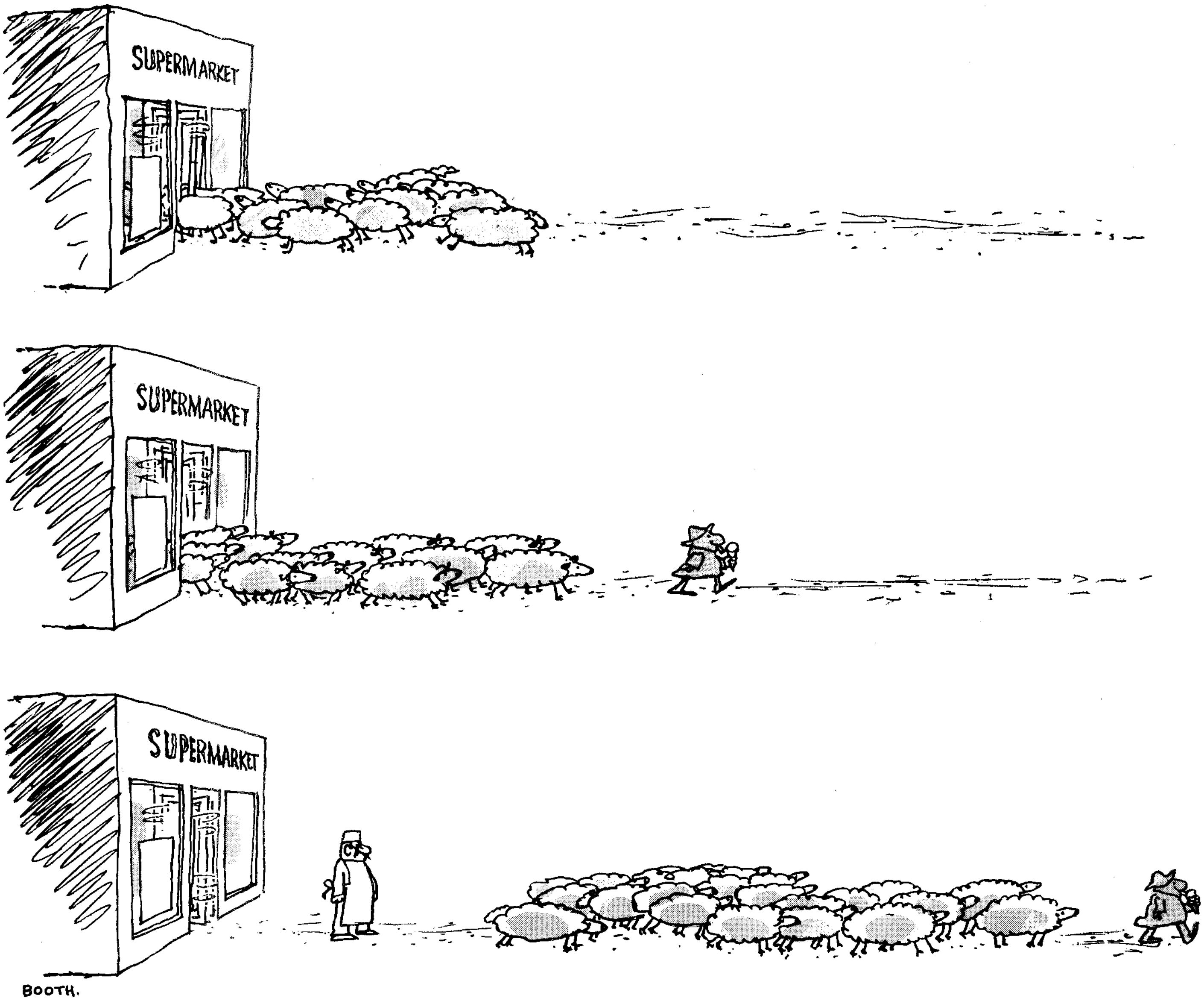
There was some evidence for this, or what stood for evidence to an impatient person like Rebecca. Woody matured quickly—he had to—but how could you expect a boy of seventeen, he wondered, to interpret the viewpoint, the feelings of a middle-aged woman, and one whose breast had been removed? Morris told him that this happened only to neglected women, and was a sign. Morris said that if titties were not fondled and kissed they got cancer in protest. It was a cry of the flesh. And this had seemed true to Woody. When his imagination tried the theory on the Reverend Doctor, it worked out—he couldn't see the Reverend Doctor behaving in that way to Aunt Rebecca's breasts! Morris's theory kept Woody looking from bosoms to husbands and from husbands to bosoms. He still did that. It's an exceptionally smart man who isn't marked forever by the sexual theories he hears from his father, and Woody wasn't all that smart. He knew this himself. Personally, he had gone far out of his way to do right by women in this regard. What nature demanded. He and Pop were common, thick men, but there's nobody too gross to have ideas of delicacy.

The Reverend Doctor preached, Rebecca preached, rich Mrs. Skoglund preached from Evanston, Mother preached. Pop also was on a soapbox. Everyone was doing it. Up and down Division Street, under every lamp, almost, speakers were giving out: anarchists, Socialists, Stalinists, single-taxers, Zionists, Tolstoyans, vegetarians, and fundamentalist Christian preachers—you name it. A beef, a hope, a way of life or salvation, a protest. How was it that the accumulated gripes of all the ages took off so when transplanted to America?

And that fine Swedish immigrant Aase (Osie, they pronounced it), who had been the Skoglunds' cook and married the eldest son to become his rich, religious widow—she supported the Reverend Doctor. In her time she must have been built like a chorus girl. And women seem to have lost the secret of putting up their hair in the high basketry fence of braid she wore. Aase took Woody under her special protection and paid his tuition at the seminary. And Pop said . . . But on this Sunday, at peace as soon as the bells stopped banging, this velvet autumn day when the grass was finest and thickest, silky green: before the first frost, and the blood in your lungs is redder than summer air can make it and smarts with oxygen, as if the iron in your system was hungry for it, and the chill was sticking it to you in every breath—Pop, six feet under, would never feel this blissful sting again. The last of the bells still had the bright air streaming with vibrations.

On weekends, the institutional vacancy of decades came back to the warehouse and crept under the door of Woody's apartment. It felt as empty on Sundays as churches were during the week. Before each business day, before the trucks and the crews got started, Woody jogged five miles in his Adidas suit. Not on this day still reserved for Pop, however. Although it was tempting to go out and run off the grief. Being alone hit Woody hard this morning. He thought, Me and the world; the world and me. Meaning that there always was some activity to interpose, an errand or a visit, a picture to paint (he was a creative amateur), a massage, a meal—a shield between himself and that troublesome solitude which used the world as its reservoir. But Pop! Last Tuesday, Woody had gotten into the hospital bed with Pop because he kept pulling out the intravenous needles. Nurses stuck them back, and then Woody astonished them all by climbing into bed to hold the struggling old guy in his arms. "Easy, Morris, Morris, go easy." But Pop still groped feebly for the pipes.

WHEN the tolling stopped, Woody didn't notice that a great lake of quiet had come over his kingdom, the



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Selbst Tile Warehouse. What he heard and saw was an old red Chicago streetcar, one of those trams the color of a stockyard steer. Cars of this type went out before Pearl Harbor—clumsy, big-bellied, with tough rattan seats and brass grips for the standing passengers. Those cars used to make four stops to the mile, and ran with a wallowing motion. They stank of carbolic or ozone and throbbed when the air compressors were being charged. The conductor had his knotted signal cord to pull, and the motorman beat the foot gong with his mad heel.

Woody recognized himself on the Western Avenue line and riding through a blizzard with his father, both in sheepskins and with hands and faces raw, the snow blowing in from the rear platform when the doors opened and getting into the longitudinal cleats of the floor. There wasn't warmth enough inside to melt it. And Western Avenue was the longest car line in the world, the boosters said, as if it was a thing to brag about. Twenty-three miles long, made by a draftsman with a T-square, lined with factories, storage buildings, machine shops, used-car lots, trolley barns, gas stations, funeral parlors, six-flats, utility buildings, and junk yards, on and on from the prairies on the south to Evanston on the north. Woodrow and his father were going north to Evanston, to Howard Street, and then some, to see Mrs. Skoglund. At the end of the line they would still have about five blocks to hike. The purpose of the trip? To raise money for Pop. Pop had talked him into this. When they found out, Mother and Aunt Rebecca would be furious, and Woody was afraid, but he couldn't help it.

Morris had come and said, "Son, I'm in trouble. It's bad."

"What's bad, Pop?"

"Halina took money from her husband for me and has to put it back before old Bujak misses it. He could kill her."

"What did she do it for?"

"Son, you know how the bookies collect? They send a goon. They'll break my head open."

"Pop! You know I can't take you to Mrs. Skoglund."

"Why not? You're my kid, aren't you? The old broad wants to adopt you, doesn't she? Shouldn't I get something out of it for my trouble? What am I—outside? And what about Halina? She puts her life on the line, but my own kid says no."

"Oh, Bujak wouldn't hurt her."

"Woody, he'd beat her to death."

Bujak? Uniform in color with his dark-gray work clothes, short in the legs, his whole strength in his tool-and-die-maker's forearms and black fingers; and beat-looking—there was Bujak for you. But, according to Pop, there was big, big violence in Bujak, a regular boiling Bessemer inside his narrow

"Yes, Ralph here is my power base."

chest. Woody could never see the violence in him. Bujak wanted no trouble. If anything, maybe he was afraid that Morris and Halina would gang up on him and kill him, screaming. But Pop was no desperado murderer. And Halina was a calm, serious woman. Bujak kept his savings in the cellar (banks were going out of business). The worst they did was to take some of his money, intending to put it back. As Woody saw him, Bujak was trying to be sensible. He accepted his sorrow. He set minimum requirements for Halina: cook the meals, clean the house, show respect. But at stealing Bujak might have drawn the line, for money was different, money was vital substance. If they stole his savings he might have had to take action, out of respect for the substance, for himself—self-respect. But you couldn't be sure that Pop hadn't invented the bookie, the goon, the theft—the whole thing. He was capable of it, and you'd be a fool not to suspect him. Morris knew that Mother and Aunt Rebecca had told Mrs. Skoglund how wicked he was. They had painted him for her in poster colors—purple for vice, black for his soul, red for Hell flames: a gambler, smoker, drinker, deserter, screwer of women, and atheist. So Pop was determined to reach her. It was risky for everybody. The Reverend Doctor's operating costs were met by Skoglund Dairies. The widow paid Woody's seminary tuition; she bought dresses for the little sisters.

Woody, now sixty, fleshy and big, like a figure for the victory of American materialism, sunk in his lounge chair, the leather of its armrests softer to his fingertips than a woman's skin, was puzzled and, in his depths, disturbed by certain blots within him, blots of light in his brain, a blot combining pain and amusement in his breast (how did *that* get there?). Intense thought puckered the skin between his eyes with a strain bordering on headache. Why had he let Pop have his way? Why did he agree to meet him that day, in the dim rear of the poolroom?

"But what will you tell Mrs. Skoglund?"

"The old broad? Don't worry, there's plenty to tell her, and it's all true. Ain't I trying to save my little laundry-and-cleaning shop? Isn't the bailiff coming for the fixtures next week?" And Pop rehearsed his pitch on the Western Avenue car. He counted on Woody's health and his freshness. Such a straightforward-looking boy was perfect for a con.

Did they still have such winter storms in Chicago as they used to have? Now they somehow seemed less fierce. Blizzards used to come straight down from Ontario, from the Arctic, and drop five feet of snow in an afternoon. Then the rusty green platform cars, with revolving brushes at both ends, came out of the barns to sweep the tracks. Ten or twelve streetcars followed in slow processions, or waited, block after block.

There was a long delay at the gates of Riverview Park, all the amusements covered for the winter, boarded up—the dragon's-back high-rides, the Bobs, the Chute, the Tilt-a-Whirl, all the fun machinery put together by mechanics and electricians, men like Bujak the tool-and-die-maker, good with engines. The blizzard was having it all its own way behind the gates, and you couldn't see far inside; only a few bulbs burned behind the palings. When Woody wiped the vapor from the glass, the wire mesh of the window guards was stuffed solid at eye level with snow. Looking higher, you saw mostly the streaked wind horizontally driving from the north. In the seat ahead, two black coal heavers both in leather Lindbergh flying helmets sat with shovels between their legs, returning from a job. They smelled of sweat, burlap sacking, and coal. Mostly dull with black dust, they also sparkled here and there.

There weren't many riders. People weren't leaving the house. This was a day to sit legs stuck out beside the stove, mummified by both the outdoor and the indoor forces. Only a fellow with an angle, like Pop, would go and buck such weather. A storm like this was out of the compass, and you kept the human scale by having a scheme to raise fifty bucks. Fifty soldiers! Real money in 1933.

"That woman is crazy for you," said Pop.

"She's just a good woman, sweet to all of us."

"Who knows what she's got in mind. You're a husky kid. Not such a kid either."

"She's a religious woman. She really has religion."

"Well, your mother isn't your only parent. She and Rebecca and Kovner aren't going to fill you up with their ideas. I know your mother wants to wipe me out of your life. Unless I take a hand, you won’t even understand what life is. Because they don’t know—those silly Christers.”

“Yes Pop.”

“The girls I can’t help. They’re too young. I’m sorry about them, but I can’t do anything. With you it’s different.”

He wanted me like himself, an American.

They were stalled in the storm, while the cattle-colored car waited to have the trolley reset in the crazy wind, which boomed, tingled, blasted. At Howard Street they would have to walk straight into it, due north.

“You’ll do the talking at first,” said Pop.

Woody had the makings of a salesman, a pitchman. He was aware of this when he got to his feet in church to testify before fifty or sixty people. Even though Aunt Rebecca made it worth his while, he moved his own heart when he spoke up about his faith. But occasionally, without notice, his heart went away as he spoke religion and he couldn’t find it anywhere. In its absence, sincere behavior got him through. He had to rely for delivery on his face, his voice—on behavior. Then his eyes came closer and closer together. And in this approach of eye to eye he felt the strain of hypocrisy. The twisting of his face threatened to betray him. It took everything he had to keep looking honest. So, since he couldn’t bear the cynicism of it, he fell back on mischievousness. Mischief was where Pop came in. Pop passed straight through all those divided fields, gap after gap, and arrived at his side, bent-nosed and broad-faced. In regard to Pop, you thought of neither sincerity nor insincerity. Pop was like the man in the song: he wanted what he wanted when he wanted it. Pop was physical; Pop was digestive, circulatory, sexual. If Pop got serious, he talked to you about washing under the arms or in the crotch or of drying between your toes or of cooking supper, of baked beans and fried onions, of draw poker or of a certain horse in the fifth race at Arlington. Pop was elemental. That was why he gave such relief from religion and paradoxes, and things like that. Now Mother *thought* she was spiritual, but Woody knew that she was kidding herself. Oh, yes, in the British accent she never gave up she was always talking to God or about Him—please-God, God-willing, praise-God. But she was a big substantial bread-and-butter, down-to-earth woman, with down-to-earth duties like feeding the girls, protecting, refining, keeping pure the girls. And those two protected doves grew up so overweight, heavy in the hips and thighs, that their poor heads looked long and slim. And mad. Sweet but cuckoo—Paula cheerfully cuckoo, Joanna depressed and having episodes.

“I’ll do my best by you, but you have to promise, Pop, not to get me in Dutch with Mrs. Skoglund.”

“You worried because I speak bad English? Embarrassed? I have a mockie accent?”

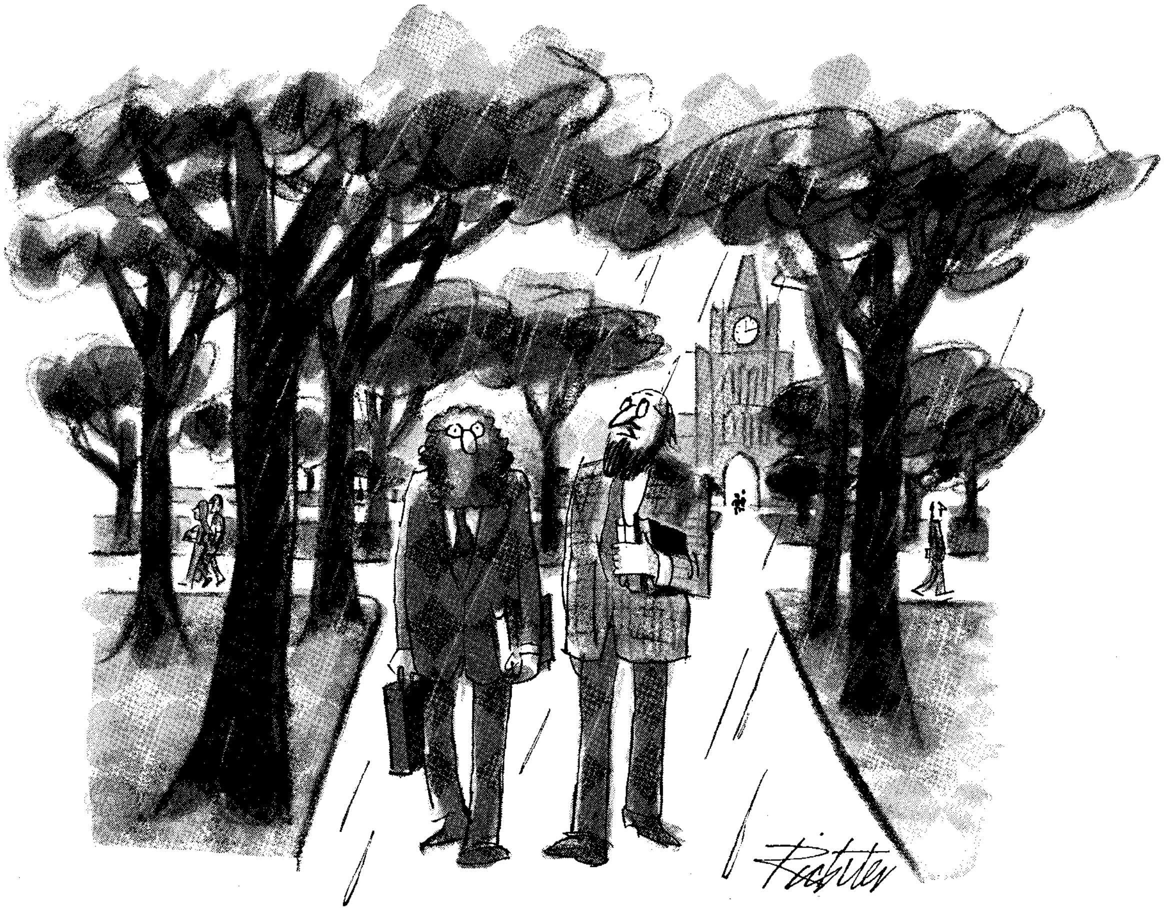
“It’s not that. Kovner has a heavy accent, and she doesn’t mind.”

“Who the hell are those freaks to look down on me? You’re practically a man and your dad has a right to expect help from you. He’s in a fix. And you bring him to her house because she’s big-hearted, and you haven’t got anybody else to go to.”

“I got you, Pop.”

The two coal trimmers stood up at Devon Avenue. One of them wore a woman’s coat. Men wore women’s clothing in those years, and women men’s, when there was no choice. The fur collar was spiky with the wet, and sprinkled with soot. Heavy, they dragged their shovels and got off at the front. The slow car ground on, very slow. It was after four when they reached the end of the line, and somewhere between gray and black, with snow spouting and whirling under the street lamps. In Howard Street, autos were stalled at all angles and abandoned. The sidewalks were blocked. Woody led the way into Evanston, and Pop followed him up the middle of the street in the furrows made earlier by trucks. For four blocks they bucked the wind and then Woody broke through the drifts to the snowbound mansion, where they both had to push the wrought-iron gate because of the drift behind it. Twenty rooms or more in this dignified house and nobody in them but Mrs. Skoglund and her servant Hjordis, also religious.

As Woody and Pop waited, brushing



“Not central to my thinking, Granby, but I think it’s beginning to rain.”

the slush from their sheepskin collars and Pop wiping his big eyebrows with the ends of his scarf, sweating and freezing, the chains began to rattle and Hjordis uncovered the air holes of the glass storm door by turning a wooden bar. Woody called her "monk-faced." You no longer see women like that, who put no female touch on the face. She came plain, as God made her. She said, "Who is it and what do you want?"

"It's Woodrow Selbst. Hjordis? It's Woody."

"You're not expected."

"No, but we're here."

"What do you want?"

"We came to see Mrs. Skoglund."

"What for do you want to see her?"

"Just to tell her we're here."

"I have to tell her what you came for, without calling up first."

"Why don't you say it's Woody with his father, and we wouldn't come in a snowstorm like this if it wasn't important."

The understandable caution of women who live alone. Respectable old-time women, too. There was no such respectability now in those Evanston houses, with their big verandas and deep yards and with a servant like Hjordis, who carried at her belt keys to the pantry and to every closet and every dresser drawer and every padlocked bin in the cellar. And in High Episcopal Christian Science Women's Temperance Evanston no tradespeople rang at the front door. Only invited guests. And here, after a ten-mile grind through the blizzard, came two tramps from the West Side. To this mansion where a Swedish immigrant lady, herself once a cook and now a philanthropic widow, dreamed, snowbound, while frozen lilac twigs clapped at her storm windows, of a new Jerusalem and a Second Coming and a Resurrection and a Last Judgment. To hasten the Second Coming, and all the rest, you had to reach the hearts of these scheming bums arriving in a snowstorm.

Sure, they let us in.

Then in the heat that swam suddenly up to their mufflered chins Pop and Woody felt the blizzard for what it was; their cheeks were frozen slabs. They stood beat, itching, trickling in the front hall that *was* a hall, with a carved rural post staircase and a big stained-glass window at the top. Picturing Jesus with the Samaritan woman. There was a kind of Gentile closeness to the air. Perhaps when he was with Pop, Woody made more Jewish observations than he would otherwise.

AT SEVEN THOUSAND FEET

(SIMLA, INDIA)

Every day it is a little nearer,

that huge white wave—the Himalayas
riding the horizon, an army of mountains

that looks much closer than a hundred miles.
Over those ice peaks lies Tibet.
Who knows what is happening there.

It snows in those mountains at night and the whiteness advances,
closer each morning—the spreading edge of a sea,

glaciers more etched, and their sharp border
honing itself on the sky.

And over here
the garden withdraws.

Dead twigs, dead roots, leaves yellow and sick.
The flowers one by one giving up,

the thinness of grass pressed to the skull of the earth,
its scalp showing through with a sickly color.

Everywhere piles of litter burning,
the heaped-up rubble

exposing what lies beneath.
Was it always so simple as this—
these few strong lines that tell the whole story?

And again in the morning the mute ranges nearer,
the stuffed-up feeling, a kind of hysteria.

How safe it was in the heat of the summer—
the greenery, the scents, the feverish dreams.

But the flayings of winter get us down to things:
outlines of rocks, outlines of trees.
Does the snow, when it comes, erase or imprison these?

What do I fear, what am I resisting?

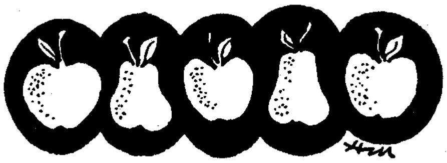
The raked-out gardens, the snows encroaching.

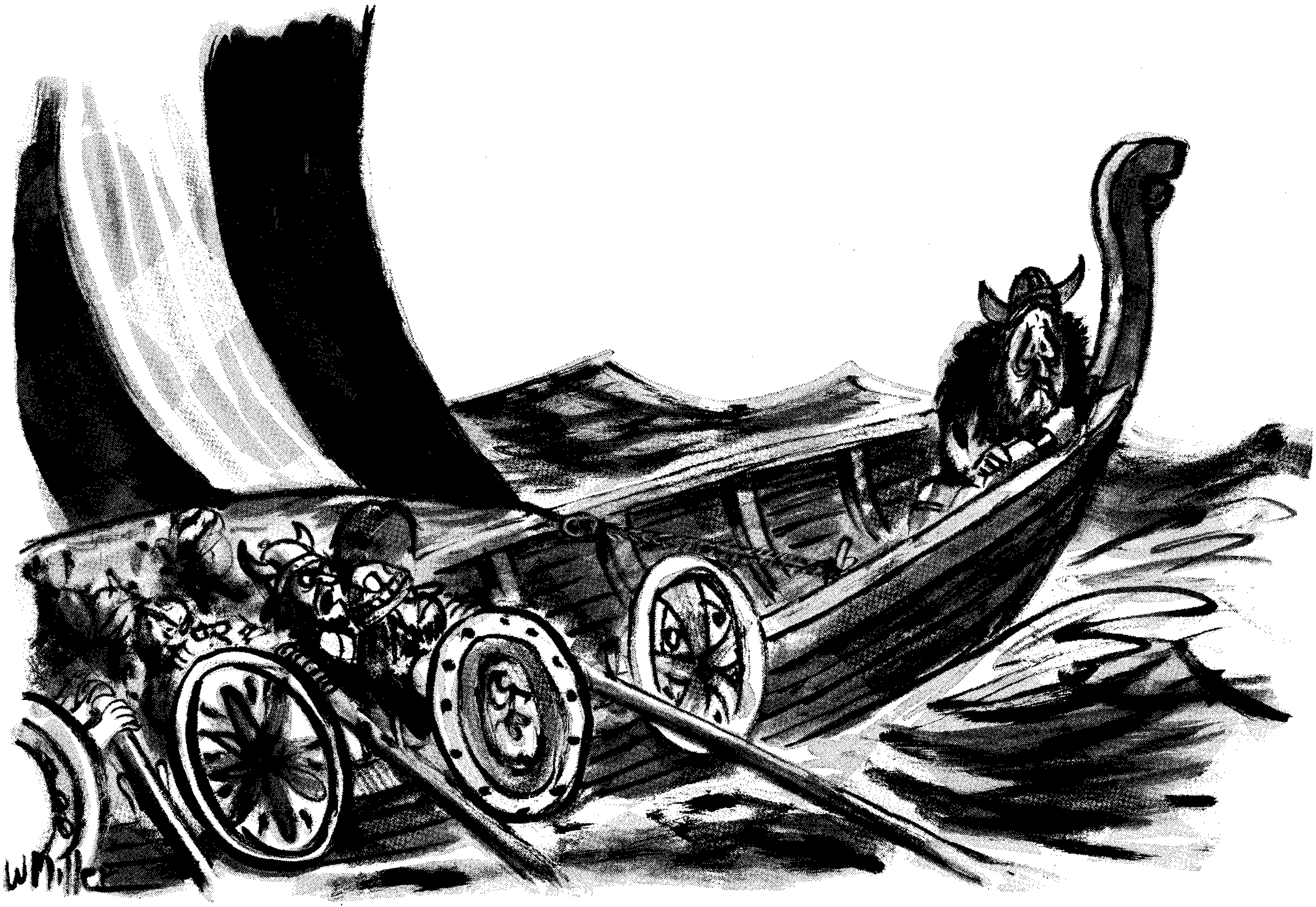
—JUDITH KROLL

• •

Although Pop's most Jewish characteristic was that Yiddish was the only language he could read a paper in. Pop was with Polish Halina, and Mother was with Jesus Christ, and Woody ate uncooked bacon from the flitch. Still now and then he had a Jewish impression.

Mrs. Skoglund was the cleanest of women—her fingernails, her white neck, her ears—and Pop's sexual hints to Woody all went wrong because she was so intensely clean, and made Woody think of a waterfall, large as she was, and grandly built. Her bust was big. Woody's imagination had investigated this. He thought she kept things tied down tight, very tight. But she lifted both arms once to raise a window and there it was, her bust, beside him, the whole unbindable thing. Her hair was like the raffia you had to soak before you could weave with it in a basket class—pale, pale. Pop, as he took his sheepskin off, was in sweaters, no jacket. His darting looks made him seem crooked. Hardest of all for these Selbsts with their bent noses and





"You may have noticed that he never feels 'too queasy' when it comes time to plunder, sack, and ravage."

• •

big, apparently straightforward faces was to look honest. All the signs of dishonesty played over them. Woody had often puzzled about it. Did it go back to the muscles, was it fundamentally a jaw problem—the projecting angles of the jaws? Or was it the angling that went on in the heart? The girls called Pop Dick Tracy, but Dick Tracy was a good guy. Whom could Pop convince? Here, Woody caught a possibility as it flitted by. Precisely because of the way Pop looked, a sensitive person might feel remorse for condemning unfairly or judging unkindly. Just because of a face? Some must have bent over backward. Then he had them. Not Hjordis. She would have put Pop into the street then and there, storm or no storm. Hjordis was religious, but she was wised up, too. She hadn't come over in steerage and worked forty years in Chicago for nothing.

Mrs. Skoglund, Aase (Osie), led the visitors into the front room. This, the biggest room in the house, needed supplementary heating. Because of fifteen-foot ceilings and high windows, Hjordis had kept the parlor stove burning. It was one of those elegant parlor stoves that wore a nickel crown, or mitre, and this mitre, when you moved it aside, automatically raised the hinge of an iron stove lid. That stove lid underneath the crown was all soot and rust, the same as any other stove lid. Into this hole you tipped the scuttle and the anthracite chestnut rattled down. It made a cake or dome of fire visible through the small isinglass frames. It was a pretty room, three-quarters panelled in wood. The stove was plugged into the flue of the marble fireplace, and there were parquet floors and Axminster carpets and cranberry-colored tufted Victorian upholstery, and a kind of Chinese étagère, inside a cabinet, lined with mirrors and containing silver pitchers, trophies won by Skoglund cows, fancy sugar tongs and cut-glass pitchers and goblets. There were Bibles and pictures of Jesus and the Holy Land and that faint Gentile odor, as if things had been rinsed in a weak vinegar solution.

"Mrs. Skoglund, I brought my dad to you. I don't think you ever met him," said Woody.

"Yes, Missus, that's me, Selbst."

Pop stood short but masterful in the sweaters, and his belly sticking out, not soft but hard. He was a man of the hard-bellied type. Nobody intimidated Pop. He never presented himself as a beggar. There wasn't a cringe in him anywhere. He let her see at once by the way he said "Missus" that he was independent and that he knew his way around. He communicated that he was able to handle himself with women. Handsome Mrs. Skoglund, carrying a basket woven out of her own hair, was in her fifties—eight, maybe ten years his senior.

"I asked my son to bring me because I know you do the kid a lot of good. It's natural you should know both of his parents."

"Mrs. Skoglund, my dad is in a tight corner and I don't know anybody else to ask for help."

This was all the preliminary Pop wanted. He took over and told the widow his story about the laundry-and-cleaning business and payments over-due, and explained about the fixtures and the attachment notice, and the bailiff's office and what they were going to do to him; and he said, "I'm a small man trying to make a living."

"You don't support your children," said Mrs. Skoglund.

"That's right," said Hjordis.

"I haven't got it. If I had it, wouldn't I give it? There's bread lines and soup lines all over town. Is it just me? What I have I divvy with. I give the kids. A bad father? You think my son would bring me if I was a bad father into your house? He loves his dad, he trusts his dad, he knows his dad is a good dad. Every time I start a little business going I get wiped out. This one is a good little business, if I could hold on to that little business. Three people work for me, I meet a payroll, and three people will be on the street, too, if I close down. Missus, I can sign a note and pay you in two months. I'm a common man, but I'm a hard worker and a fellow you can trust."

Woody was startled when Pop used the word "trust." It was as if from all four corners a Sousa band blew a blast to warn the entire world. "Crook! This is a crook!" But Mrs. Skoglund, on account of her religious preoccupations, was remote. She heard nothing. Although everybody in this part of the world, unless he was crazy, led a practical life, and you'd have nothing to say to anyone, your neighbors would have nothing to say to you if communications were not of a practical sort, Mrs. Skoglund, with all her money, was unworldly—two-thirds out of this world.

"Give me a chance to show what's in me," said Pop, "and you'll see what I do for my kids."

So Mrs. Skoglund hesitated, and then she said she'd have to go upstairs, she'd have to go to her room and pray on it and ask for guidance—would they sit down and wait. There were two rocking chairs by the stove. Hjordis gave Pop a grim look (a dangerous person) and Woody a blaming one (he brought a dangerous stranger and disrupter to injure two kind Christian ladies). Then she went out with Mrs. Skoglund.

As soon as they left, Pop jumped up from the rocker and said in anger, "What's this with the praying? She has to ask God to lend me fifty bucks?"

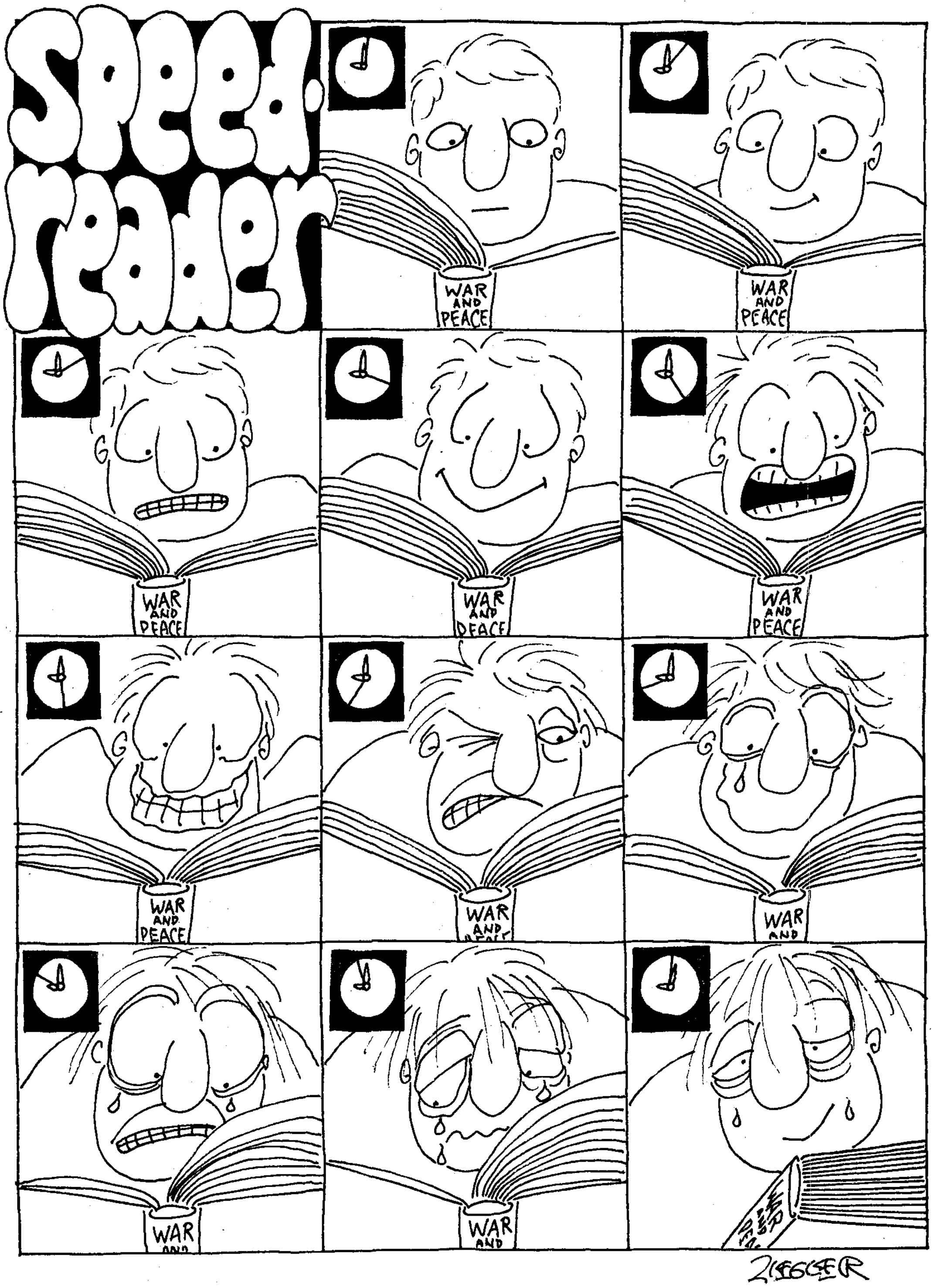
Woody said, "It's not you, Pop, it's the way these religious people do."

"No," said Pop. "She'll come back and say that God wouldn't let her."

Woody didn't like that; he thought Pop was being gross and he said, "No, she's sincere. Pop, try to understand; she's emotional, nervous, and sincere, and tries to do right by everybody."

And Pop said, "That servant will talk her out of it. She's a toughie. It's all over her face that we're a couple of chisellers."

"What's the use of us arguing," said Woody. He drew the rocker closer to the stove. His shoes were wet through and would never dry. The blue flames fluttered like a school of fishes in the coal fire. But Pop went over to the Chinese-style cabinet or étagère



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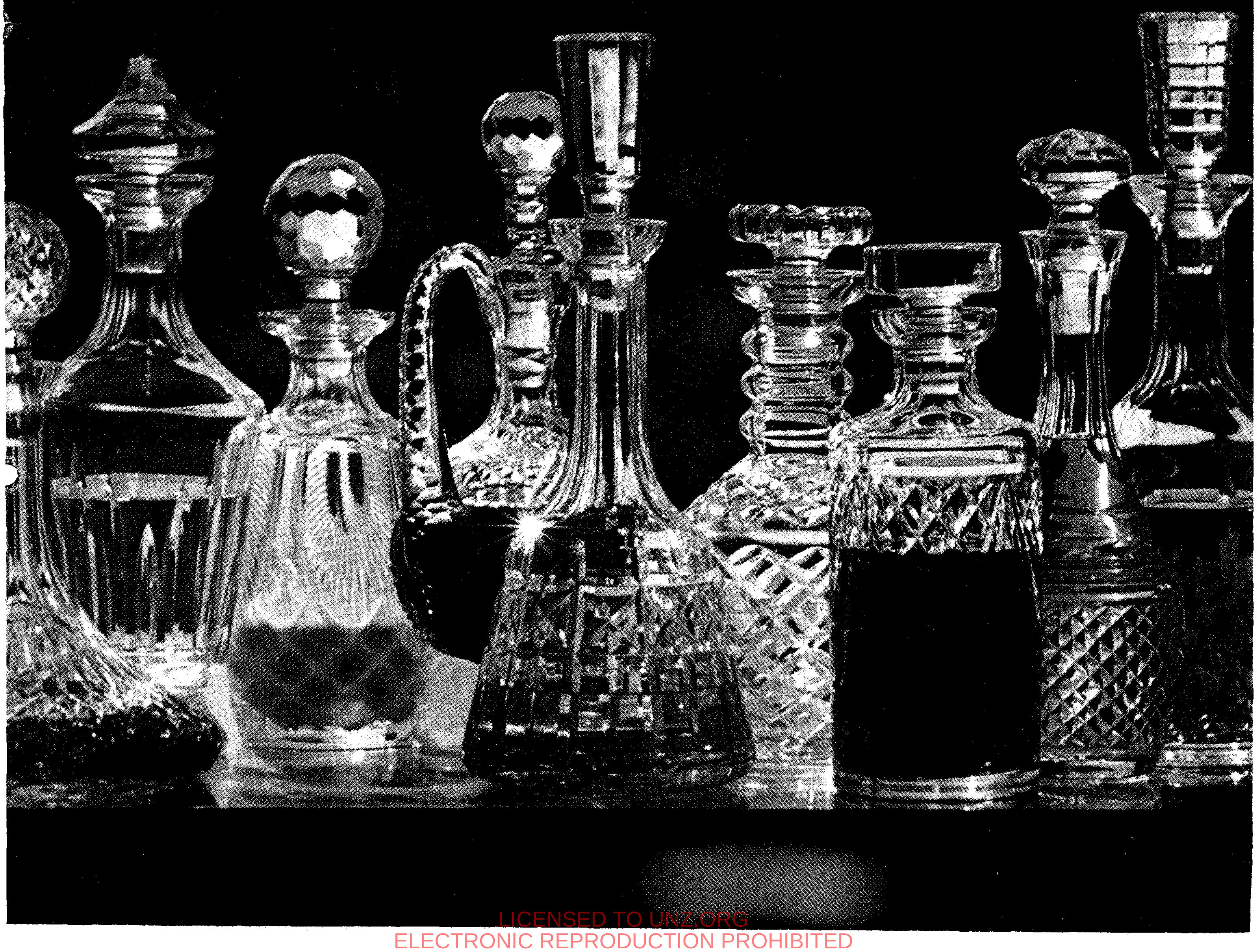

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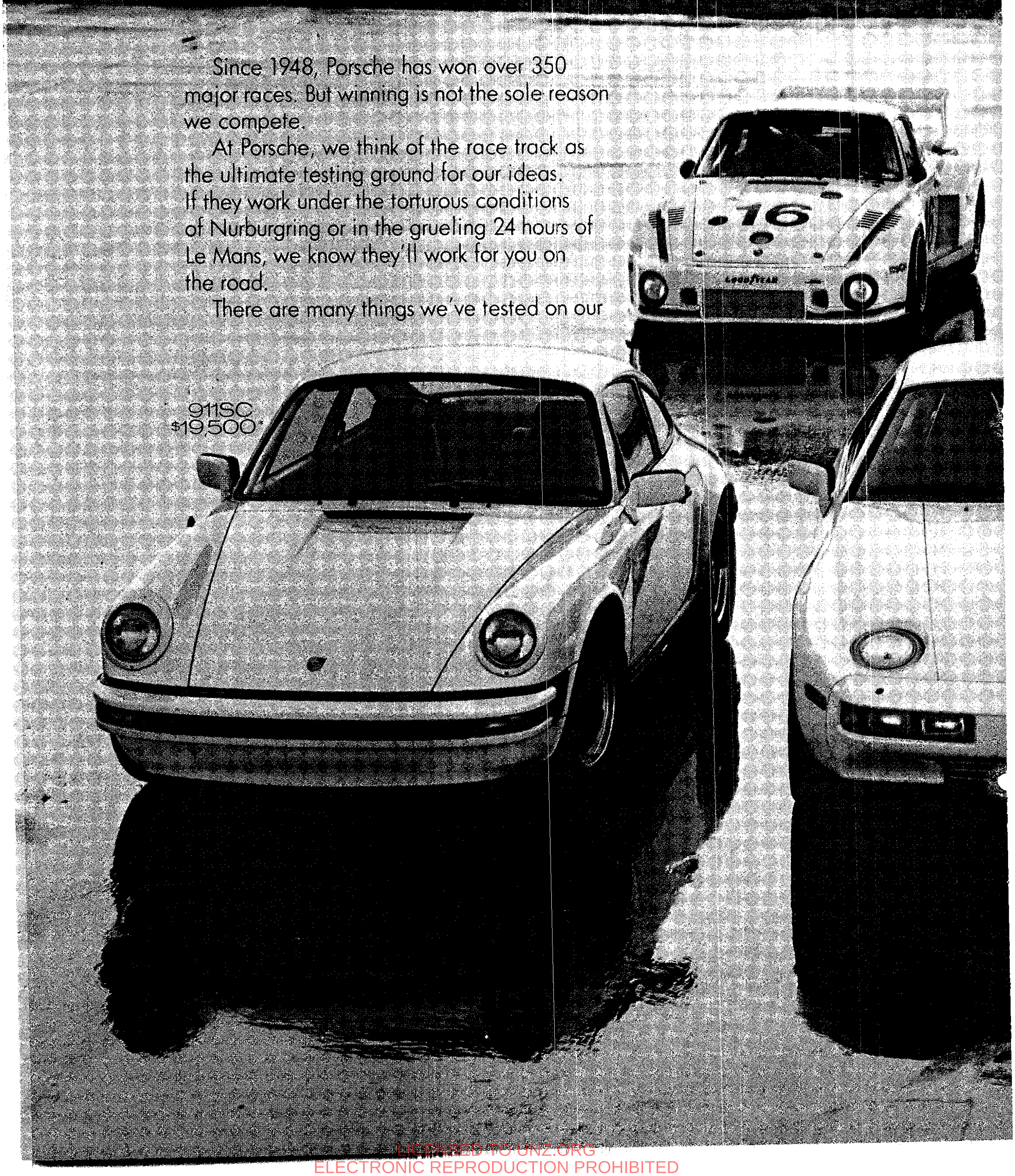

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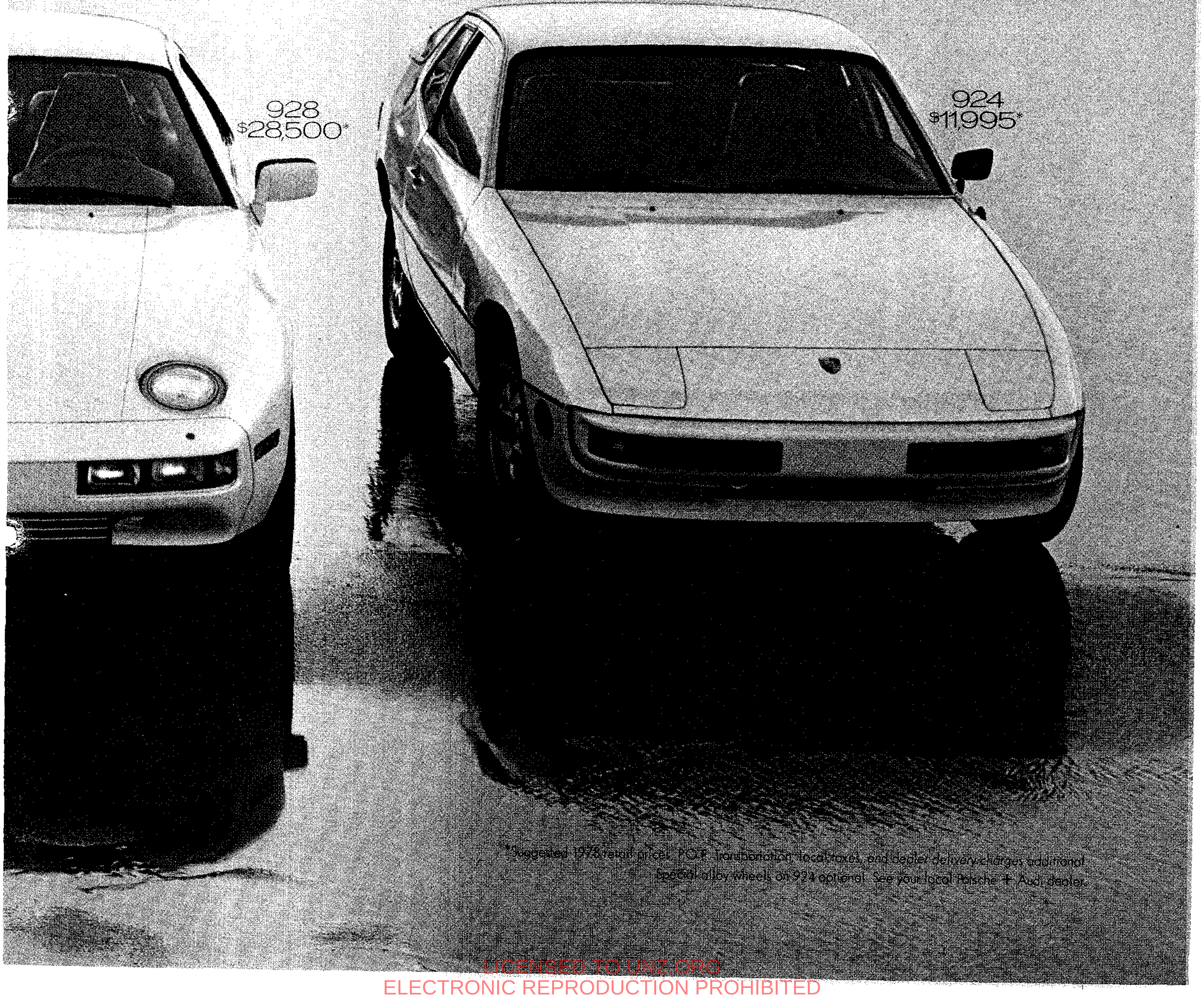

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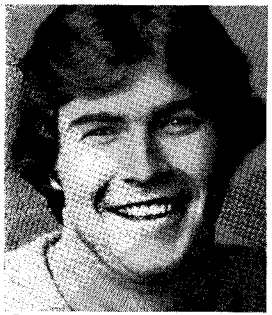
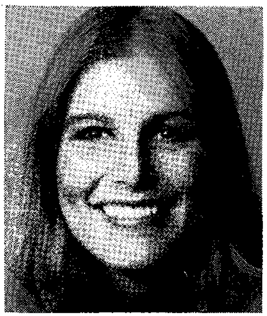
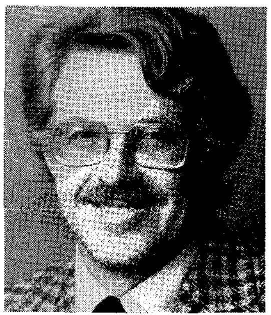


"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.



"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
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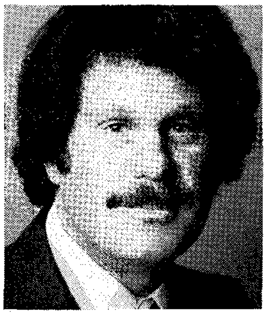
"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.



"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
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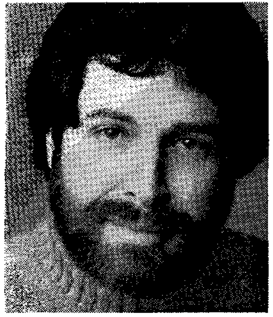
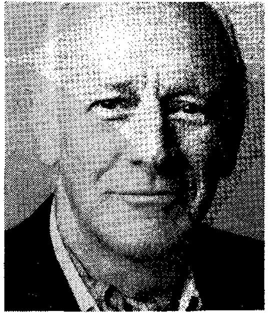
"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."
—Iby Korody, New York.



"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.

"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.

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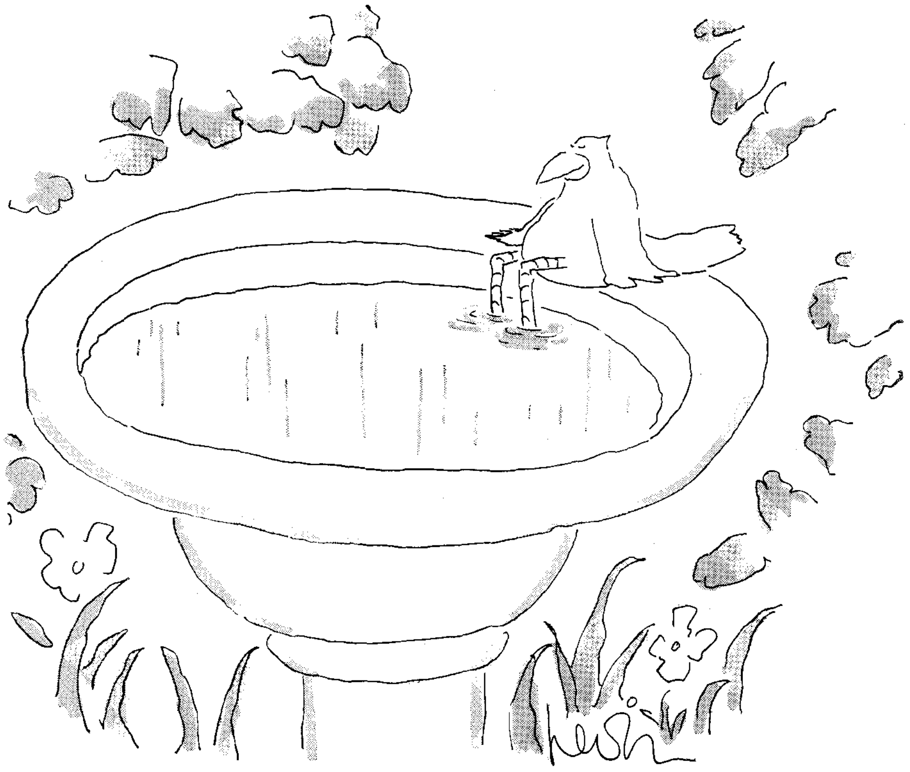

and tried the handle, and then opened the blade of his penknife and in a second had forced the lock of the curved glass door. He took out a silver dish.

"Pop, what is this?" said Woody.

Pop, cool and level, knew exactly what this was. He relocked the étagère, crossed the carpet, listened. He stuffed the dish under his belt and pushed it down into his trousers. He put the side of his short thick finger to his mouth.

So Woody kept his voice down, but he was all shook up. He went to Pop and took him by the edge of his hand. As he looked into Pop's face, he felt his eyes growing smaller and smaller, as if something were contracting all the skin on his head. They call it hyperventilation when everything feels tight and light and close and dizzy. Hardly breathing, he said, "Put it back, Pop."

Pop said, "It's solid silver; it's worth dough."

"Pop, you said you wouldn't get me in Dutch."

"It's only insurance in case she comes back from praying and tells me no. If she says yes, I'll put it back."

"How?"

"It'll get back. If I don't put it back, you will."

"You picked the lock. I couldn't. I don't know how."

"There's nothing to it."

"We're going to put it back now. Give it here."

"Woody, it's under my fly, inside my underpants, don't make such a noise about nothing."

"Pop, I can't believe this."

"For Cry-99, shut your mouth. If I didn't trust you I wouldn't have let you watch me do it. You don't understand a thing. What's with you?"

"Before they come down, Pop, will you dig that dish out of your long johns."

Pop turned stiff on him. He became absolutely military. He said, "Look, I order you!"

Before he knew it, Woody had jumped his father and begun to wrestle with him. It was outrageous to clutch your own father, to put a heel behind him, to force him to the wall. Pop was taken by surprise and said loudly, "You want Halina killed? Kill her! Go on, you be responsible." He began to resist, angry, and they turned about several times when Woody, with a trick he had learned in a Western movie and used once on the playground, tripped him and they fell to the ground. Woody, who already outweighed the old man by twenty pounds, was on the top. They landed on the floor beside the stove, which stood on a tray of decorated tin to protect the carpet. In this position, pressing Pop's hard belly, Woody recognized that to have wrestled him to the floor counted for nothing. It was impossible to thrust his hand under Pop's belt to recover the dish. And now Pop had turned furious, as a father has every right to be when his son is violent with him, and he freed his hand and hit Woody in the face. He hit him three or four times in mid-face. Then Woody dug his head into Pop's shoulder and held tight only to keep from being struck and began to say in his ear, "Jesus, Pop, for Christ sake remember where you are. Those women will be back!" But Pop brought up his short knee and fought and butted him with his chin and rattled Woody's teeth. Woody thought the old man was about to bite him. And, because he was a seminarian, he thought, "Like an unclean spirit." And held tight. Gradually Pop stopped threshing and struggling. His eyes stuck out and his mouth was open, sullen. Like a stout fish. Woody released him and gave him a hand up. He was then overcome with many many bad feelings of a sort he knew the old man never suffered. Never, never. Pop never had these grovelling emotions. There was his whole superiority. Pop had no such feelings. He was like a horseman from Central Asia, a bandit from China. It was Mother, from Liverpool, who had the refinement, the English manners. It was the preaching Reverend Doctor in his black suit. You have refinements, and all they do is oppress you? The hell with that.

The long door opened and Mrs. Skoglund stepped in, saying, "Did I imagine, or did something shake the house?"

"I was lifting the scuttle to put coal on the fire and it fell out of my hand. I'm sorry I was so clumsy," said Woody.

Pop was too huffy to speak. With his eyes big and sore and the thin hair down over his forehead, you could see by the tightness of his belly how angrily he was fetching his breath, though his mouth was shut.

"I prayed," said Mrs. Skoglund.

"I hope it came out well," said Woody.

"Well, I don't do anything without guidance, but the answer was yes, and I feel right about it now. So if you'll wait I'll go to my office and write a check. I asked Hjordis to bring you a cup of coffee. Coming in such a storm."

And Pop, consistently a terrible little man, as soon as she shut the door said, "A check? Hell with a check. Get me the greenbacks."

"They don't keep money in the house. You can cash it in her bank tomorrow. But if they miss that dish, Pop, they'll stop the check, and then where are you?"

As Pop was reaching below the belt Hjordis brought in the tray. She was very sharp with him. She said, "Is this a place to adjust clothing, Mister? A men's washroom?"

"Well, which way is the toilet, then?" said Pop.

She had served the coffee in the seamiest mugs in the pantry, and she bumped down the tray and led Pop down the corridor, standing guard at the bathroom door so that he shouldn't wander about the house.

Mrs. Skoglund called Woody to her office and after she had given him the folded check said that they should pray together for Morris. So once more he was on his knees, under rows and rows of musty marbled cardboard files, by the glass lamp by the edge of the desk, the shade with flounced edges, like the candy dish. Mrs. Skoglund, in her Scandinavian accent—an emotional contralto—raising her voice to Jesus-uh Christ-uh, as the wind lashed the trees, kicked the side of the house, and drove the snow seething on the windowpanes, to send light-uh, give guidance-uh, put a new heart-uh in Pop's bosom. Woody asked God only to make Pop put the dish back. He kept Mrs. Skoglund on her knees as long as possible. Then he thanked her, shining with candor (as much as he knew how) for her Christian generosity and he said, "I know that Hjordis has a cousin who works at the Evanston Y.M.C.A. Could she please phone him and try to get us a room tonight so that we don't have to fight the blizzard all the way back? We're almost as close to the Y as to the car line. Maybe the cars have even stopped running."

Suspicious Hjordis, coming when Mrs. Skoglund called to her, was burning now. First they barged in, made themselves at home, asked for money, had to have coffee, probably left gonorrhea on the toilet seat. Hjordis, Woody remembered, was a woman who wiped the doorknobs with rubbing alcohol after guests had left. Nevertheless, she telephoned the Y and got them a room with two cots for six bits.

Pop had plenty of time, therefore, to reopen the étagère, lined with reflecting glass or German silver (something exquisitely delicate and tricky), and as soon as the two Selbsts had said thank you and goodbye and were in mid-street again up to the knees in snow, Woody said, "Well, I covered for you. Is that thing back?"

"Of course it is," said Pop.

They fought their way to the small Y building, shut up in wire grille and resembling a police station—about the same dimensions. It was locked, but they made a racket on the grille, and a small black man let them in and shuffled them upstairs to a cement corridor with low doors. It was like the small mammal house in Lincoln Park. He said there was nothing to eat, so they took off their wet pants, wrapped themselves tightly in the khaki army blankets, and passed out on their cots.

First thing in the morning, they went to the Evanston National Bank and got the fifty dollars. Not without difficulties. The teller went to call Mrs. Skoglund and was absent a long time from the wicket. "Where the hell has he gone," said Pop.

But when the fellow came back he said, "How do you want it?"

Pop said, "Singles." He told Woody, "Bujak stashes it in one-dollar bills."

But by now Woody no longer believed Halina had stolen the old man's money.

Then they went into the street, where the snow-removal crews were at work. The sun shone broad, broad, out of the morning blue, and all Chicago would be releasing itself from the temporary beauty of those vast drifts.

"You shouldn't have jumped me last night, Sonny."

"I know, Pop, but you promised you wouldn't get me in Dutch."

"Well, it's O.K., we can forget it, seeing you stood by me."

Only, Pop had taken the silver dish. Of course he had, and in a few days Mrs. Skoglund and Hjordis knew it, and later in the week they were all waiting for Woody in Kovner's office at the settlement house. The group included the Reverend Dr. Crabbie, head of the seminary, and Woody, who had been flying along, level and smooth, was shot down in flames. He told them he was innocent. Even as he was falling, he warned that they were wronging him. He denied that he or Pop had touched Mrs. Skoglund's property. The missing object—he didn't even know what it was—had probably been misplaced, and they would be very sorry on the day it turned up. After the others were done with him, Dr. Crabbie said until he was able to tell the truth he would be suspended from the seminary, where his work had been unsatisfactory anyway. Aunt Rebecca took him aside and said to him, "You are a little crook, like your father. The door is closed to you here."

To this Pop's comment was "So what, kid?"

"Pop, you shouldn't have done it."

"No? Well, I don't give a care, if you want to know. You can have the dish if you want to go back and square yourself with all those hypocrites."

"I didn't like doing Mrs. Skoglund in the eye, she was so kind to us."

"Kind?"

"Kind."

"Kind has a price tag."

Well, there was no winning such arguments with Pop. But they debated it in various moods and from various elevations and perspectives for forty years and more, as their intimacy changed, developed, matured.

"Why did you do it, Pop? For the money? What did you do with the fifty bucks?" Woody, decades later, asked him that.

"I settled with the bookie, and the rest I put in the business."

"You tried a few more horses."

"I maybe did. But it was a double, Woody. I didn't hurt myself, and at the same time did you a favor."

"It was for me?"

"It was too strange of a life. That life wasn't *you*, Woody. All those women—Kovner was no man, he was an in-between. Suppose they made you a minister? Some Christian minister! First of all, you wouldn't have been able to stand it, and, second, they would throw you out sooner or later."

"Maybe so."

"And you wouldn't have converted the Jews, which was the main thing they wanted."

"And what a time to bother the Jews," Woody said. "At least *I* didn't bug them."

Pop had carried him back to his side of the line, blood of his blood, the same thick body walls, the same coarse grain. Not cut out for a spiritual life. Simply not up to it.

Pop was no worse than Woody, and Woody was no better than Pop. Pop wanted no relation to theory, and yet he was always pointing Woody toward a position—a jolly, hearty, natural, likable, unprincipled position. If Woody had a weakness, it was to be unselfish. This worked to Pop's advantage, but he criticized Woody for it, nevertheless. "You take too much on yourself," Pop was always saying. And it's true that Woody gave Pop his heart because Pop was so selfish. It's usually the self-

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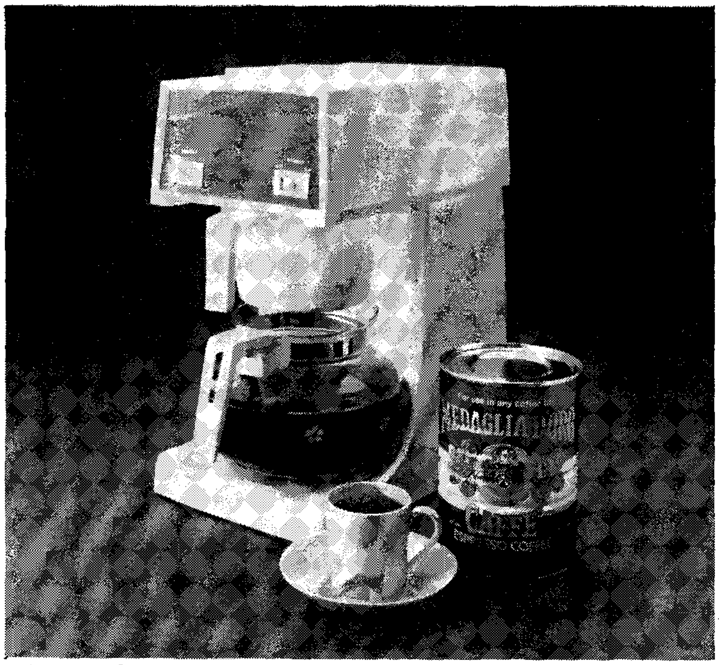

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ish people who are loved the most. They do what you deny yourself, and you love them for it. You give them your heart.

Remembering the pawn ticket for the silver dish, Woody startled himself with a laugh so sudden that it made him cough. Pop said to him after his expulsion from the seminary and banishment from the settlement house, "You want in again? Here's the ticket. I hocked that thing. It wasn't so valuable as I thought."

"What did they give?"

"Twelve-fifty was all I could get. But if you want it you'll have to raise the dough yourself, because I haven't got it anymore."

"You must have been sweating in the bank when the teller went to call Mrs. Skoglund about the check."

"I was a little nervous," said Pop. "But I didn't think they could miss the thing so soon."

THAT theft was part of Pop's war with Mother. With Mother, and Aunt Rebecca, and the Reverend Doctor. Pop took his stand on realism. Mother represented the forces of religion and hypochondria. In four decades, the fighting never stopped. In the course of time, Mother and the girls turned into welfare personalities and lost their individual outlines. Ah, the poor things, they became dependents and cranks. In the meantime, Woody, the sinful man, was their dutiful and loving son and brother. He maintained the bungalow—this took in roofing, pointing, wiring, insulation, air-conditioning—and he paid for heat and light and food, and dressed them all out of Sears, Roebuck and Wieboldt's, and bought them a TV, which they watched as devoutly as they prayed. Paula took courses to learn skills like macramé-making and needlepoint, and sometimes got a little job as recreational worker in a nursing home. But she wasn't steady enough to keep it. Wicked Pop spent most of his life removing stains from people's clothing. He and Halina in the last years ran a Cleanomat in West Rogers Park—a so-so business resembling a laundromat—which gave him leisure for billiards, the horses, rummy and pinochle. Every morning he went behind the partition to check out the filters of the cleaning equipment. He found amusing things that had been thrown into the vats with the clothing—sometimes, when he got lucky, a locket chain or a brooch. And when he had fortified the cleaning fluid, pouring all that blue and pink stuff in from plastic jugs, he read the *Forward* over a second cup of coffee, and went out, leaving Halina in charge. When they needed help with the rent, Woody gave it.

After the new Disney World was opened in Florida, Woody treated all his dependents to a holiday. He sent them down in separate batches, of course. Halina enjoyed this more than anybody else. She couldn't stop talking about the address given by an Abraham Lincoln automaton. "Wonderful, how he stood up and moved his hands, and his mouth. So real! And how beautiful he talked." Of them all, Halina was the soundest, the most human, the most honest. Now that Pop was gone, Woody and Halina's son, Mitosh, the organist at the Stadium, took care of her needs over and above Social Security, splitting expenses. In Pop's opinion, insurance was a racket. He left Halina nothing but some out-of-date equipment.

Woody treated himself, too. Once a year, and sometimes oftener, he left his business to run itself, arranged with the trust department at the bank to take care of his Gang, and went off. He did that in style, imaginatively, expensively. In Japan, he wasted little time on Tokyo. He spent three weeks in Kyoto and stayed at the Tawaraya Inn, dating from the seventeenth century or so. There he slept on the floor, the Japanese way, and bathed in scalding water. He saw the dirtiest strip show on earth, as well as the holy places and the temple gardens. He visited also Istanbul, Jerusalem, Delphi, and went to Burma and Uganda and Kenya on safari, on democratic terms with drivers, Bedouins, bazaar merchants. Open, lavish, familiar, fleshier and fleshier but (he jogged, he lifted weights) still muscular—in his naked person beginning to resemble a Renaissance courtier in full costume—becoming ruddier every year, an outdoor type with freckles on his back and spots across the flaming forehead and the honest nose. In Addis Ababa he took an Ethiopian beauty to his room from the street and washed her, getting into the shower with her to soap her with his broad, kindly hands. In Kenya he taught certain American obscenities to a black woman so that she could shout them out during the act. On the Nile, below Murchison Falls, those fever trees rose huge from the mud, and hippos on the sandbars belched at the passing launch, hostile. One of them danced on his spit of sand, springing from the ground and coming down heavy, on all fours. There, Woody saw the buffalo calf disappear, snatched by the crocodile.

Mother, soon to follow Pop, was being light-headed these days. In com-

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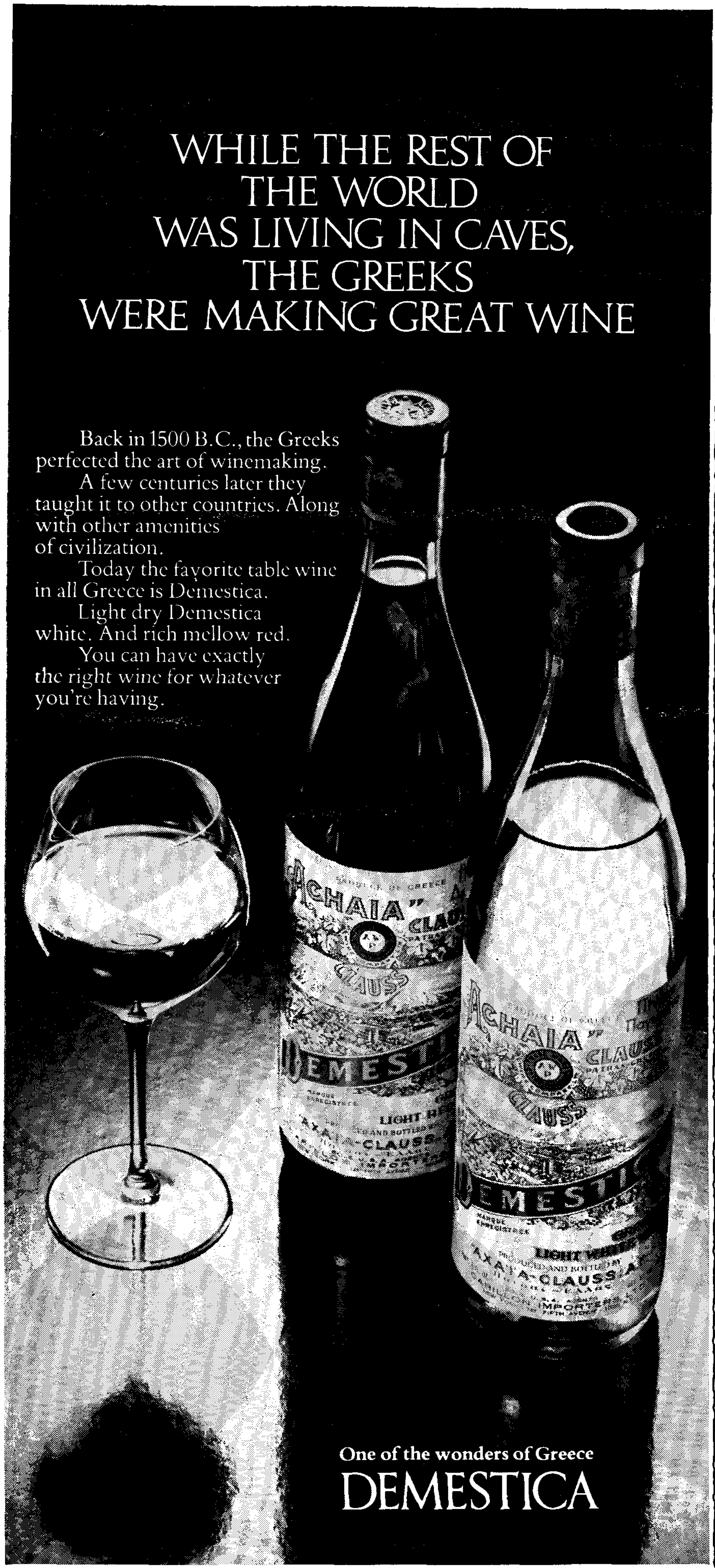

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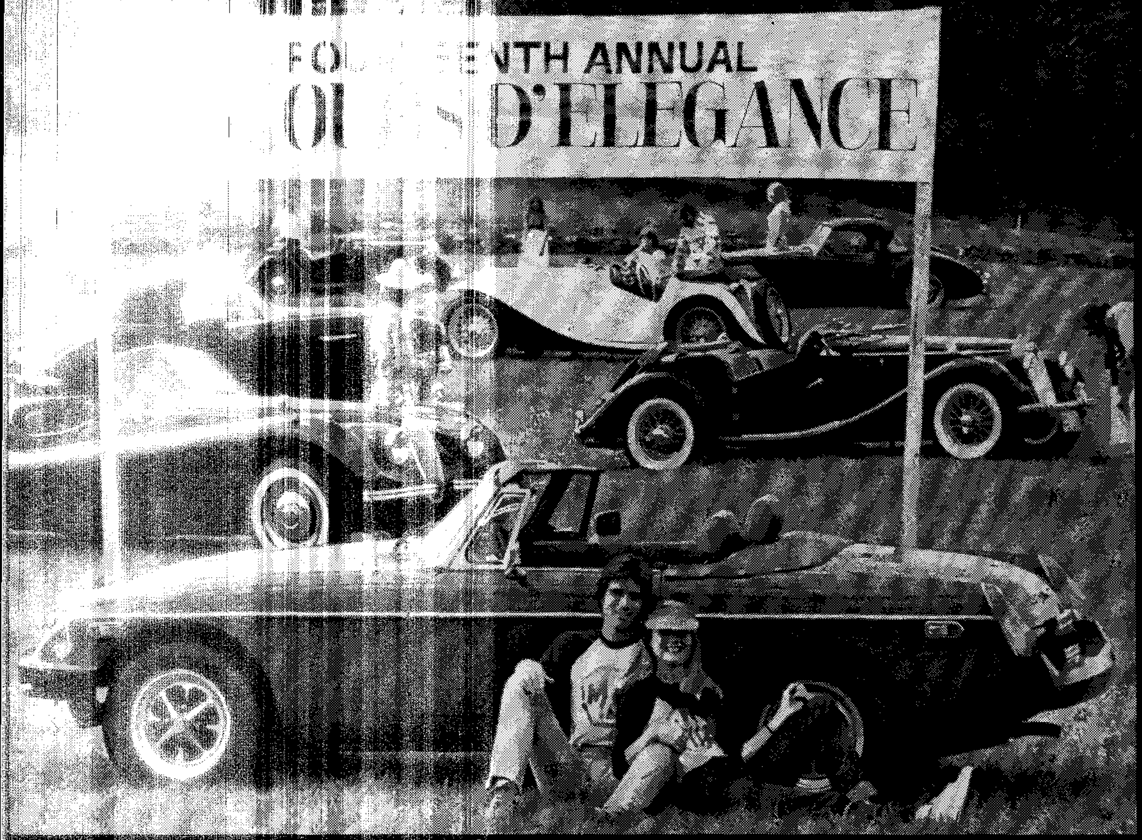
pany, she spoke of Woody as her boy—"What do you think of my Sonny?"—as though he was ten years old. She was silly with him, her behavior was frivolous, almost flirtatious. She just didn't seem to know the facts. And behind her all the others, like kids at the playground, were waiting their turn to go down the slide; one on each step, and moving toward the top.

Over Woody's residence and place of business there had gathered a pool of silence of the same perimeter as the church bells while they were ringing, and he mourned under it, this melancholy morning of sun and autumn. Doing a life survey, taking a deliberate look at the gross side of his case—of the other side as well, what there was of it. But if this heartache continued, he'd go out and run it off. A three-mile jog—five, if necessary. And you'd think that this jogging was an entirely physical activity, wouldn't you? But there was something else in it. Because, when he was a seminarian, between the shafts of his World's Fair rickshaw, he used to receive, pulling along (capable and stable), his religious experiences while he trotted. Maybe it was all a single experience repeated. He felt truth coming to him from the sun. He received a communication that was also light and warmth. It made him very remote from his horny Wisconsin passengers, those farmers whose whoops and whore-cries he could hardly hear when he was in one of his states. And again out of the flaming of the sun would come to him a secret certainty that the goal set for this earth was that it should be filled with good, saturated with it. After everything preposterous, after dog had eaten dog, after the crocodile death had pulled everyone into his mud. It wouldn't conclude as Mrs. Skoglund, bribing him to round up the Jews and hasten the Second Coming, imagined it but in another way. This was his clumsy intuition. It went no further. Subsequently, he proceeded through life as life seemed to want him to do it.

There remained one thing more this morning, which was explicitly physical, occurring first as a sensation in his arms and against his breast and, from the pressure, passing into him and going into his breast.

It was like this: When he came into the hospital room and saw Pop with the sides of his bed raised, like a crib, and Pop, so very feeble, and writhing, and toothless, like a baby, and the dirt already cast into his face, into the wrinkles—Pop wanted to pluck out the intravenous needles and he was piping his weak death noise. The gauze patches taped over the needles were



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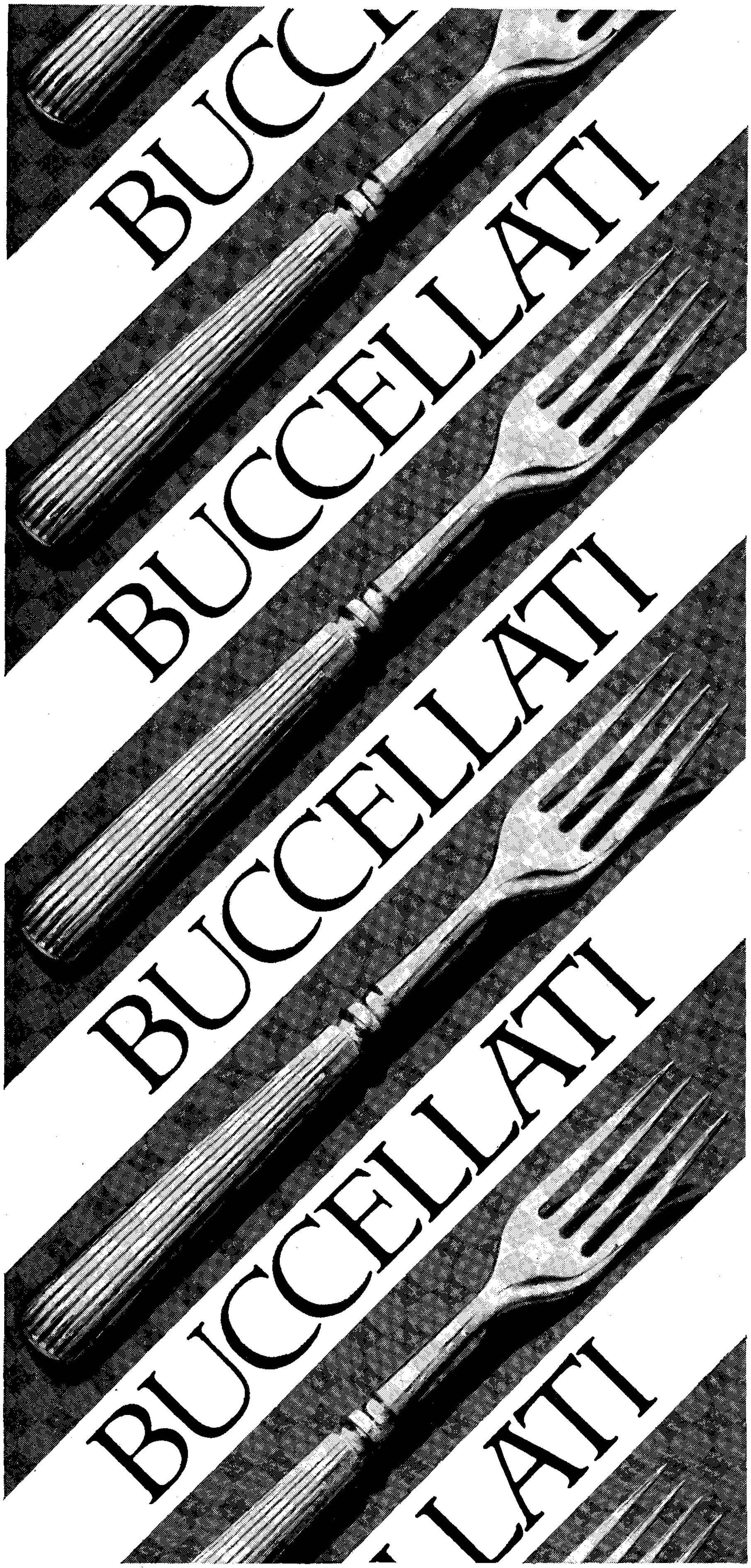

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soiled with dark blood. Then Woody took off his shoes, lowered the side of the bed, and climbed in and held him in his arms to soothe and still him. As if he were Pop's father, he said to him, "Now Pop. Pop." Then it was like the wrestle in Mrs. Skoglund's parlor, when Pop turned angry like an unclean spirit and Woody tried to appease him, and warn him, saying, "Those women will be back!" Beside the coal stove, when Pop hit Woody in the teeth with his head and then became sullen, like a stout fish. But this struggle in the hospital was weak—so weak! In his great pity, Woody held Pop, who was fluttering and shivering. From those people, Pop had told him, you'll never find out what life is, because they don't know what it is. Yes, Pop—well, what is it, Pop? Hard to comprehend that Pop, who was dug in for eighty-three years and had done all he could to stay, should now want nothing but to free himself. How could Woody allow the old man to pull the intravenous needles out? Willful Pop, he wanted what he wanted when he wanted it. But what he wanted at the very last Woody failed to follow, it was such a switch.

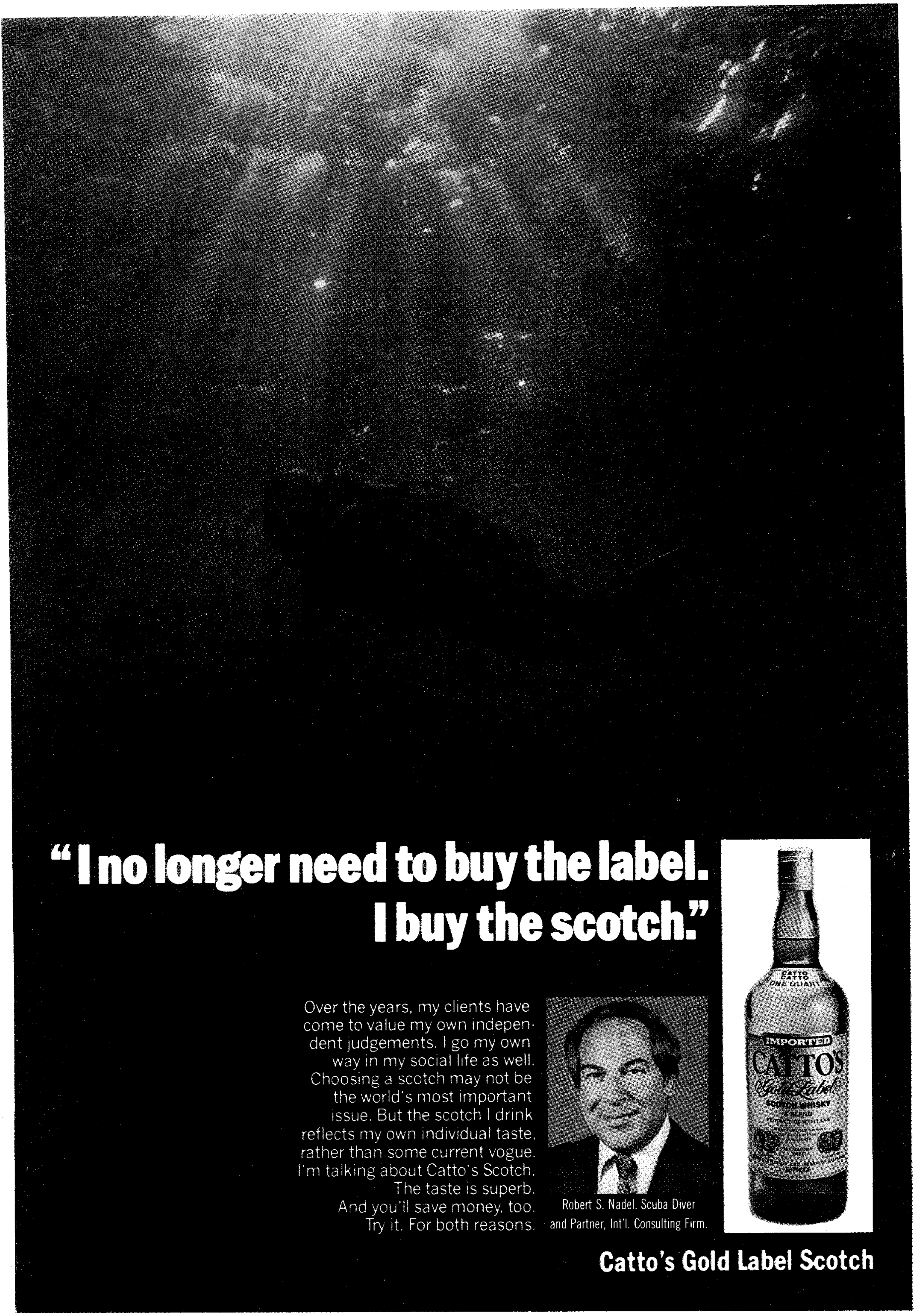
After a time, Pop's resistance ended. He subsided and subsided. He rested against his son, his small body curled there. Nurses came and looked. They disapproved, but Woody, who couldn't spare a hand to wave them out, motioned with his head toward the door. Pop, whom Woody thought he had stilled, only had found a better way to get around him. Loss of heat was the way he did it. His heat was leaving him. As can happen with small animals while you hold them in your hand, Woody presently felt him cooling. Then, as Woody did his best to restrain him, and thought he was succeeding, Pop divided himself. And when he was separated from his warmth he slipped into death. And there was his elderly, large, muscular son, still holding and pressing him when there was nothing anymore to press. You could never pin down that self-willed man. When he was ready to make his move, he made it—always on his own terms. And always, always, something up his sleeve. That was how he was. —SAUL BELLOW

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

Another strength of the Red Sox lies in their ability to withstand injuries to starters. Scott, for example, missed three weeks with a bad back, then broke a finger his first game back in the lineup. His absence, though, was not missed.



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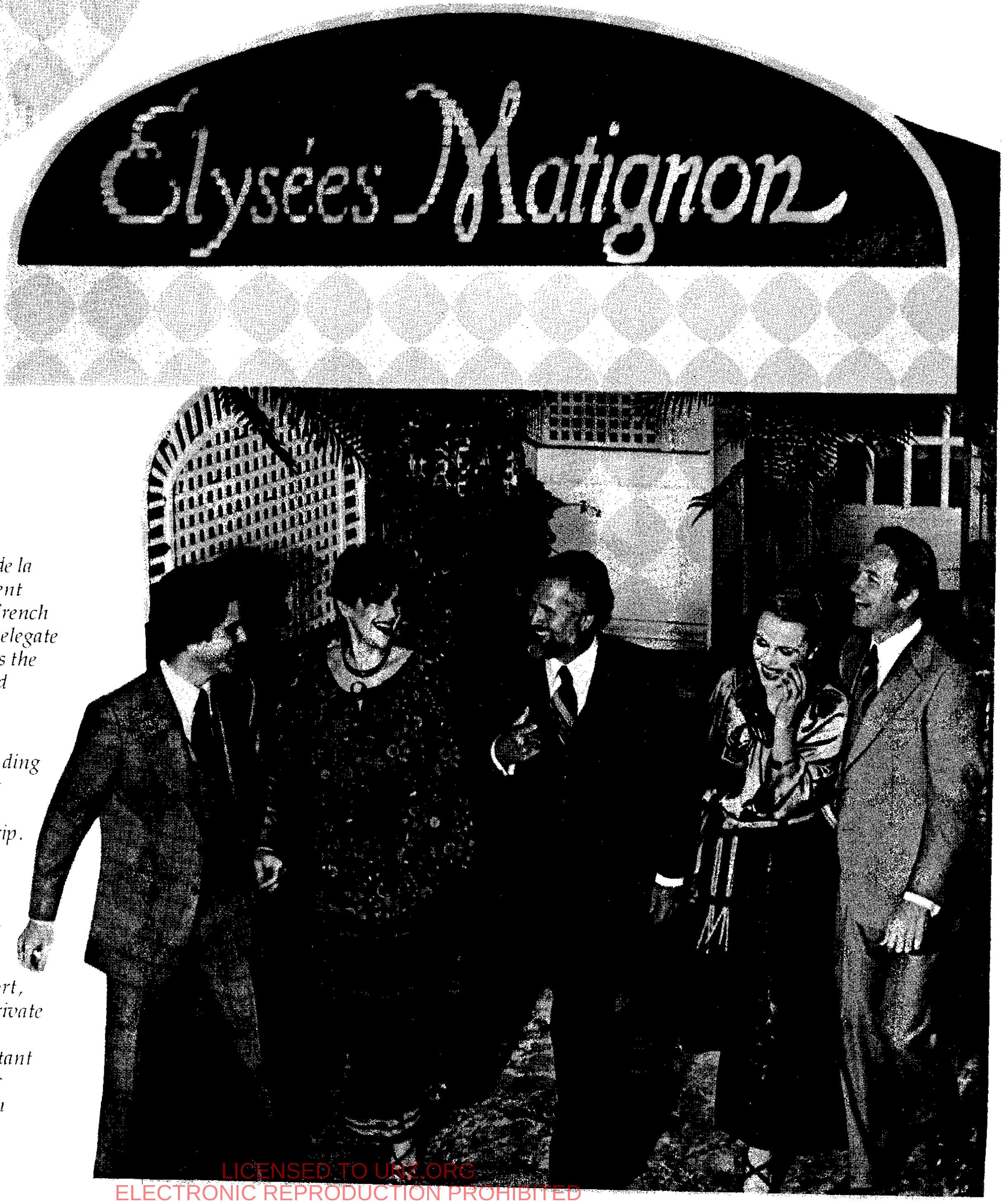

Clockwise, from left:

DALLAS*—Bernard Lanvin, far left, celebrates the opening of the Lanvin Shop at Neiman-Marcus' French Fortnight gala. With Mr. Lanvin are Mr. Henry S. Miller, Jr. and Mr. Angus Wynne, Jr., two of the notable guests from the Dallas business community.*

SEVILLE*—Baron Alain de la Tournelle, Madrid investment banker and son of a former French Ambassador to Spain and Delegate to the United Nations, visits the finca, or ranch, of celebrated bullfighter Rafael Peralta.*

GENEVA*—Mr. John D. Fehlmann, president of a leading Swiss textile manufacturing firm heads home to Zurich after an extended business trip. He is a true multi-national businessman, having been based in Paris, London, and Rome as well as in New York and California.*

PARIS*—Count de Rochefort, center, and friends leave a private club on the Champs Elysées. Mr. de Rochefort is a consultant to many of the world's major pharmaceutical companies in Europe and Latin America.*

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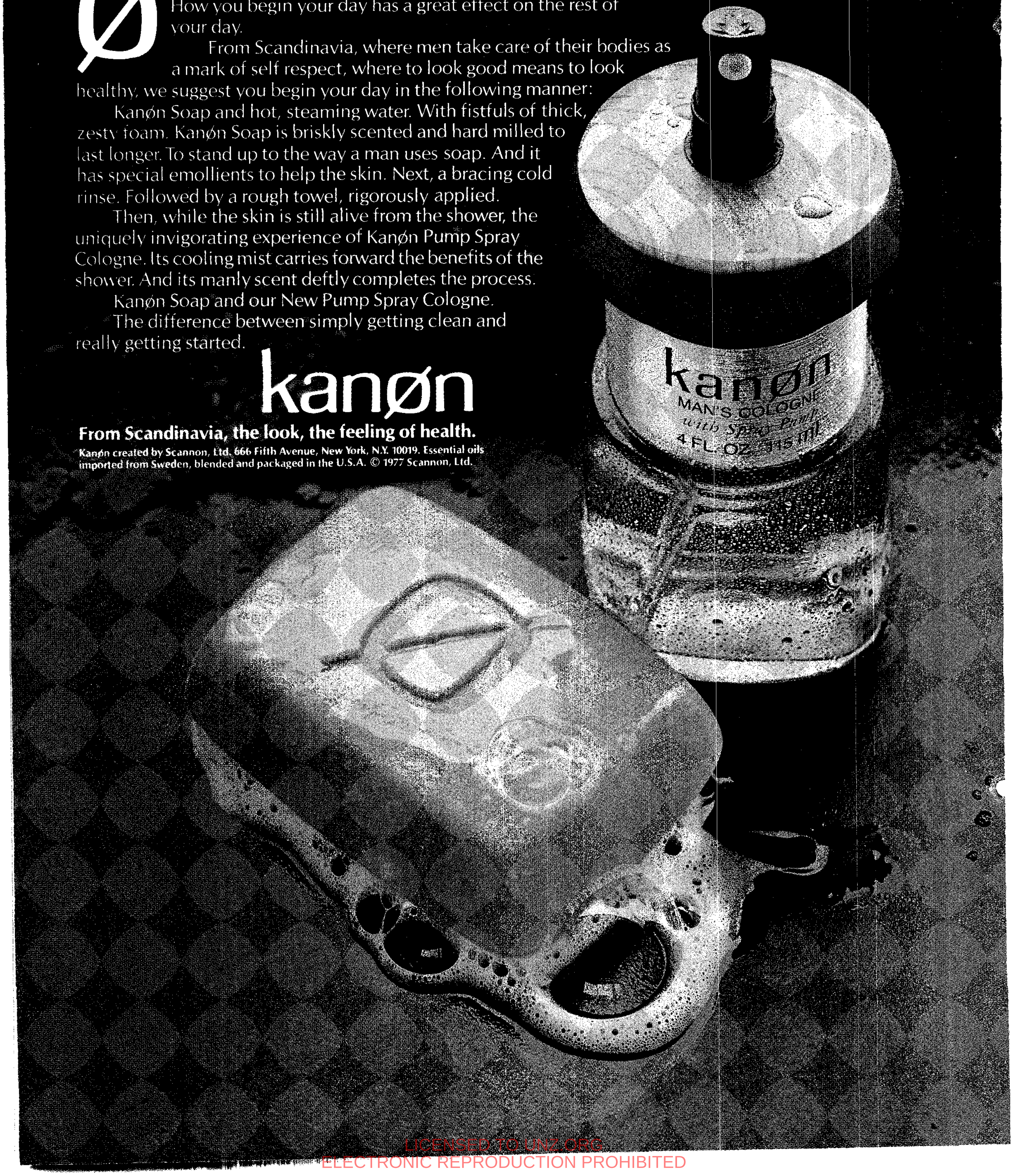


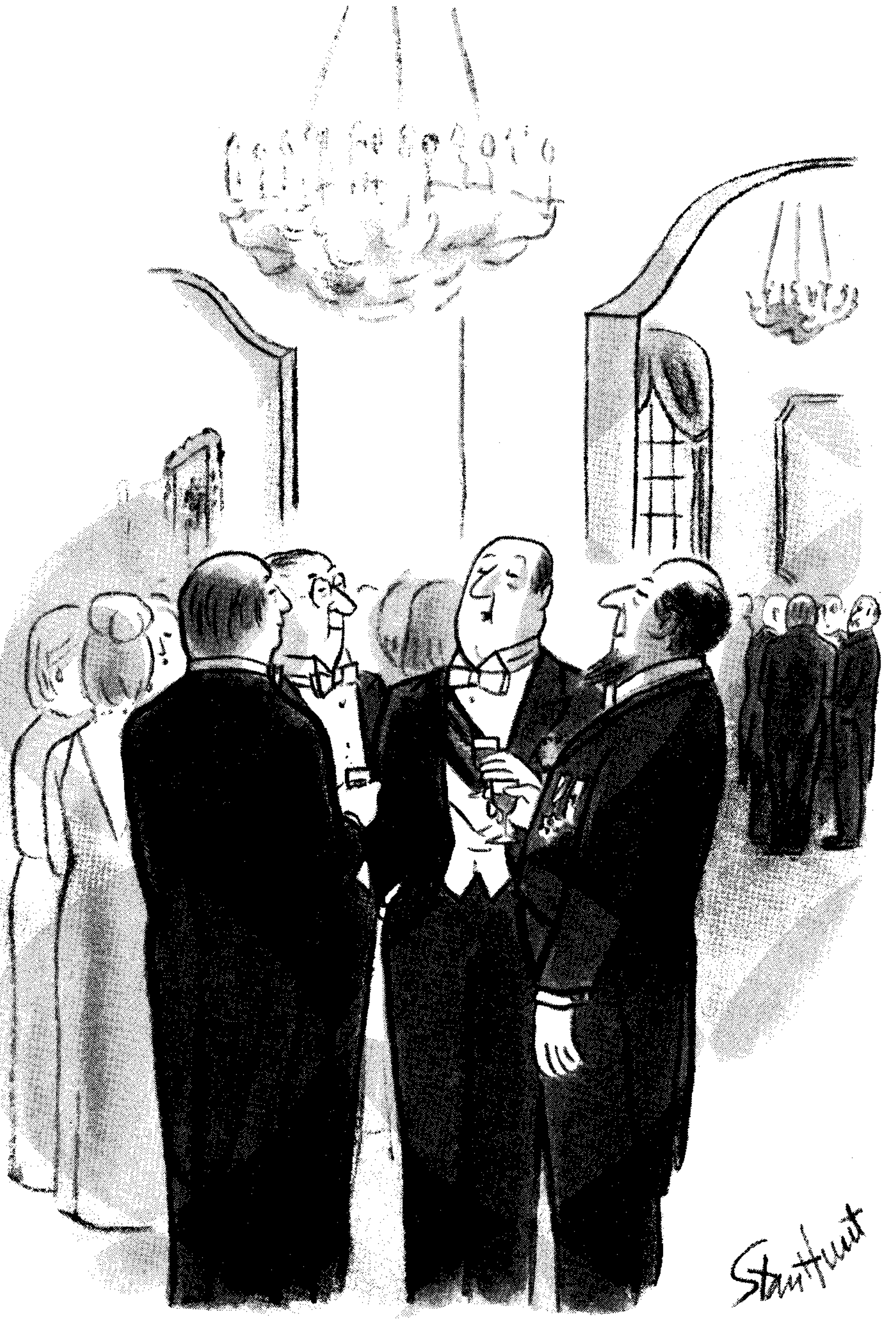
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

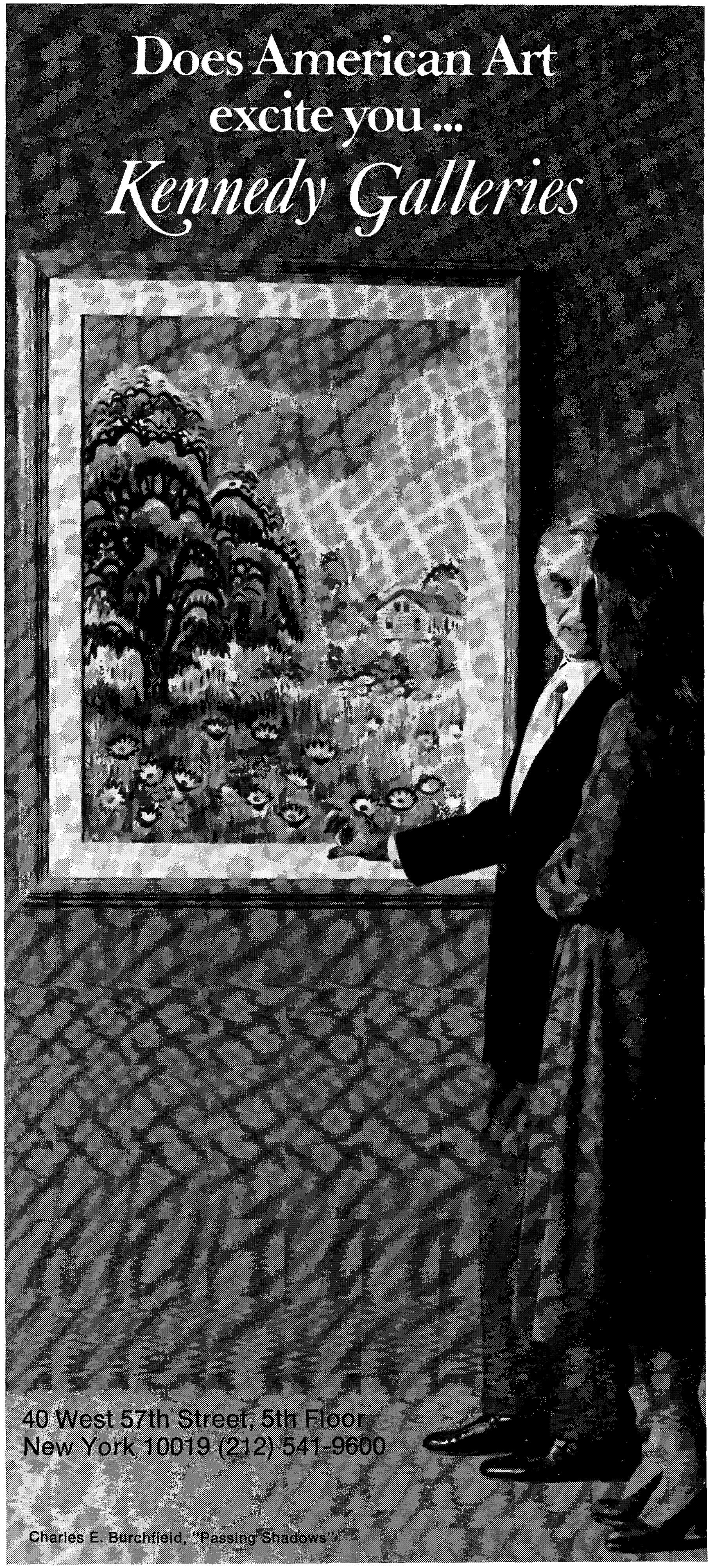
"ON GOLDEN POND," which opens the Hudson Guild's season, marks the professional début of a gifted young dramatist named Ernest Thompson, and is marked by the triumphant performances of Tom Aldredge and Frances Sternhagen as an old couple—the husband on the brink of eighty and his wife close to seventy. (Mr. Aldredge and Miss Sternhagen are probably some thirty years younger than that.) The action takes place over four months in their house in Maine, where they have been spending the summers for more than half a century. He is a former professor, and at the beginning he is so sharp-tongued and funny that one is almost unaware of his frustration over his loss of memory and orientation. He constantly jokes about his death, which frightens his wife, and parades his crotchets and prejudices, carpeting his fears with wry academic jokes; he spends all his time indoors, and it is only when she sends him out to pick strawberries and he returns with an empty bucket, tearfully admitting that he doesn't even recognize the road outside, that we realize his panic and desperation. "On Golden Pond" (unfortunate title) is essentially a play of character and lines and scenes, rather than of plot, but there is a plot. The daughter of the couple comes home to celebrate her father's eightieth birthday, bringing along her current lover—a dentist from Los Angeles—and his thirteen-year-old son. She persuades her parents to keep the boy for a month while she and her lover go off to Europe, and the boy, an engaging child (engagingly played by Mark Bendo), restores the old man's vigor and confidence, which have almost ebbed away.

What courage it must have taken for Mr. Thompson, in the nineteen-seventies, to write a play with so much affection in it! Far more affection than sentimentality, for all the feelings ring true. And it has been scrupulously directed by Craig Anderson (the producing director of the invaluable Hudson Guild) and is most scrupulously and stylishly performed by Miss Sternhagen and Mr. Aldredge. She is just as crisp and entertaining as he is, and not a flicker of humor (or emotion) escapes her. The comedy, by the way, includes a number of good sight gags—a screen door that keeps falling off its hinges, and a great deal of insect pursuit—and good running gags, and a lot of admirable hokum. What matters, though, is the depth and clarity of the characters—all of them, by the way, very intelligent people, except for a foolish and funny postman, and possibly the dentist, whose spate of Los Angeles jargon makes his I.Q. difficult to gauge. The scenes are clear and strong. At one point, the daughter, a discontented woman, blames her parents for an unhappy childhood. "I'm not sorry for anything," her mother says. "Leave the past alone, Chelsea. Get on with it." (Now, being afflicted with the name Chelsea *is* something to complain about.) Under Mr. Anderson's guidance, the supporting performances are excellent. Zina Jasper is the turbulent daughter, Ronn Carroll is the silly, chatty postman, and Stan Lachow is the earnest dentist. Steven Rubin's setting of the large, comfortable living room adds a great deal to the atmosphere, and so does Craig Miller's lighting. The only thing wrong with this bountiful evening is that title. Surely a writer as ingenious as Mr. Thompson could have come up with something better.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Well, gentlemen, shall we join the lesser dignitaries?"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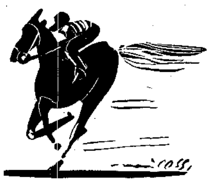
Charles E. Burchfield, "Passing Shadows"

THE RACE TRACK

It's the Old Slew



IN as thrilling and truly contested a struggle as has been seen in many a day, 1977's Triple Crown winner, Seattle Slew, beat 1978's Triple Crown winner, Affirmed, by three lengths in the $300,000 Marlboro Cup Handicap before more than forty thousand madly cheering spectators at Belmont Park last Saturday. Nasty and Bold was third, five lengths farther away, followed by Upper Nile, Cox's Ridge, and Darby Creek Road. It was the first time that two Triple Crown winners had hooked up in a race, and their performances were worthy of the occasion. The time for the mile and a furlong was 1:45⅘—only two-fifths of a second off the track record set by Secretariat when he won the Marlboro, in 1973. It seemed to this old sentimentalist that Slew was trying to make up for his past defeats and disappointments, and the race will be talked over by horsemen in taprooms for a long time. There are those who think Cauthen, on Affirmed, let Cordero, who was riding Slew in place of Cruguet, get the jump on him at the break. Anyhow, Slew stepped the first quarter in twenty-four seconds, and the Wonder Boy could never close the gap. Incidentally, Slew was top weight, carrying 128 pounds—four more than Affirmed. Undoubtedly, they'll meet again.

When Cordero rode back to weigh in, he was greeted with a storm of cheers from the crowd, and I thought he'd never stop waving and bowing in appreciation of the ovation. Speaking of his tactics in the race, he said, "Before the race, I realized that Affirmed had been running against only three-year-olds, at a slow early pace, so I decided to make Affirmed run faster than he had been doing. I thought I might have to go the first half in forty-five to do this, but it didn't turn out that way. I got the lead from the start and slowed down the pace more than I expected to do." In a sarcastic reference to the Travers—after which he had been accused of forcing Affirmed out, so that Alydar could sneak through on the rail—Cordero said that in the Marlboro he took Slew wide, deliberately "giving Affirmed the opportunity to come up on the inside and pass me,

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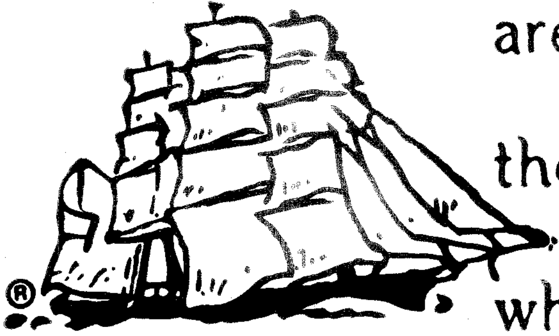

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but he couldn't." Laz Barrera, Affirmed's trainer, said he'd told Cauthen to stay no more than a length away from Slew, but Cauthen himself had no excuses for his mount: "He tried his best. He ran his race. It just wasn't good enough." Slew's share of the purse was $180,000, bringing his earnings to $977,720.

LAST Thursday, the New York Racing Association asked the Racing and Wagering Board's permission to extend its schedule of meetings next year to three hundred and thirteen days, with racing every Sunday except Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday, and races on the Tuesdays of those two weeks to make up for the quiet weekends. Aqueduct would be open from January 1st through May 21st, and from October 24th through December 31st; Belmont Park from May 23rd through July 30th, and from August 29th through October 22nd; and Saratoga from August 1st through August 27th. There would be no Tuesday racing, apart from those two Eastertime weeks, except for November 6th, Election Day, and Belmont would have a dark Wednesday on the morrow to atone for that.

FAVORITE-PLAYERS in England have been having no luck at all of late. Julio Mariner, who had disappointed his backers after leaving the post as one of the favorites in the Epsom Derby last June 7th, had revenge of sorts on Saturday by winning the St. Leger, leaving that race's favorite, Île de Bourbon, way down the field in sixth place. The St. Leger, as you know, is the final classic of the English season, and Saturday's upset—Julio Mariner had gone off at 28–1—marked the eleventh-straight failure by favorites in classic races over there.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

From time to time, we have published excerpts from the confidential minutes and memos of the Carter Cabinet. This has upset the muck-a-mucks who attend the meetings. They have started to go bananas over their inability to find and block the leak.

The matter came up at a recent Cabinet meeting. Declared the confidential minutes: "The president and several members of the Cabinet discussed problems relating to leaks of Cabinet minutes and other information discussed at Cabinet discussed problems relating to leaks of Cabinet minutes and other information discussed at Cabinet meetings."—*Jack Anderson in the Huntsville (Ala.) Times.*

Yessir, bananas!

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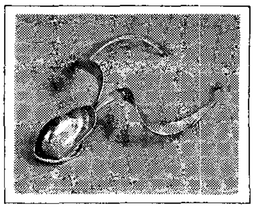

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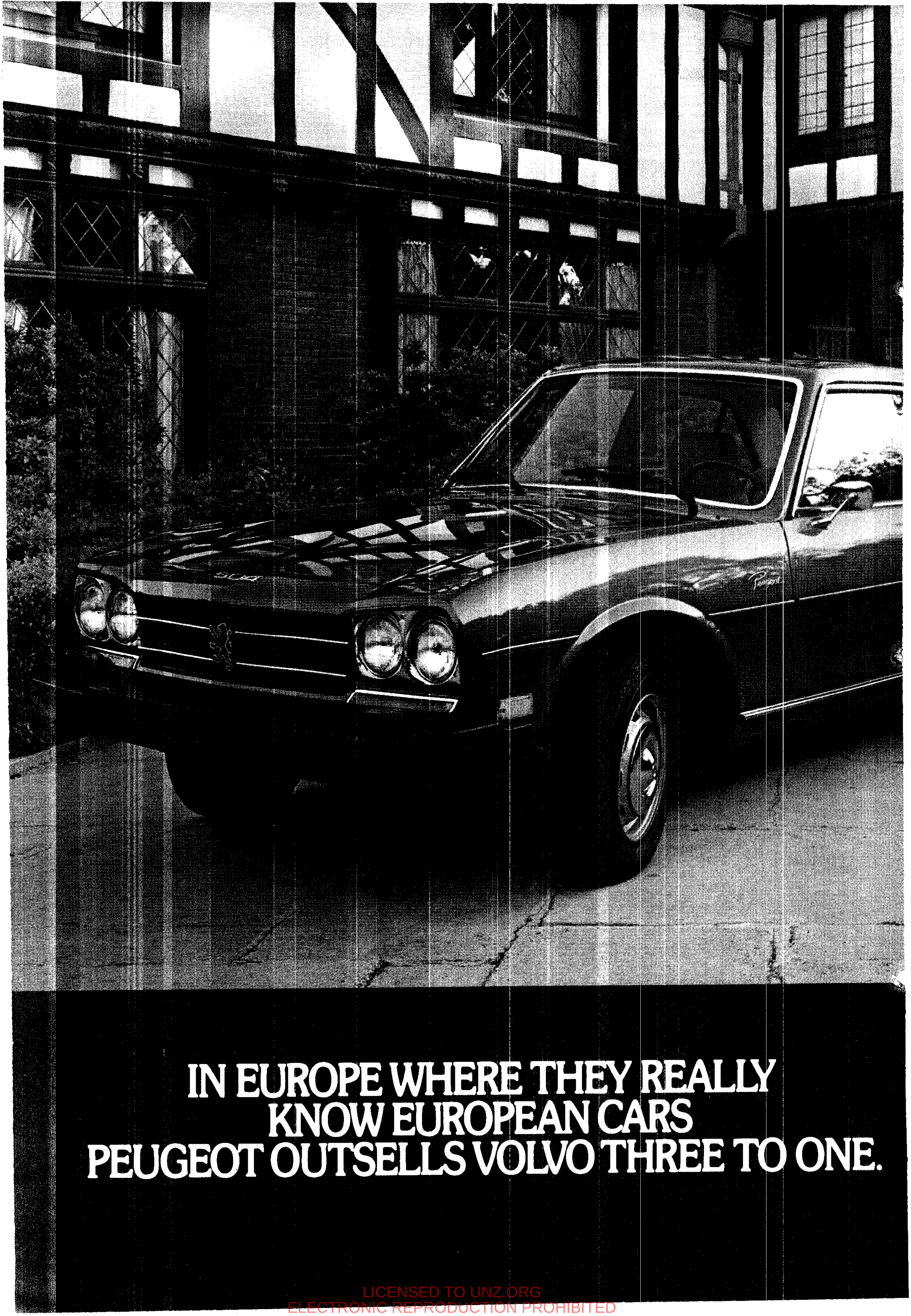
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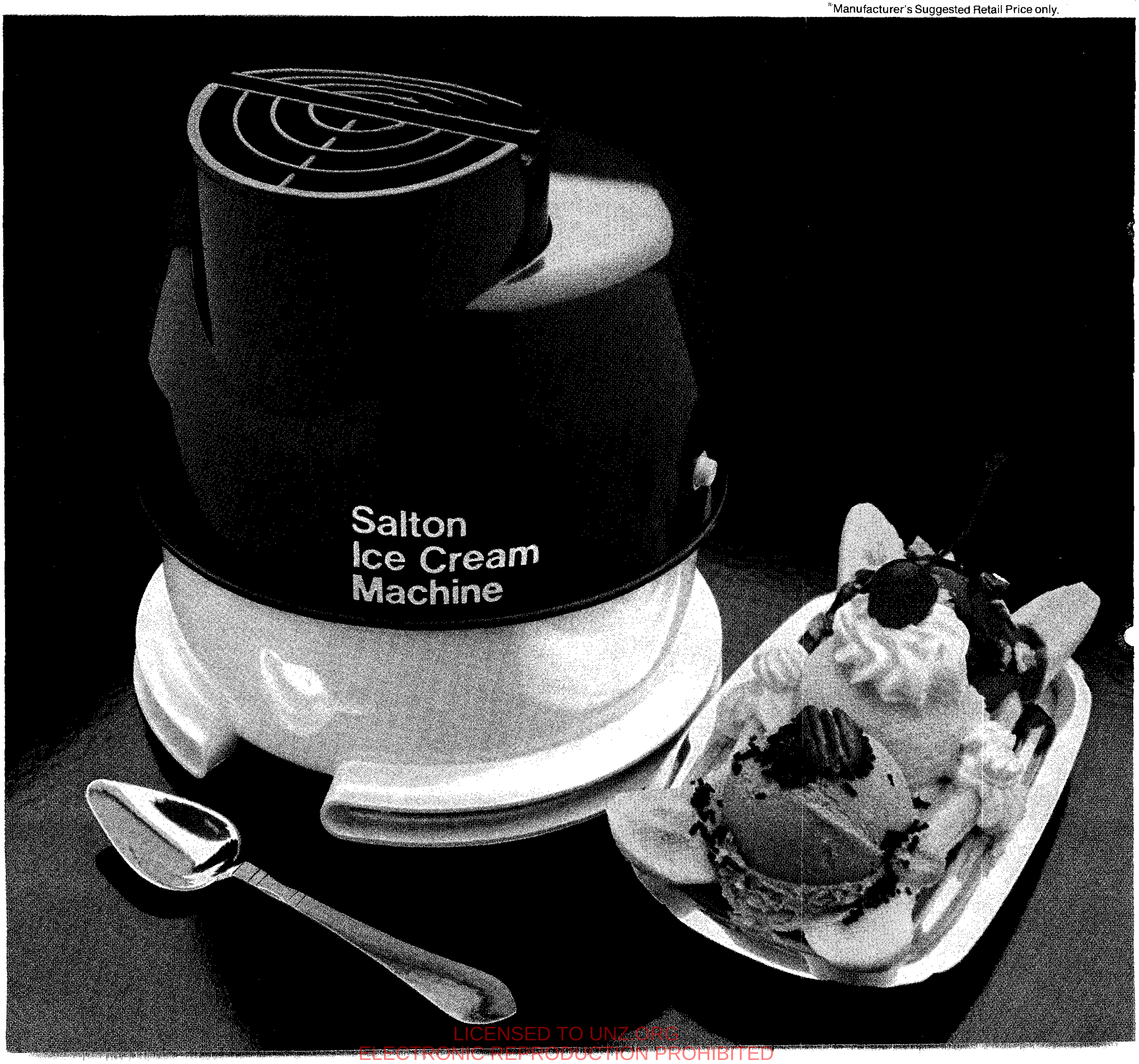

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ACCIDENT

THE telephone rang in our house in Washington, D.C., at eight o'clock on Monday evening, November 25, 1974. A man was on the line. He asked me if I was Mrs. Sheehan. I said I was. His voice was that of a stranger. It had an official ring—the sound of a man accustomed to giving bad news. The man identified himself as Communications Operator Elwood Glass, of the Maryland State Police. He told me that my husband, Neil, had been in a car accident in western Maryland. Glass said that Neil had been injured but that he was going to be all right. He had been taken to the Garrett County Memorial Hospital, in Oakland, Maryland, and I could call him there. Glass gave me the hospital's phone number. I thanked him, hung up, and dialled the Garrett County Memorial Hospital. I was put through to Dr. Linn Grant, a general practitioner who happened to be on duty at the hospital when Neil had been brought in, an hour earlier. Dr. Grant said that Neil had fractures in both his arms, but he, too, said, in a reassuring tone, that Neil was going to be all right. Dr. Grant had already given Neil a preliminary examination and first aid, and had found no evidence of internal or spinal-cord injuries. He had ordered nasal oxygen and intravenous feeding for Neil, but had determined that he wouldn't need blood transfusions. Dr. Grant had some more tests he wanted to make, and asked me to call back in twenty minutes, when it would be possible for me to talk to Neil.

I am a journalist, and had returned home a short while earlier from the Library of Congress, where I go most weekdays to write and do research. When the telephone rang, I was eating dinner and riffling through the day's mail and phone messages. One message for Neil was from a friend who had formerly worked for the Ford Foundation. I decided that the best way to pass the twenty minutes was to call him, because I hoped he would have some good news for us; I imagined that good news was what Neil could use most when I did talk to him. From 1962 to 1972, Neil had worked as a reporter, first for United Press International in Vietnam, later for the *Times* in New York, Indonesia, Vietnam, and, from 1966 until 1972, Washington. In June of 1972, John Paul Vann, the most dramatic figure among the American leaders of the war in Vietnam, was killed in a helicopter crash in South Vietnam's Central Highlands. Two months later, Neil took an unpaid leave of absence from the *Times* to write a book about Vann and America in Vietnam. Neil received a generous advance from a publisher, and a Guggenheim fellowship. His book research went well in 1972 and 1973. It came to an abrupt halt in 1974, because of three libel suits brought by the subject of a previous book. The lawyers representing Neil and his publishers thought the suits lacked merit, but the complications of the legal process forced Neil to spend almost all of 1974 writing a three-hundred-and-forty-three-page memorandum and organizing a four-foot-high stack of book-research materials for the lawyers. He had finished the memo early in November. Writing the memo for the lawyers had been necessary but dispiriting. He decided that before returning to work on the Vann book he would spend a few days relaxing at a log cabin we own on some mountainous farmland just inside West Virginia, about two hundred miles from Washington and about eight miles south of Oakland, Maryland, a pleasant town of two thousand people. Neil had left Washington on Sunday, November 24th, and was supposed to return on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh, the day before Thanksgiving. The lawsuit was about to be felt financially in the Sheehan household—the advance and the Guggenheim fellowship wouldn't cover the year of memo-writing, during which no progress had been made on the book—so Neil had been giving lectures on the war and casting about for additional foundation money to tide us over an extra year. He was applying for several fellowships. Neil wondered if the antiwar stories he had written would make him an unlikely candidate for a Ford grant, given the fact that McGeorge Bundy was the president of

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the Ford Foundation, and had asked our friend about this. When I telephoned this friend, he proved to be the bearer of a small measure of good news. The friend had called to say that the Ford Foundation was not run like the White House and that Neil's application would be welcome.

When the twenty minutes finally came to an end, I called the hospital. Neil was lying on a table in one of the four emergency rooms, unable to hold a telephone receiver. A nurse was holding it so that we could talk. Neil said that his left wrist was shattered and his right arm was broken below the shoulder. He sounded tired, but spoke in his customary firm voice and gave me a reporterly account of the accident—almost as if it had happened to someone else. He had driven up to West Virginia from Washington in our car, a 1968 Buick Skylark. Monday morning had been cold and rainy; in the late afternoon, the rain had turned to snow. Neil didn't think he would be able to drive our car up and down the steep, winding dirt road that leads to the cabin if the snow stuck, as it threatened to do. He called Douglas Spaulding, a friend in Oakland, to ask if he could borrow a four-wheel-drive jeep station wagon he knew Doug wasn't using. Doug is a real-estate broker—he had sold us our farm in 1969—and he can't sell farmland or do surveying in his jeep when there is snow. Doug said yes. Neil left the cabin to get the jeep. At six-twenty, as he was driving toward Oakland in the late-fall darkness on U.S. Route 219, a two-lane road, he suddenly saw the headlights of a car coming straight toward him down his side of the road. The car was less than two hundred yards away and travelling fast. Neil was going about thirty miles an hour. He had only a few seconds to decide what to do. He figured he had three choices. The first was to turn to the right, off the road. He rejected that possibility, because he saw out of the corner of his eye what appeared to be a steep bank there. He was afraid that there would be a drainage ditch in front of the bank and that his car might turn over and burn. His second option was to pull over to the left—to the side of the road the oncoming driver belonged on. That didn't seem sensible, because he couldn't tell if there was another car behind the oncoming driver on that side, which he would hit head-on. His third choice was to keep driving and hope that the other driver would go back to his side of the road. Although the road was slightly slick, our Buick had snow tires with studs, and Neil was having no

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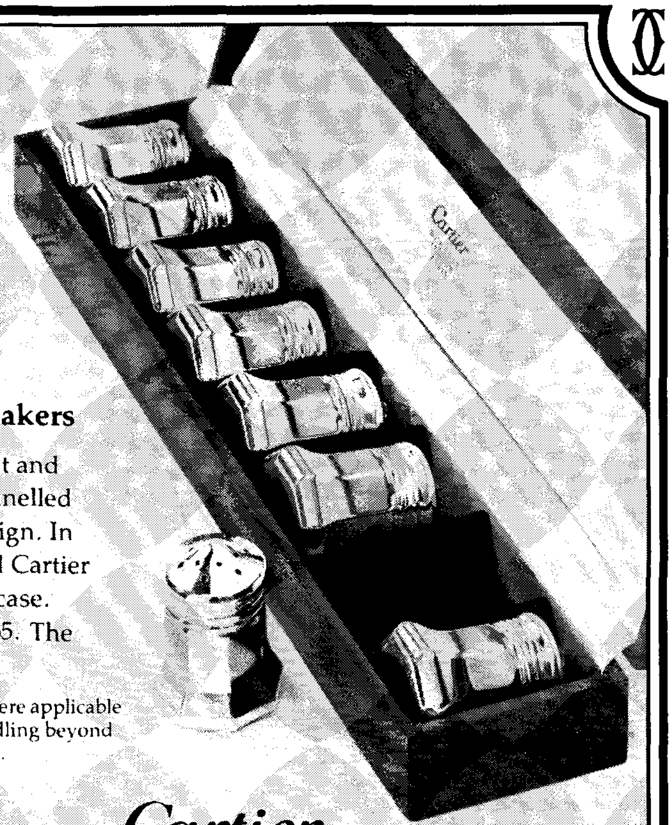

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trouble steering. Snow was still falling, and the visibility was just fair, but Neil knew that the other driver could see the Buick's headlights as well as he saw those of the other car. Neil made the third choice, figuring that the other driver was in control of his car and would go back to his side.

The other driver kept coming straight on, faster than Neil had originally estimated. Neil pulled the wheel to the left. It was too late. He had time to turn the car just enough to take the impact of the head-on crash on the Buick's passenger side. Neil's body felt the force of the collision, and he heard the sound of metal crushing metal and glass splintering. He was wearing his seat belt, which kept him in place, but his arms broke on the steering wheel, his chest slammed against the steering-wheel column, and his right knee hit the underside of the dashboard. He didn't feel immediate pain—the pain came shortly afterward—but the impact against the steering-wheel column knocked the breath out of him. He smelled gas, feared that the car would catch fire, and tried to get out. He couldn't move his right leg. It was twisted under the dashboard, and his boot was jammed against the brake pedal. He tried to free his leg with his arms; they failed him. His teeth had bitten into his lower lip when his mouth also hit the steering wheel, and his lip hurt. Neil started to moan and cry out for help. Within a few minutes, a man opened the door on Neil's side of the car, which had been stopped dead in the middle of the road by the impact. The man asked him if he was all right. Neil told him that he wasn't—that he was badly injured. The man disengaged Neil's leg from under the dashboard, unfastened his seat belt, and asked him if he could walk to his pickup truck, which he had parked a few yards away on the side of the road. Neil felt his right leg give way as he was helped out of the car, and said that he couldn't. The Good Samaritan put his arm around Neil's shoulder, and Neil put his left arm around him; he hobbled from the wrecked Buick to the pickup, putting as much weight as he could on his left leg, dragging his right. Neil didn't see the other car or its driver. The man drove to the emergency entrance at the hospital and summoned a nurse and attendants. They carried Neil inside on a stretcher, and the Good Samaritan took off.

Dr. Grant had just told Neil he had done all he could for him, and he was about to turn him over to Dr.

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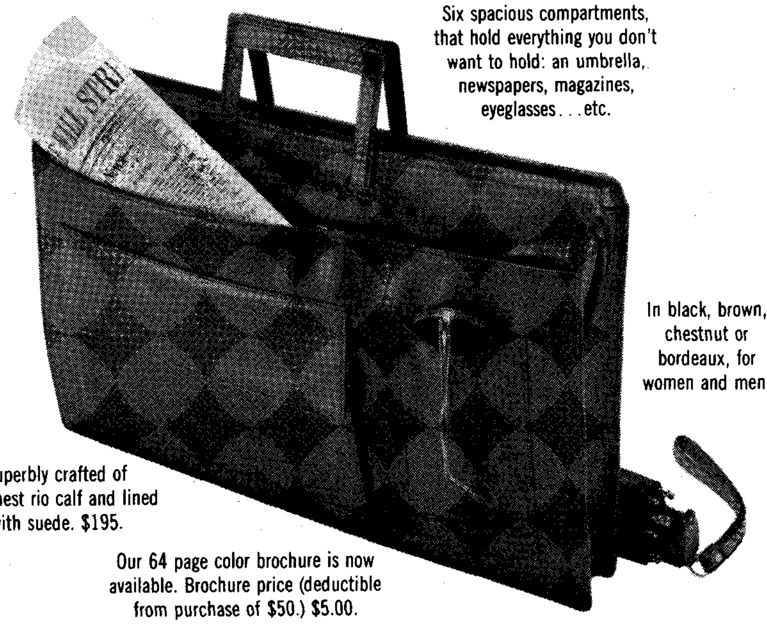

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Joseph Alvarez, a general surgeon, who was also at the hospital at the time. Dr. Alvarez had finished performing an emergency operation a few minutes earlier. Neil told me not to try to come up to Oakland from Washington. The snow was getting worse. He was in good hands, he said, and it would be safer and more sensible for me to stay home. He asked me to call Clara and Joseph Spaid, who live on a neighboring farm, and who have a fleet of all-weather vehicles. Neil wanted them to go up to our cabin and turn the heat down from sixty-five degrees to fifty, make sure the appliances were off—Neil thought that he might have left the coffeepot on—and check to see that the doors were locked. He was too tired to talk any longer. At the hospital, he had already given one account of the accident to Pickett Huff, the Maryland state trooper in charge of investigating it ("I couldn't get away from the guy, he was coming at me straight down my side of the road," Neil said he had told Huff), and Dr. Alvarez was ready to set his wrist. We would talk the following day. We said goodbye.

I telephoned the Spaids, who quickly agreed to do the cabin errands, and also Doug Spaulding, to tell him that Neil had been in an accident and would not be coming for the jeep. I then called Dr. Mahmoud Mourad, professor of medicine and director of the George Washington University Medical Center's Department of Physical Medicine, in Washington. Dr. Mourad had treated Neil for a sore arm in 1969; he and Neil had become friends. I described the accident to Dr. Mourad and asked him to call Dr. Alvarez for me. I wanted to know exactly how badly Neil was hurt—as a doctor's daughter, I had learned that doctors speak more forthrightly to one another than they do to patients' wives—and how soon Dr. Alvarez thought Neil could be moved to a hospital in Washington. I also asked Dr. Mourad to please give me the name of the man he considered the best orthopedic surgeon in the city. Dr. Mourad phoned Dr. Alvarez, who suggested that he call back at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, when he would have a better idea of the extent of Neil's injuries and his fitness to travel.

Our children—Maria, seven, and Catherine, five—and our live-in babysitter were so engrossed in playing gin rummy that they hadn't heard any of the phone calls. Before putting the girls to bed, I told them about the accident as matter-of-factly as possible. At the time, I wasn't overanxious about Neil's

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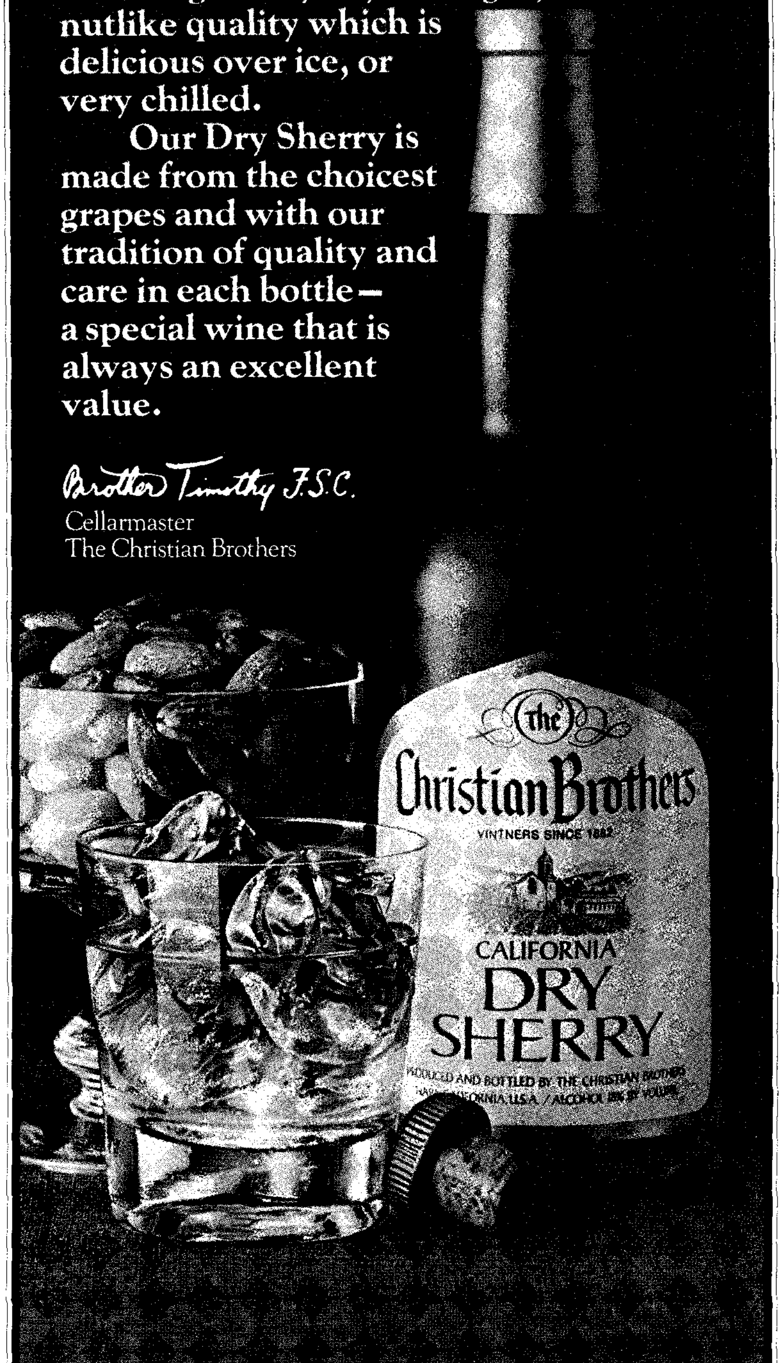
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physical condition. There were apparently no internal injuries, Neil's mind was obviously clear, and two broken arms would mend fairly quickly. It was the last evening for a long time when I would not be anxious.

THERE were many difficult days during the next two months, the better part of which Neil spent in a hospital, but none was worse than Tuesday, November 26th, the day on which the medical facts were spelled out for me in precise detail. The phone rang at eight o'clock in the morning. It was Doug Spaulding, who had already been to the hospital to see Neil. Doug's was the first voice that wasn't reassuring. He evaded my questions about Neil's injuries by saying he was going to the two service stations to which Neil's car and the other driver's car had been towed. It was still snowing, but he would try to take photographs of the two cars. He would look at a copy of the accident report—in small towns like Oakland, local real-estate brokers are friendly with local lawyers who can get their hands on such papers. Doug would also ask around and see what he could learn about the driver of the other car. I spent the hours after Doug's call cancelling the appointments on Neil's calendar for the next two weeks; he had several interviews scheduled in connection with his work on the book, and a couple of lectures. I phoned my parents to tell them about the accident and to assure them that I still wanted them to come down from New York on Wednesday for the long Thanksgiving weekend, as they had planned to do.

Dr. Mourad called at two-fifteen. He had a fair amount of bad news, but he gave it to me gently. He explained Neil's injuries, translating the unfamiliar medical terms for me. Neil's left wrist appeared to be his worst fracture. His left radius and ulna—the two bones of the forearm—were broken at the distal end, into the wrist joint. Dr. Mourad said that the fracture was closed, which meant that no bone protruded through the skin, but that it was comminuted, which meant that the bones were in many fragments. Dr. Alvarez had set Neil's wrist and put it in a cast. Neil's right humerus—the upper arm bone—was broken at the proximal end, just below the shoulder. That, too, was a comminuted fracture, and it extended into the shoulder joint. Dr. Alvarez had put the shoulder in a Velpeau dressing, a green harnesslike affair that supported Neil's

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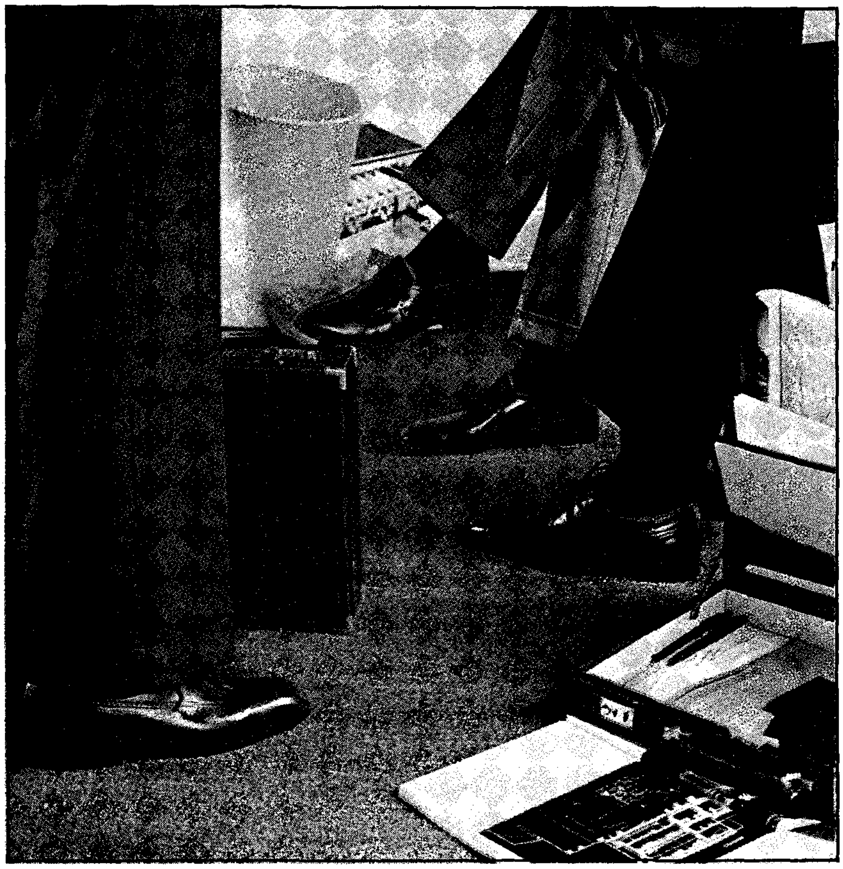

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shoulder and bound his arm to his chest to keep it from moving.

Those were Neil's two most serious fractures. Dr. Mourad paused—there was something ominous about the pause—and continued. After attending to Neil's left wrist and to his right upper arm, Dr. Alvarez had ordered more X-rays taken. The X-rays had revealed eight additional fractures: seven broken ribs and a minor fracture of the right proximal tibia into the joint (translation: a chip fracture of one of the lower right leg bones where it ends in the knee joint). Dr. Alvarez had put Neil's right leg in a long cast. Neil was in no condition to be moved to Washington on Tuesday. He had almost gone into shock the night before, Dr. Alvarez had told Dr. Mourad, his blood pressure was still fluctuating, and he was in terrible pain. He had been assigned to Garrett County Memorial's intensive-care unit. Dr. Alvarez thought it would be possible to move Neil in a day or two, when his condition was more stable.

Dr. Mourad saved his only encouraging news for last. He had called Dr. John Pletch Adams, professor and chairman of the Department of Orthopedic Surgery at George Washington, whom he considered one of the finest orthopedic surgeons in the East, and Dr. Adams had agreed to accept Neil as a patient. Dr. Adams' sub-specialty was fractures, injuries, and diseases of the upper extremities—the shoulders, arms, and hands. Doctors, as I was being reminded, rarely use simple terms where complicated terms will do. His sub-sub-specialty was the hand. In the fall of 1974, Dr. Adams was trying to limit his busy practice to the upper extremities.

After talking to Dr. Mourad, I called Doug back. Doug said he had seen and photographed both cars, had looked at the accident report, and had had a lawyer friend talk to Trooper Huff, who had gone to the scene of the accident a few minutes after it occurred. Huff had written up the accident report after talking to both drivers. The man who had hit Neil was Darwin Earl Spicer, twenty. Spicer lived in Tunnelton, West Virginia; worked at a poultry-processing factory in Oakland; and had no automobile insurance. Huff had charged Spicer with causing the accident by "failing to keep to the right of center." I felt relieved to hear that. I thought our insurance company would be less likely to cancel our insurance than it would have been if Neil had been at fault or if neither driver had been charged, as is often the case. Doug had noticed particularly how bad the tires were on Spicer's car, an old station wagon: they were almost bald, and they didn't match. He had poked about inside Spicer's station wagon and found it a clutter of clothes, blankets, beer cans, tools, car parts, and tires. Two boxes of brake shoes—one box old, one new—suggested to Doug that Spicer had been working on his brakes. After looking at the two demolished cars, Doug was surprised that Neil and Spicer had lived. Not only had Spicer lived, Doug said, but his injuries had been minor. He had been taken to the Garrett County Memorial Hospital in an ambulance provided by one of the county's two rescue squads, which had reached the scene of the accident shortly after Neil was taken away by the driver of the pickup. Spicer had been treated at the hospital Monday night and released in an hour. Doug told me not to expect to talk to Neil—who hadn't been as lucky as Spicer—that day. Doug had been back to the hospital to see Neil at noon. He was in agony and couldn't speak for more than five minutes at a time.

Once I knew I couldn't phone Neil, I decided to spend Tuesday afternoon making other calls that seemed necessary. I phoned our insurance company, GEICO, to notify it of Neil's accident. GEICO—the Government Employees Insurance Company—had been founded in 1936 to sell insurance to government employees only. In 1958, it had started to sell insurance to nongovernment employees as well. I was connected with a woman in the automobile-claims department. I gave her Neil's name and the number of our car-insurance policy. The woman asked a long string of questions. I could answer some of them, as a result of my conversations with Neil, Doug, and Dr. Mourad. I was able to give her the exact time of the accident, the precise whereabouts of our car (the service station it had been towed to was a couple of miles outside Oakland), and a list of Neil's multiple fractures. The woman betrayed no emotion when I listed the broken bones. Her only discernible reaction was a slight hint of displeasure when I couldn't supply the

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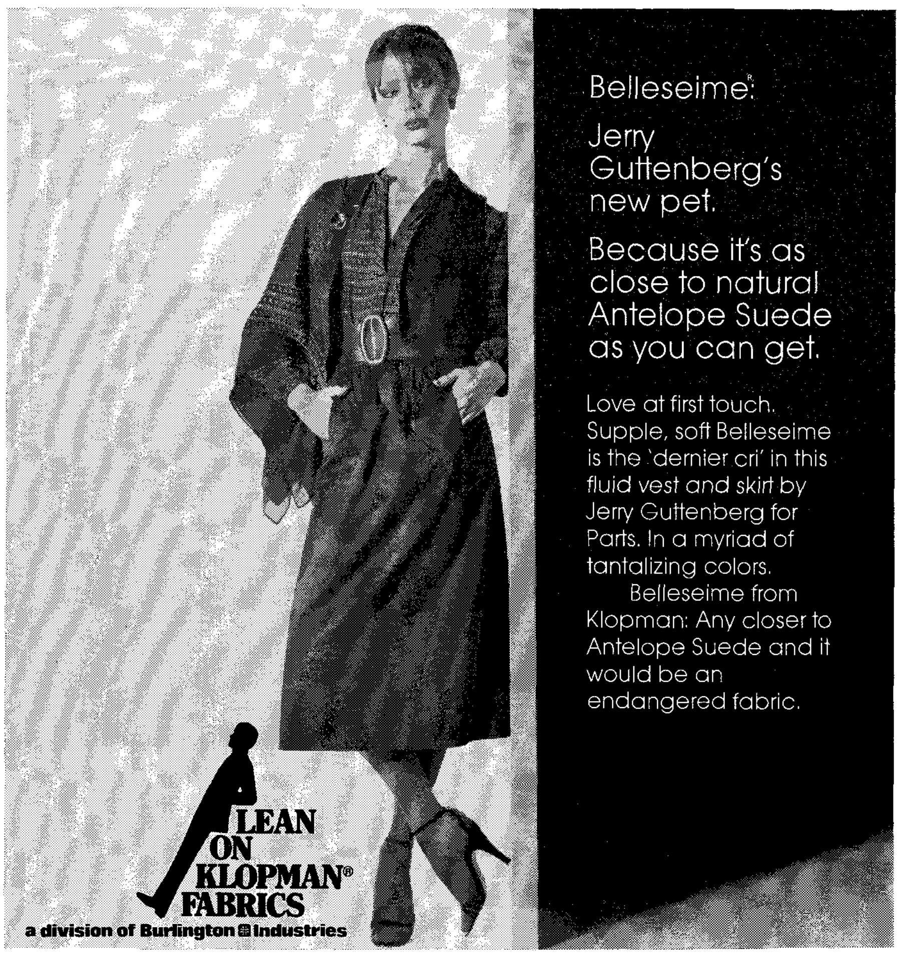

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exact answers to some of her questions. I didn't know the model and year of the Spicer vehicle, for example—only that it was an old station wagon. She assigned me a claims number for future reference.

Dr. Mourad had told me that he and Dr. Alvarez had agreed that whenever Neil was well enough to be moved to Washington it would be more comfortable for him to travel by air. Both believed that a four-hour or five-hour ambulance ride would be extremely painful and tiring and thus psychologically debilitating. Dr. Mourad suggested that I look into chartering a helicopter to transport Neil from western Maryland to Washington. I called a number of the helicopter-charter companies listed in the Washington Yellow Pages; none of the ones I reached would take a litter case. I next thought of chartering a small plane. I dialled the number of the Federal Airways Corporation, an aircraft-charter outfit I'd heard of. The line was busy. I called the operator, explained the situation, and asked if she could break in on the line. She told me that she could—and gladly would—interrupt a residential line for this sort of emergency but that she was not permitted to interrupt a business line under any circumstance. This presumed telephone-company policy—which later turned out to be incorrect—was not the first bit of extraneous knowledge I had acquired that day. After Dr. Mourad told me that Neil had seven broken ribs, I realized I didn't know how many ribs human beings have. I consulted a dictionary, learned that the number was twenty-four, and took what comfort I could from the fact that seventeen of Neil's were intact.

WEDNESDAY morning began more promisingly. I called Dr. Alvarez, who told me that Neil was doing much better and would be able to fly to Washington on Thursday. My worries that Dr. Alvarez would take as a personal slight my request to have Neil moved to Washington had proved unnecessary. He had never met Dr. Adams, but he knew him by reputation. "I'd do the same thing you're doing if I were in your shoes," he said. "I'm a general surgeon, and he's a top-notch bone man." When I told Dr. Alvarez I was having trouble procuring an airplane for Neil, he told me he would make the transportation arrangements. Flying is Dr. Alvarez's hobby. Dr. Alvarez had Neil's bed wheeled over to a phone in the intensive-care unit. Neil sounded more battle-weary

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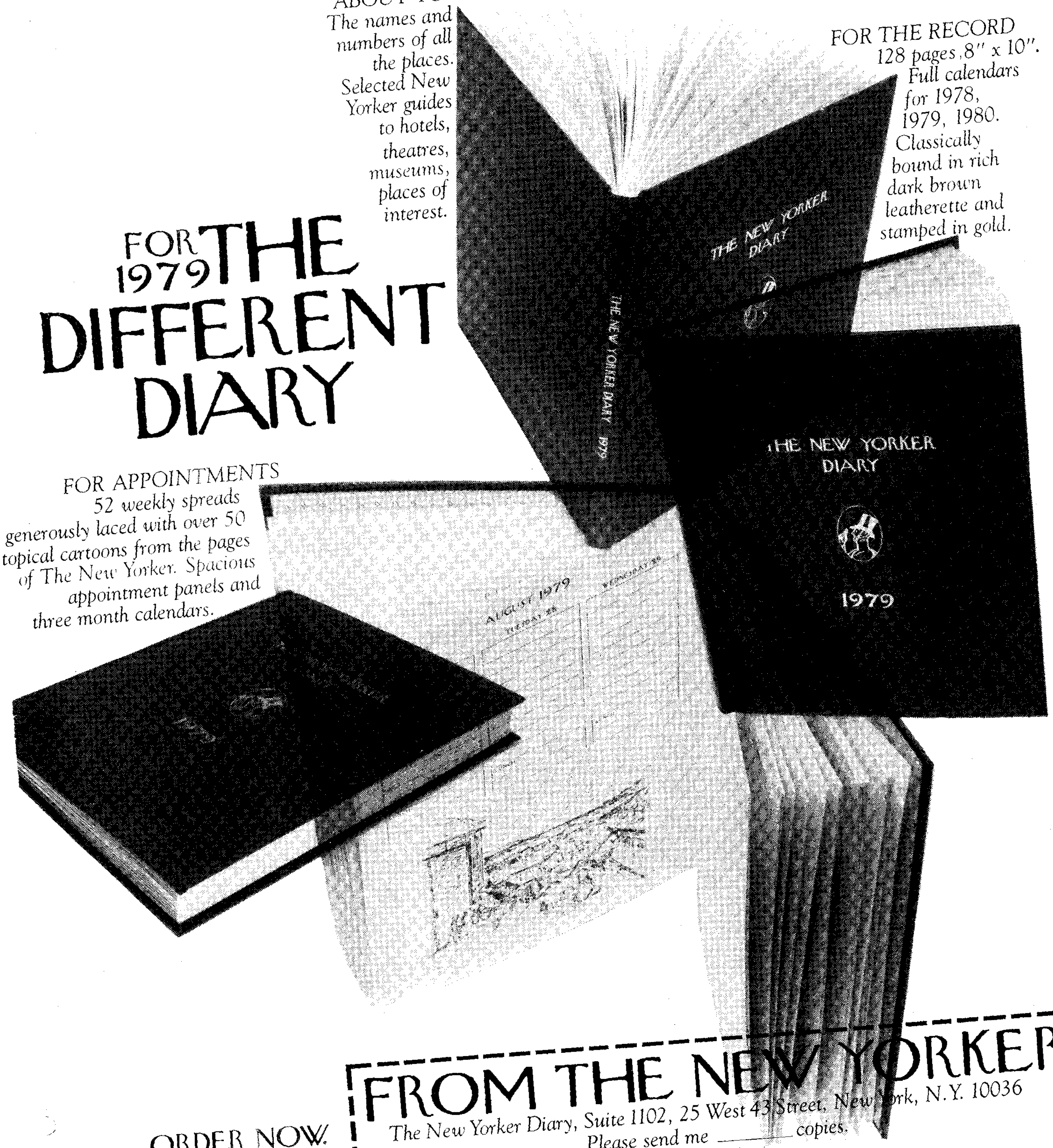
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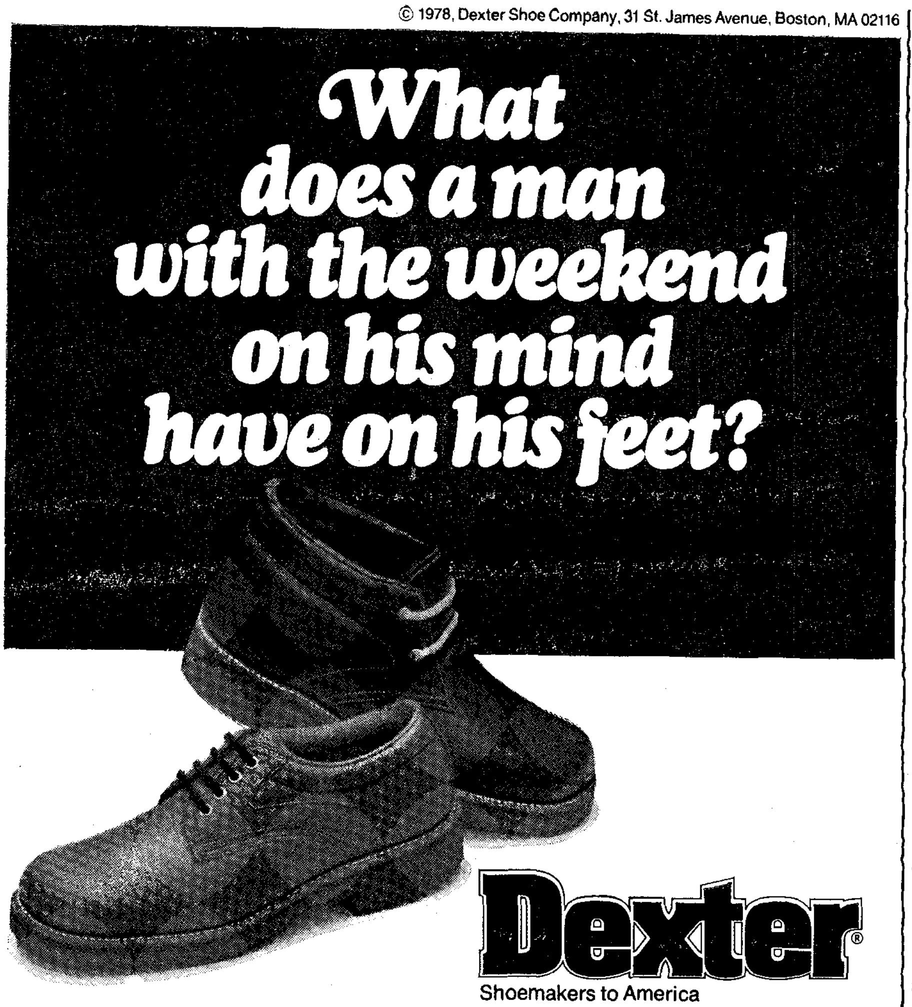
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than he had on Monday evening, but he was coherent. He said he hoped that Thursday's trip to Washington wouldn't be too rough.

Dr. Alvarez called me on Wednesday evening to say he would be accompanying Neil to Washington on Thursday morning. He would put Neil on a litter he owned, and they would make the fifteen-mile trip from the hospital to the Garrett County Airport, near McHenry, Maryland, by ambulance. Dr. Alvarez had chartered a small plane in Clarksburg, West Virginia, his home town. A pilot he knew would fly to McHenry, pick him and Neil up, and fly them to National Airport. Dr. Adams called on Wednesday evening, and so did Amelda Wilson, his secretary. Miss Wilson, an efficient woman, said that she had notified George Washington University Hospital's orthopedics ward—5-N, the fifth floor's north wing—that Neil would be arriving on Thursday morning. She had also made arrangements for an ambulance to meet Neil at National Airport on Thursday morning and take him to the hospital. Dr. Adams, she told me, was going away to his vacation cottage, in Delaware, for the four-day weekend and would see Neil on Monday. Dr. John Chidester, one of five orthopedic residents at the hospital, would be on duty on Thursday at eleven, Neil's estimated arrival time there. Dr. William Fortune, one of Dr. Adams' associates, would be in to see Neil sometime on Thanksgiving Day.

The weather on Thursday was frosty and clear. The hour-long flight from McHenry to National was smooth. The ambulance that Miss Wilson had ordered was waiting for the plane at National; its two attendants wanted to move Neil from Dr. Alvarez's litter to their stretcher, but Dr. Alvarez wouldn't let them. Transfers were agonizing for someone in Neil's condition, and were to be avoided. Dr. Alvarez insisted on riding to the hospital with Neil, although he would have to return to the airport later to take the chartered plane back to Maryland. When he watched Neil being painfully moved from his litter to a stretcher at the hospital, he said he was glad he had come with him all the way.

While my mother stayed at our house with the children, my father and I went down to the hospital to meet Neil. We reached 5-N about three minutes after he did. The ambulance driver was standing at the elevator waiting to be paid. I wrote him a check for fifty-five dollars—the first of dozens of checks I would write to ambulance companies, hospitals, doctors, and nurses over the next four years. Dr. Alvarez, his litter folded up, was waiting for us. "My pleasure," he said, brushing off my thanks as if they embarrassed him. By the time I had said goodbye to Dr. Alvarez, Neil had been transferred from the stretcher to a bed in a semiprivate room.

When my father and I came into Neil's curtained-off section of the room, Dr. Chidester was asking him a series of routine hospital-admission questions. Age? Thirty-eight. Allergies? None. Smoke? No. Neil, despite the casts and the shoulder dressing and a black eye, which hadn't been mentioned earlier, looked better than four days of imagining his appearance had led me to believe. In some ways, he looked healthier than he did when he left the hospital four and a half weeks later. On November 28th, he had a little color in his face, and his upper arms were their normal girth. On December 30th, he was pale and pasty, and his muscles had atrophied; his upper arms looked spindly.

Dr. Fortune dropped in to see Neil early that Thursday afternoon. Dr. Chidester pointed out to him that several of Neil's left fingers were swollen. Dr. Fortune told him to split the wrist cast to relieve the pressure on them. "Broken bones bleed into the surrounding tissues, the tissues swell, and the casts don't expand," Dr. Chidester explained to me later in the day, when he sawed the cast down the side, opened it with a cast spreader, and wrapped an elastic bandage around it to hold it together.

Dr. Mourad and his wife were Neil's first nonfamily visitors. "How was the flight?" Dr. Mourad inquired.

Neil said that it had been a good idea. The two ambulance rides had been jolting.

"Dr. Adams said he didn't care how you got down here as long as you arrived in one piece," Dr. Mourad told Neil.

My father and I stayed at the hospital until Neil had to go down to the X-ray department. After eating a turkey dinner at home with my mother and the children, we returned to the hospital in the late afternoon to find that Neil's intravenous tubes had been removed. Neil's Thanksgiving dinner consisted of a Coke; he would be on a liquid diet for the next four days.

At the hospital on Friday morning, Neil told me he had had a bad night. His roommate, an old man whose hip joint had been replaced a week earlier,

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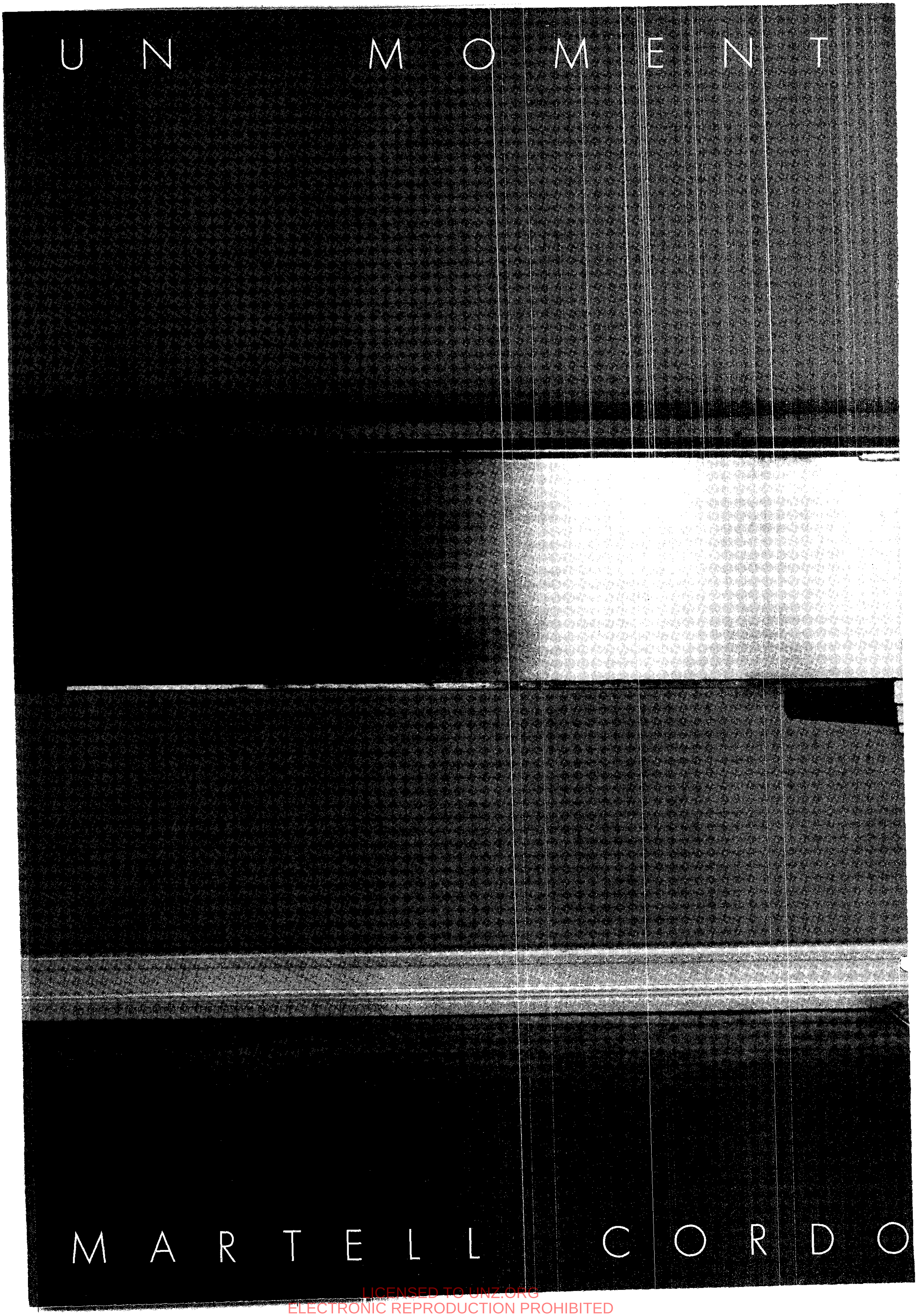
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had spent the night crying "Ouch!" at the top of his voice; Neil had found it difficult to sleep. Neil had never had a private room in a hospital, and considered it a luxury. I considered it a necessary luxury, found out that one of the few private rooms on 5-N was vacant, and had Neil's bed moved into it on Friday afternoon. The night had also been hard for Neil because he had felt helpless. A buzzer to call for a nurse had been safety-pinned to his sheet, but he was unable to use it with either hand. The hospital gave me the name of a private-duty registered nurse, Marilyn Turner. When I phoned Mrs. Turner, she said she would be available to work the eleven-thirty-at-night-to-seven-thirty-in-the-morning shift seven nights a week for the next several weeks, starting that night. I knew that our health-insurance policy covered only seventy-five per cent of Mrs. Turner's forty-four-dollar nightly salary. I also knew that we would have to pay the difference between the hospital's hundred-and-six-dollar-a-day charge for a semiprivate room and its hundred-and-twenty-three-dollar-a-day charge for a private room.

On Saturday morning, a tall, rangy, bearded man who appeared to be in his early fifties strode into Neil's room. "Sheehan?" he asked. "Adams," he said before Neil could respond. Dr. Adams had been summoned back to Washington on another case, and had decided to call on Neil after taking care of the emergency. One of the first things Neil noticed about Dr. Adams was his narrow gray-blue eyes. They looked at him intently. While Dr. Adams was ostensibly greeting him, Neil felt he was studying him and sizing him up. Dr. Adams' most notable quality was self-assurance. He said he would be back on Monday, and left as precipitately as he had come. After Dr. Adams' visit, the weekend dragged. Neil was impatient for Monday, when Dr. Adams would begin working on his bones.

MONDAY, December 2nd, so eagerly awaited, proved to be a letdown. Dr. Adams, wearing civilian clothes, carrying a woman's umbrella, and trailed by a posse of medical students, residents, nurses, and technicians, came in early in the morning and examined Neil. He told him that he would change his wrist and knee casts after visiting hours that evening (visiting hours on 5-N began at noon and ended at 8 P.M.), and that he would put Neil's right arm in a hanging cast; the swelling of the arm just below the shoulder in the area of the fracture had subsided. All the beds in 5-N have overhead metal frames to which traction equipment can be attached. Using the umbrella as a pointer, Dr. Adams gave one of the orthopedic technicians instructions for setting up the traction for Neil's right arm. In the afternoon, the technician created an arrangement of bars, three-pound weights, ropes, and pulleys. Late in the afternoon, Dr. Adams, wearing operating greens, came in to show Neil an isometric exercise he should do with his right knee, and to say he wasn't going to work on him until the next day, before visiting hours.

Early on Tuesday morning, Dr. Adams, wearing a white laboratory jacket and followed by his usual entourage, walked into Neil's room. He looked the traction arrangement over coldly, told the technician it wasn't quite what he had had in mind, and explained how he wanted it rearranged. A nurse approached Neil with a hypodermic needle.

"What's that?" Neil asked.

"It's morphine," she said. "It will take the edge off the pain when Dr. Adams moves your right arm."

While the traction equipment was being changed, Dr. Adams put on a plastic apron, cut off the elastic bandage that Dr. Chidester had wrapped around Neil's left cast on Thanksgiving afternoon, and pried the cast off with his hand. He felt Neil's wrist in several places, without hurting him. To Neil, the bone fragments in his wrist felt like pieces of glass under his skin, but Dr. Adams expressed satisfaction with Dr. Alvarez's work. He said he didn't think he would have to reset the wrist; the bones appeared to be set as well as they could be set. Dr. Adams held Neil's arm and wrist up in the air about twelve inches and asked Neil to move his fingers several different ways. Then he asked Neil to turn his thumb toward his little finger to see how close together he could get them. Neil couldn't get them to touch. Dr. Adams made a new wrist cast—a roll of cotton padding encircled by strips of cotton cloth impregnated with plaster of Paris and wetted. Dr. Adams shaped the wet strips as he applied one layer on top of another so that they would dry and harden together into the solid cast he wanted. He kept Neil's arm motionless, holding the wrist when he wrapped the elbow, the elbow when he wrapped the wrist. He talked to Neil while he worked. He asked him about his accident at some length, and then the two men discussed the motor-

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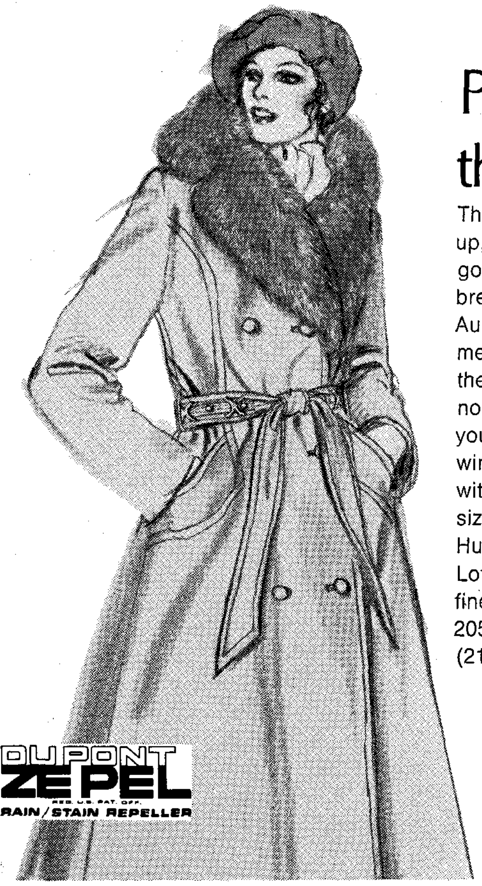
vehicle laws in Washington, and in West Virginia, where substantial numbers of drivers are uninsured.

The pain in the left wrist had been bearable, although the morphine, with its implicit threat of extraordinary pain to come, had keyed Neil up instead of subduing him. The right arm was next on Dr. Adams' agenda. When Dr. Adams, one of the residents, and one of the nurses pulled Neil's right arm in the process of unbuckling the Velpeau dressing, Neil screamed and asked if he could lift himself up so that they could get the straps out from under him without pulling the arm. Dr. Adams said yes. After the dressing was off, Dr. Adams lifted the arm and turned it away from Neil at a forty-five-degree angle. The pain was worse than any Neil had ever experienced. He screamed louder. The pain subsided, and he apologized for being so noisy. He told Dr. Adams he had been able to keep quiet the day after the accident, when the pain was almost as bad, because he hadn't yet been worn out from a week of constant pain. Dr. Adams instructed one of the nurses to shut the door and told Neil to go ahead and holler all he wanted. Jesus Christ, I'm really in for it now, Neil thought, watching the door close. It's not for nothing that John Pletch Adams changes casts before and after visiting hours.

By then, however, the worst of the morning's ordeal was over. Neil regained his habitual self-control and asked if he could move toward Dr. Adams from the middle of the bed, so that the doctor wouldn't have to pull his arm so much. Dr. Adams had the residents and nurses help Neil move. He explained that bone pain was so intense because, although bones contained scant nerve fibre, bone covering had a very rich nerve supply. Dr. Adams held Neil's arm up exactly the way he wanted it, told one of the residents what sort of cast he wanted him to make for the arm, and let him put it on. Neil's arm was soon in traction at his side. Dr. Adams said that the purpose of traction was to realign the bones. The steady pull of the traction weight on ropes tied to the cast on Neil's lower arm formed the muscles of the upper arm into a sheath, which, in turn, drew the bone fragments together and allowed the bone to heal properly. Traction was slow, Dr. Adams said, but it was safer than operating, and in this case he had never considered operating. Neil's humerus was so fragmented that the likelihood of getting the pieces back together surgically was very slim. Dr. Adams ex-



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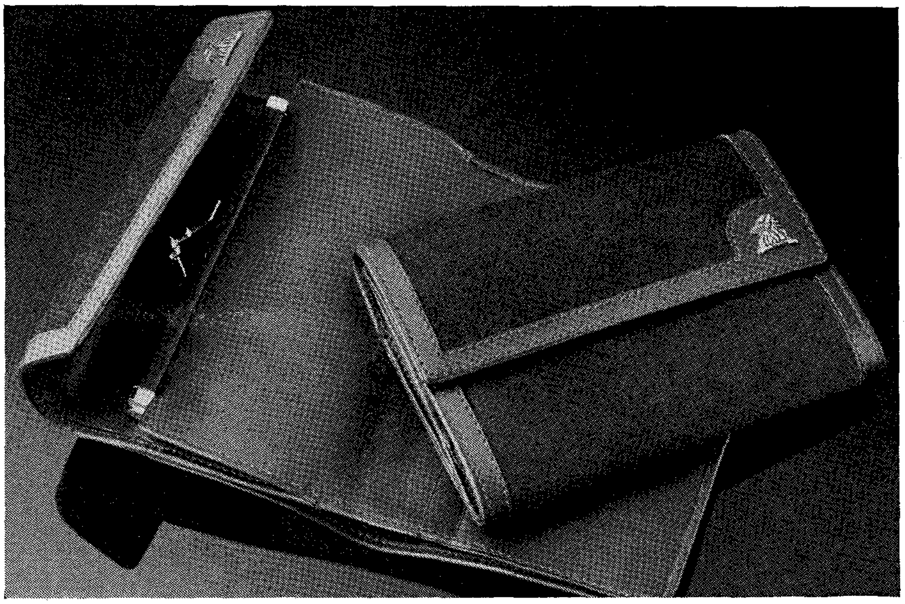

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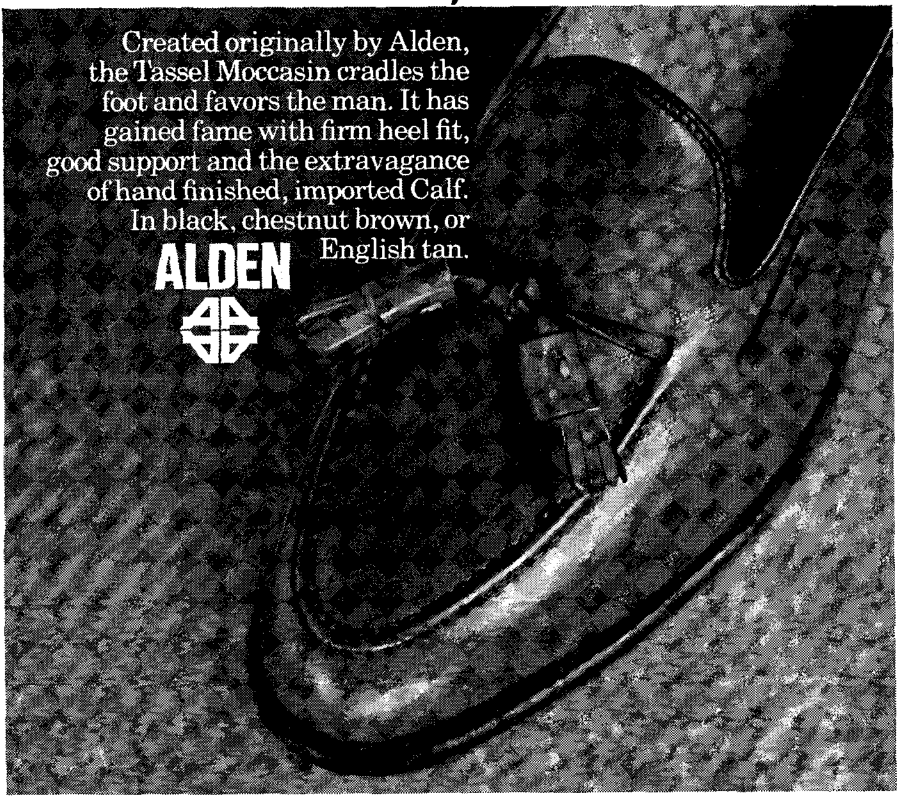

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plained—all the time he was talking to Neil he was also teaching the residents and medical students—that the traction first rigged up by the technician would have held Neil's arm out at more of an angle than he considered necessary. He had had the technician modify the traction so that it would be less painful for Neil and would give him a little more leeway to move in bed.

Next, Dr. Adams told a resident to remove Neil's long leg cast, which had served its purpose of keeping Neil's leg immobile during the trip down from Maryland and was no longer required. He examined Neil's knee, decided there was no need to do anything to it, and had it strapped into a splint. Before leaving, he marked the wrist cast with a pencil at both ends where he wanted it cut. Cutting some of the cast away from Neil's fingers would make it possible for him to scratch his face, and for this Neil was later grateful. Dr. Adams returned at five o'clock that afternoon and inspected the traction gear. He asked Neil if his right shoulder was hurting, and seemed satisfied when Neil said that it hurt only at the break, and no more than he would have expected it to. Dr. Adams told Neil to tell one of the residents who looked in on Neil periodically throughout the day and evening if he felt any numbness in his left hand. That evening, I fed Neil the first solid food he had had in eight days. Hospital lamb, squash, and tomatoes with Thousand Island dressing tasted good after four days of hospital chicken soup and Jell-O.

Starting on Tuesday, Dr. Adam and the residents tested the feeling in Neil's left fingers every few hours wit straight pins and with prongs mad from the two ends of a large paper clip, which they always seemed to have in their pockets. On Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, Neil reported to the residents that his left middle finger felt numb. On Wednesday, at ten-thirty, Neil was unable to feel a sharp pinprick anywhere on his left middle finger or forefinger, and he couldn't distinguish one prong from two. On Wednesday afternoon, Dr. Adams sawed the cast off and studied the wrist. "There's pressure on the median nerve in the carpal tunnel," he said. The median nerve is the sensory supply to the thumb and the first two and a half fingers. It runs under the arm and, at the wrist joint, passes through the carpal tunnel, which is bounded by a ligament called the transverse carpal ligament. Blood and fluid collecting in the tunnel can cause pressure on the nerve. "Unfortunately, that's not an uncommon complication with this sort of wrist fracture," Dr. Adams said. "Sometimes it begins immediately, sometimes only a few days after the injury." He had also noticed that Neil's wrist had been bruised at the point where the nerve passes through the carpal tunnel. He changed the position of Neil's wrist and put a new cast on it. The pain Wednesday night was severe. Percodan, a synthetic narcotic Neil had been taking, was ineffective. Neil was given a shot of morphine.

On Thursday, Neil had so little feeling in his left middle finger and forefinger that Dr. Adams said he would have to operate on the wrist to decompress the nerve in the carpal tunnel. If the feeling hadn't returned by noon the next day—Friday, December 6th—the operation would take place then. Dr. Adams was afraid that the pressure would cause irreversible nerve damage if he didn't operate. He told Neil not to eat after midnight on Thursday.

On Friday morning, an anesthetist came in with a form for Neil to sign, giving his consent to undergo anesthesia. For the first time since he was six, Neil couldn't write his name. He put a wobbly X on the line marked "Signature of Patient;" one of the residents signed his name as a witness.

At ten o'clock, a resident named Jonathan Cutler gave Neil a pinprick test and asked if he could feel anything in his left middle finger and forefinger. Neil said he felt a tingling sensation. "You're wrong," Dr. Cutler said. "There's been no change."

Dr. Adams and his retinue came in at eleven. Dr. Adams asked Neil if he thought the feeling was returning to his second and first fingers.

"Well, I feel some sensation coming back, but I must be wrong, because Dr. Cutler checked the fingers and there's no improvement," Neil said.

Dr. Adams smiled. "I'm not interested in what Dr. Cutler thinks, I'm interested in what you think," he said. He took out some pins and tested the two fingers. Neil said he could feel some tingling in both. Dr. Adams told Neil that he had felt nothing there two nights ago and that the tingling was a sign of improvement. "Cancel the operation and bring this man some lunch," Dr. Adams told one of the nurses. "We can always operate later, on an emergency basis, if it takes a turn for the worse."

In the afternoon, Dr. Adams tested Neil's fingers again. Neil felt some tingling in them. Dr. Adams said there

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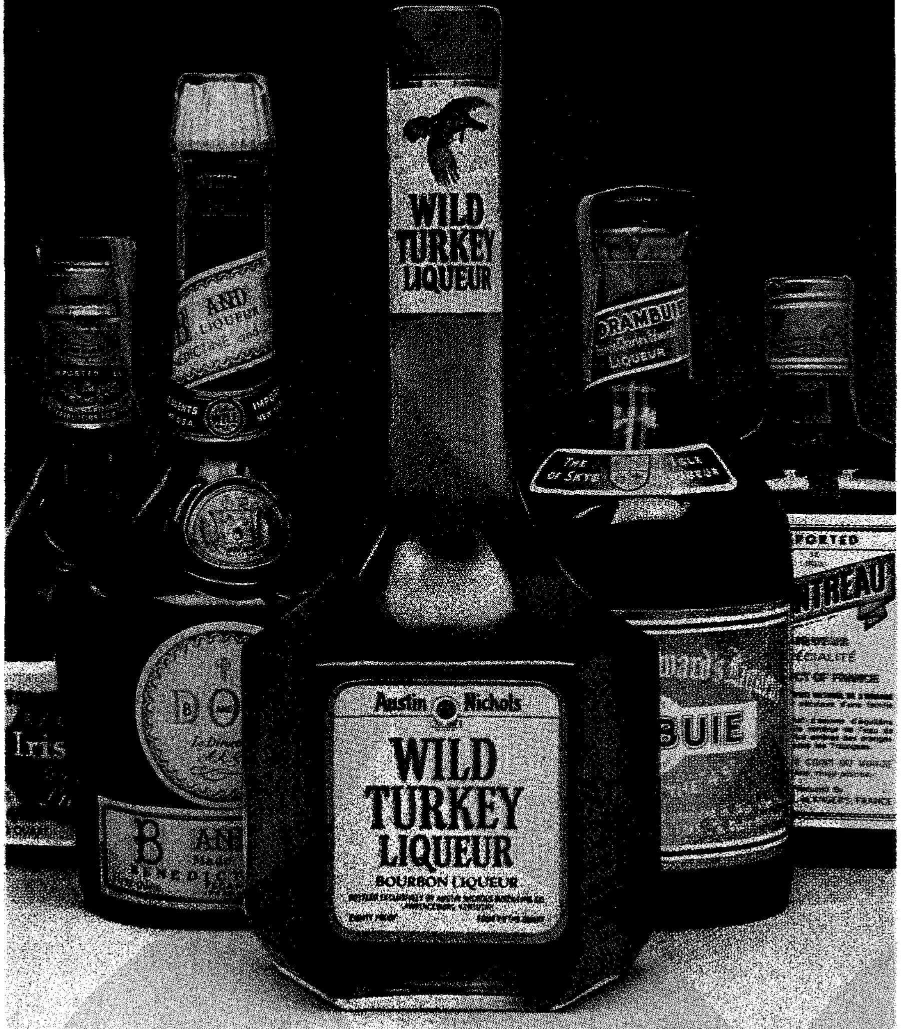

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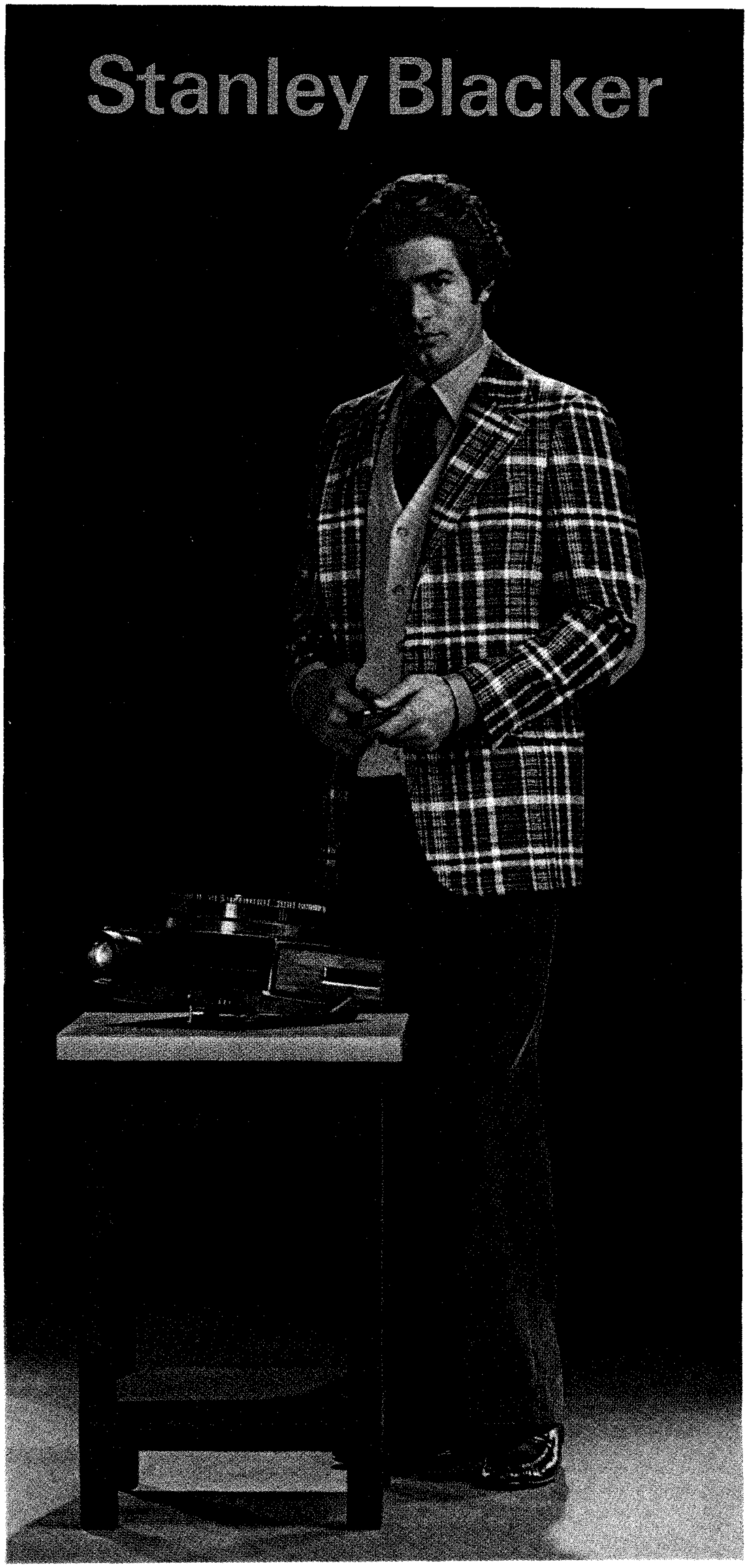
was no immediate need to operate. Some of the feeling had come back, and perhaps the rest would. Maybe the fracture had reached the high point of swelling and the pressure on the nerve was being released. He told Neil he would have him up and walking the following day.

On Saturday, one of the residents removed the splint from Neil's right leg and put a sturdy cylindrical walking cast on it. A nurse and a technician got Neil up with great effort and helped him walk, with a gimp, the five feet between his bed and the nearest chair. While he was in the chair, he wore a sling on his right arm; the sling had the same effect when he was sitting up that the hanging cast had when he was lying down. That night, Neil had bad cramps in his right leg; again he needed a shot of morphine. On Sunday, Dr. Adams gave Neil some straight-leg exercises to do to work the muscles under the cast. On Monday, getting out of bed was less arduous. On Tuesday, Neil was given a thick-handled fork and spoon and a plate guard so that he could start feeding himself. On Wednesday morning, a resident cut the cast off Neil's leg with a plaster saw and put a removable splint on the leg. The purpose of the cylindrical cast had been to give Neil a sense of security. A splint would bear as much weight as a cast, and Neil would be able to walk more naturally with it. He would also be able to exercise his knee with a removable splint to keep the joint from freezing up. One of the nurses showed Neil three knee-flexing exercises to do that afternoon. The new exercises, done with a sling under the knee attached to a rope and pulley, which Neil could raise and lower with his left hand because the cast stabilized his fractured wrist, gave Neil muscle cramps that night.

By Thursday, December 12th, Neil had been at George Washington University Hospital for two weeks. Each day differed slightly in detail from the day before—there were variations on the themes of progress and pain—but his life had settled into a certain routine. Neil's day began at six-thirty, when Mrs. Turner washed him, gave him an alcohol rubdown, and made his bed before going off duty. Most R.N.s know how to shave their male patients' faces and to brush their teeth with a regular toothbrush. Mrs. Turner didn't. She wouldn't attempt to shave Neil; she said she was too clumsy. She brushed his teeth with a sponge brush. Neil was tempted to get another private-duty night nurse, because there were many days when the nurses on



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the day shift didn't have time to give him a shave, but Mrs. Turner was a pleasant person, and he didn't want to hurt her feelings. Besides, he was glad to sleep through the morning ablutions. Neil keeps odd hours at home—he usually stays up writing until three or four in the morning and sleeps until ten. At the hospital, he often couldn't fall asleep before three o'clock, slept poorly in the early-morning hours, and found that he could sleep best after seven. For a few days, he was awakened for breakfast between seven and eight. The nurses soon learned that he would rather eat cold scrambled eggs at ten o'clock than hot ones at seven—or, if need be, no eggs at all. They taped a large blue sign to his door saying "DO NOT WAKE PATIENT UNTIL 9:30" next to the small orange slip in the door slot that read "Sheehan, Neil; Dr. Adams." Even with a "Do Not Disturb" sign on one's door and a room of one's own, Neil discovered, a hospital is not a good place to catch up on one's rest. All morning and afternoon long, nurses and aides, trays and pitchers of ice water came and went. Women in white entered the room several times a day to take Neil's temperature with the latest in electronic digital thermometers. Others periodically took his blood pressure on his one good limb—his left leg. Others put him on a deep-breathing machine, to keep his lungs from collapsing and keep him from getting pneumonia. And still others passed out pills: antibiotics, vitamins, and pain-killers. Each day, there were pin tests, prong tests, and sometimes coin-identification tests to take, an increasing number of exercises to do, and a chair to walk to and sit in. There were trips to X-ray every three days. From time to time, Dr. Adams told him how the bones in his right arm were realigning.

As early as Thanksgiving, news of Neil's accident had reached many of our friends. One friend came to visit Neil on Friday, the day after his arrival at the hospital, when he was still washed out. "Thank you for going," Neil said at the end of the visit—a classic Freudian slip that the friend fortunately didn't hear. From then on, Neil was grateful for his daily visitors. Most of our close friends visited often and were excellent company. They distracted Neil from the pain of his bones and the boredom of the exercises by telling him funny stories. They saw that he was worried about the accident's delaying his book, and encouraged him: he would be up and working sooner than he thought, it wouldn't

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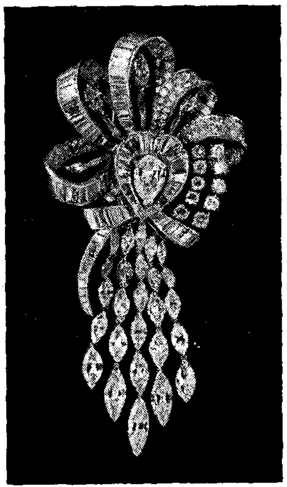

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matter in the long run if the book came out a season later. A few friends offered to lend us money if we needed it. A couple of friends phoned instead of visiting—"I don't care for hospitals," one said, by way of explanation—and several people we had thought were close friends didn't bother to phone; on the other hand, a few people we had thought of as only casual acquaintances visited often. Not all the people we saw the most of after Neil left the hospital were the same people we had seen the most of before he went in.

I spent the mornings at home doing household chores and accident chores—thanking friends for cards, letters, baskets of fruit, plants, and flowers. I arrived at the hospital every afternoon around two and stayed until eight, and then went home to read to the children and put them to bed. My hours in the hospital were busy. Like Mrs. Turner, I felt too clumsy to shave Neil, but I did manage to brush his teeth with a regular toothbrush without breaking any more of his bones. I put hydrogen peroxide on the cuts his teeth had made in his lower lip until the cuts healed, plumped his pillows, brushed his hair, washed his face, held the receiver when the phone rang so that he could talk to his friends, dialled our number at home so that he could talk to the children, watered the chrysanthemums and culled the wilted roses, covered the cracked hospital-green walls with the children's drawings, decorated the slats of the venetian blinds with get-well cards, and read Neil part of the newspaper. The good news about the possible Ford Foundation fellowship had slipped my mind after I called Neil on the night of the accident, but I remembered it later. Some afternoons were spent working on fellowship applications. Neil drafted proposals, and I took dictation. Every day, I read Neil the menu for the following day, circling the least of the three or four evils offered in each category for each meal. At first, when a greater evil was delivered by mistake—apricot nectar, say, instead of tomato juice—I took the elevator down and walked a long way to the kitchen to exchange it. By early December, as the perspective so quickly lost after the accident began to return, the juice seemed unimportant. Neil even got to like apricot nectar, and I came to realize how irrational it had been for me to think that the GEICO woman to whom I had reported the accident should have offered sympathy. There was a television set hung from the ceiling above Neil's bed.

Every evening before I left the hospital, I read Neil the eight-to-eleven-o'clock television schedule, for TV was his only diversion. We hardly ever watch television at home, so the dismal choice of programs on the four channels available on the hospital set—the public-television channel was not available—was an unpleasant surprise. Once in a while there was a good movie, but a typical selection of programs was apt to be "Little House on the Prairie," "Dealer's Choice," "Tony Orlando and Dawn," and a college basketball game.

Dr. Adams visited Neil once every day from December 1st until December 24th (when he took two days off for Christmas), and sometimes more often. Some mornings, he seemed busy and preoccupied, stayed only a minute or two to ask a couple of questions about Neil's bones, and was gone. Other mornings, he appeared to be relaxed, entered Neil's room around nine-thirty or ten, watched Neil sleep for a few minutes, and woke him up with a wry one-liner. "You never seem to move," he said when Neil was still almost as bandaged and immobile as a mummy. Some afternoons, Dr. Adams acted as if Neil were his only patient, and stayed for over an hour, chatting with him about journalism, politics, his own love of sailing, the need for solitude, and the nature of pain. Neil told Dr. Adams that he had come to dread sunset in the hospital, because pain seemed to creep in after dark. Dr. Adams nodded. "That does seem to be the time when the devils come out," he said.

The nurses appeared to regard Dr. Adams with a mixture of respect and trepidation. Neil observed that the plastic aprons worn by the residents and some of the other doctors with patients on 5-N were usually covered with plaster. When the nurses learned that Dr. Adams, whom they sometimes referred to simply as "himself," was going to change a cast, a clean plastic apron was produced on short notice. One day, two nurses stopped at Neil's door and read his name tag. "Must be one of Dr. Adams' V.I.P.s in the private room," one said to the other. "Neil Sheehan. That can't be one of his rich little old ladies from Georgetown. Maybe it's one of his Washington Redskins."

The threat of an operation to decompress the nerve in the carpal tunnel in Neil's left wrist hovered over him until December 19th, when Dr. Adams pin-tested and prong-tested his fingers and told him he would have to operate to release the pressure, but not until late

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January. He wanted to postpone the operation as long as possible, because he didn't want to disturb the bones that were healing or cause any bleeding in the fracture. Neil could go home before the end of the year and return to the hospital a few weeks later for the operation. The nurses began to talk to Neil about "discharge planning." We were referred to a company that rented hospital equipment, and we rented an electric bed with an orthopedic frame. Neil's last ten days at the hospital were devoted to learning new exercises and to becoming more mobile. He walked for the first time without a splint, then walked without assistance, then learned to go up and down stairs. Both the wrist cast and the arm cast were taken off, so that he would be less encumbered. The wrist was put in a commercial splint, the arm in a traction arrangement that I could tie and untie when Neil wanted to get in and out of the rented bed.

NEIL came home on the morning of Monday, December 30th. That afternoon and most days for the next few weeks, Henry Stitt, an R.N. on the hospital night shift, came to the house for several hours to work with Neil. Stitt, who weighs two hundred and forty pounds, had the strength to lift Neil in and out of the bathtub, so on New Year's Eve Neil had his first bath in five weeks. He also supervised Neil's sundry exercises and took him out for walks, bundled up against the cold. Between December 30th and January 15th, the day that Neil went to see Dr. Adams in his office in the George Washington University Clinic building, across the street from the hospital, his greatest progress was in walking. Confident that Henry would grab him if he stumbled, he went from two blocks a day to thirty a day in two weeks. On January 15th, Dr. Adams had X-rays taken and examined Neil. The bones of his right arm were healing in good alignment. The knee was not as flexible as it might be; Dr. Adams took Neil in to meet his chief physical therapist, who gave him several new knee exercises to do. He told Neil he would operate on the left wrist on January 21st; while Neil was on the operating table, he would shoot some cortisone into the knee.

Neil returned to 5-N on the afternoon of Monday, January 20th. The residents he had come to know late in 1974 had gone to other hospitals in the area, and other residents had been rotated to G.W. At five o'clock on the twentieth, Dr. Adams told Neil and the new group of young men standing around the bed his plans for the morning of the twenty-first. He was going to make a two-inch incision in Neil's left wrist, take out any bone fragments that might be there, and release the transverse carpal ligament. Later that evening, an anesthetist came in to explain what he—or one of his colleagues—would do the next morning. He would give Neil a local anesthetic, because a general anesthetic was riskier and its aftereffects were less pleasant. The anesthetist would simply spear a nerve just below Neil's left shoulder and inject the anesthetic, thereby "freezing" the arm from that point down—a procedure called an axillary block. The needle would feel like a slight jolt of electricity.

On the morning of the twenty-first, Neil was transferred from his bed to a stretcher on wheels and taken to one of the operating rooms on the first floor. The room was a large one with an array of dome-shaped lights overhead. He was placed on a narrow operating table, to which he was secured by a rubber strap around his waist. An IV with a solution containing Valium was put into his right arm to relax him. Dr. Adams appeared, and so did an anesthetist, carrying a long needle. Neil felt the needle go in. It hurt, but there was no promised jolt of electricity. The anesthetist started to inject fluid and asked Neil if he felt any numbness. He didn't. The man kept asking Neil if he felt any numbness. Neil said no.

"What went wrong?" Neil asked.

"Well, I missed the nerve," the anesthetist said, showing Neil the sharp needle he had used. He took some blunter ones out of his pocket, saying he hadn't known they were in the operating room when he'd used the sharp one.

The next thing Neil knew, he was waking up in a recovery room. Soon after that, he was wheeled to his room. Some time after he woke up, Dr. Adams came in. Neil asked what had happened. "The guy missed," Dr. Adams said, rather nonchalantly. "Happens about ten per cent of the time. So we added sodium pentothal to the IV and gave you some nitrous oxide to put you out. There weren't any bits of bone pressing on the median nerve, but as a result of the hemorrhaging and swelling there was about two centimetres of pressure on the nerve, which I released."

Neil went to sleep early on Tuesday, slept most of Wednesday, still felt a

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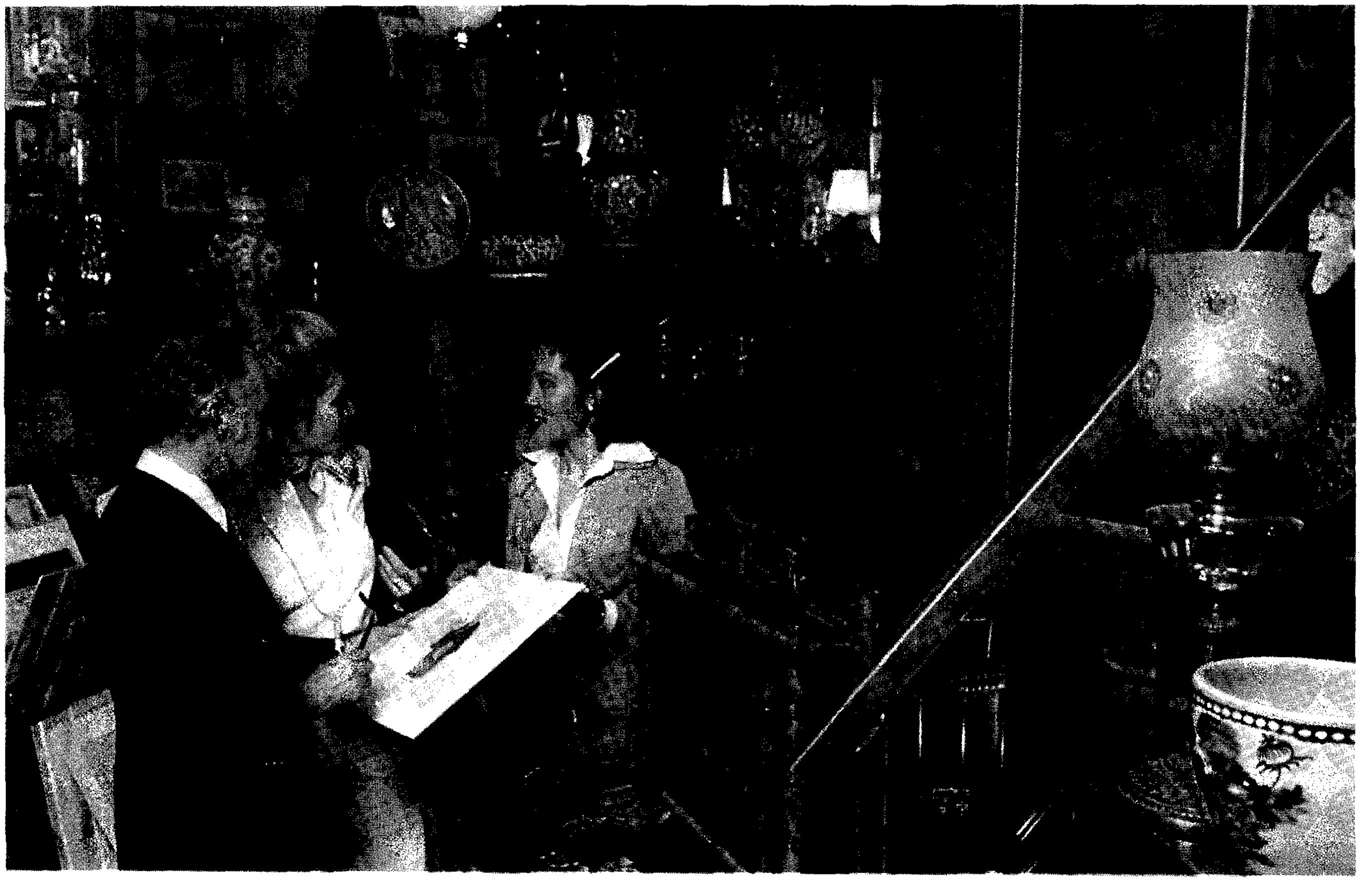

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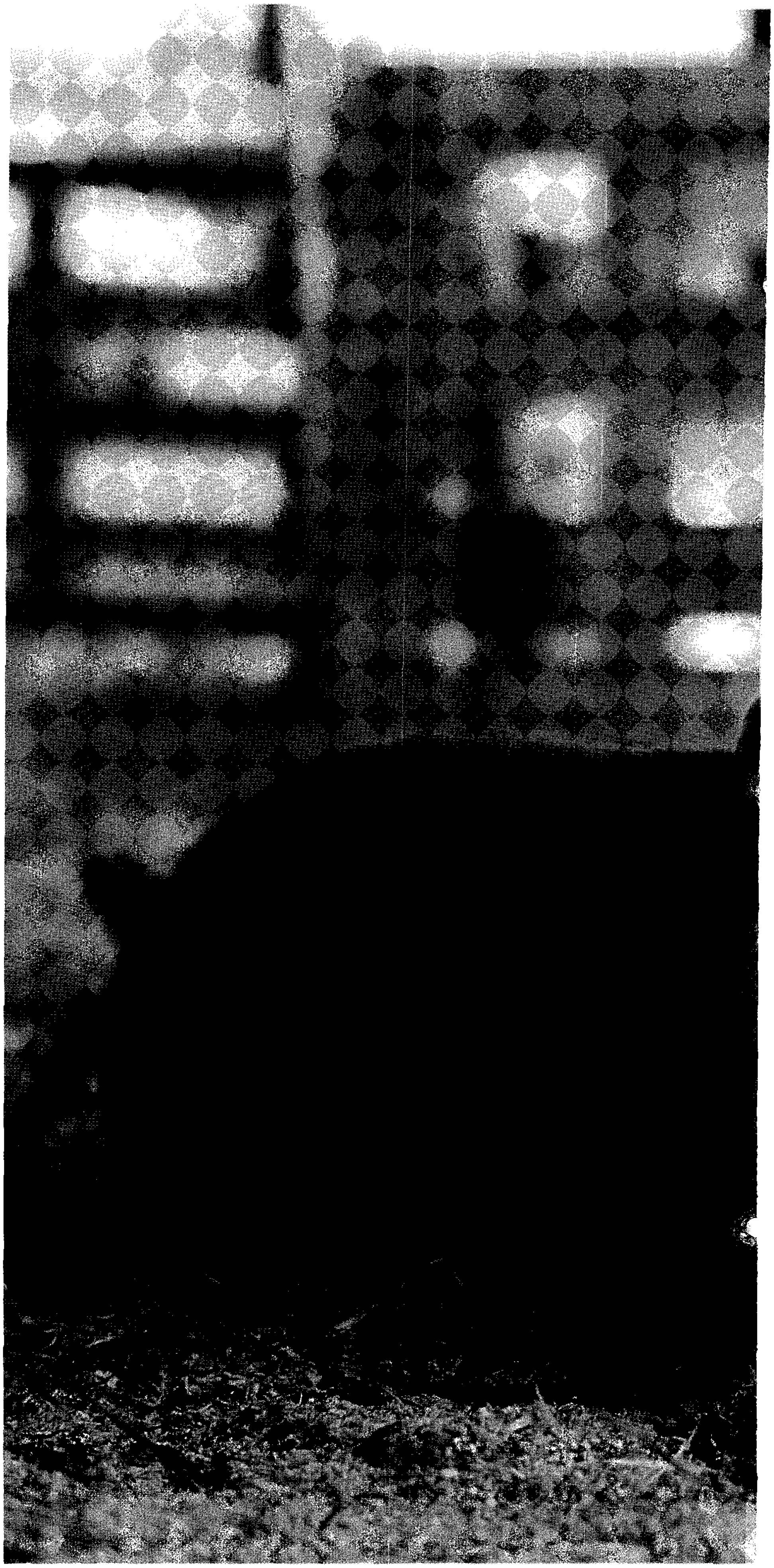

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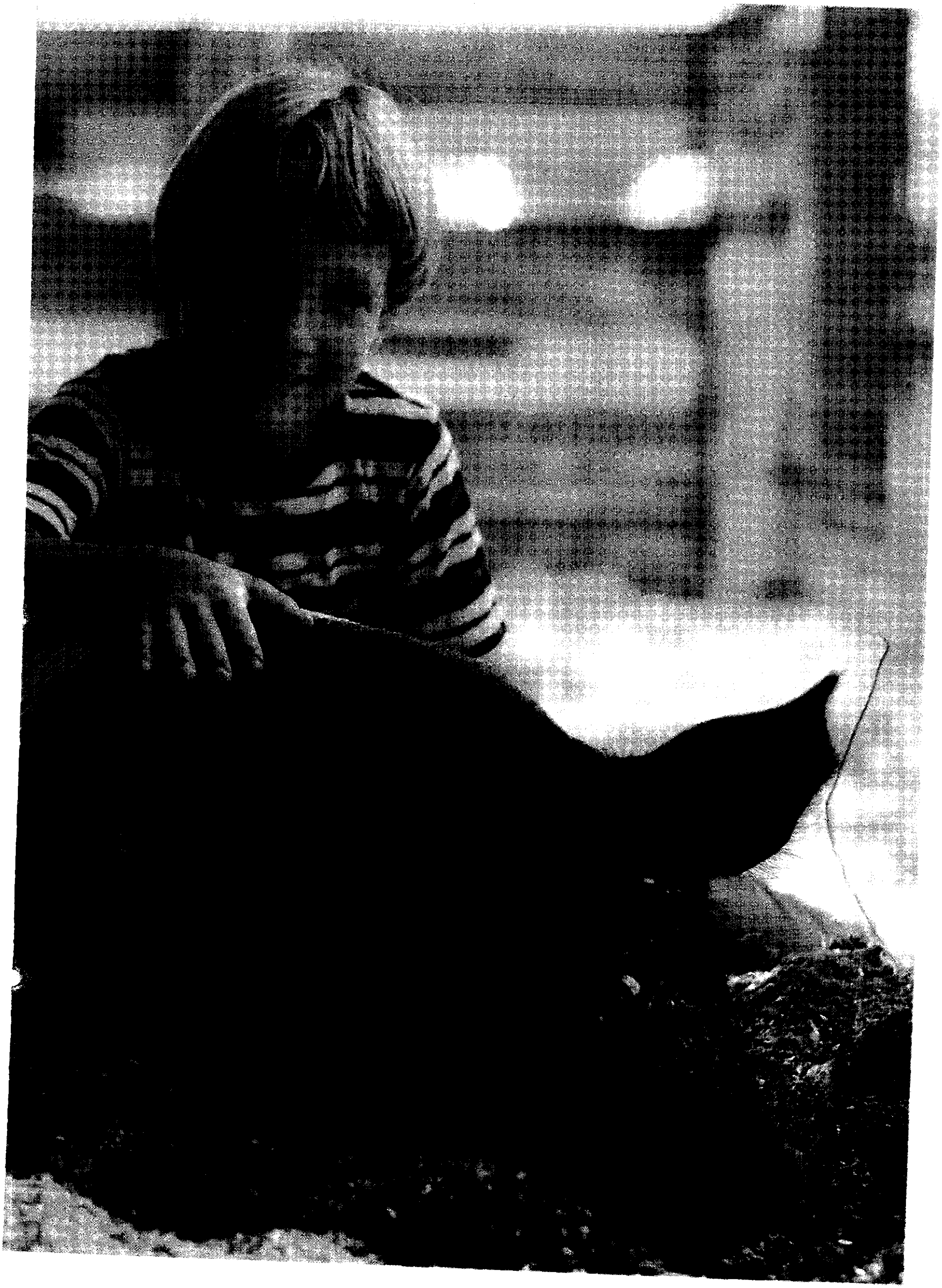

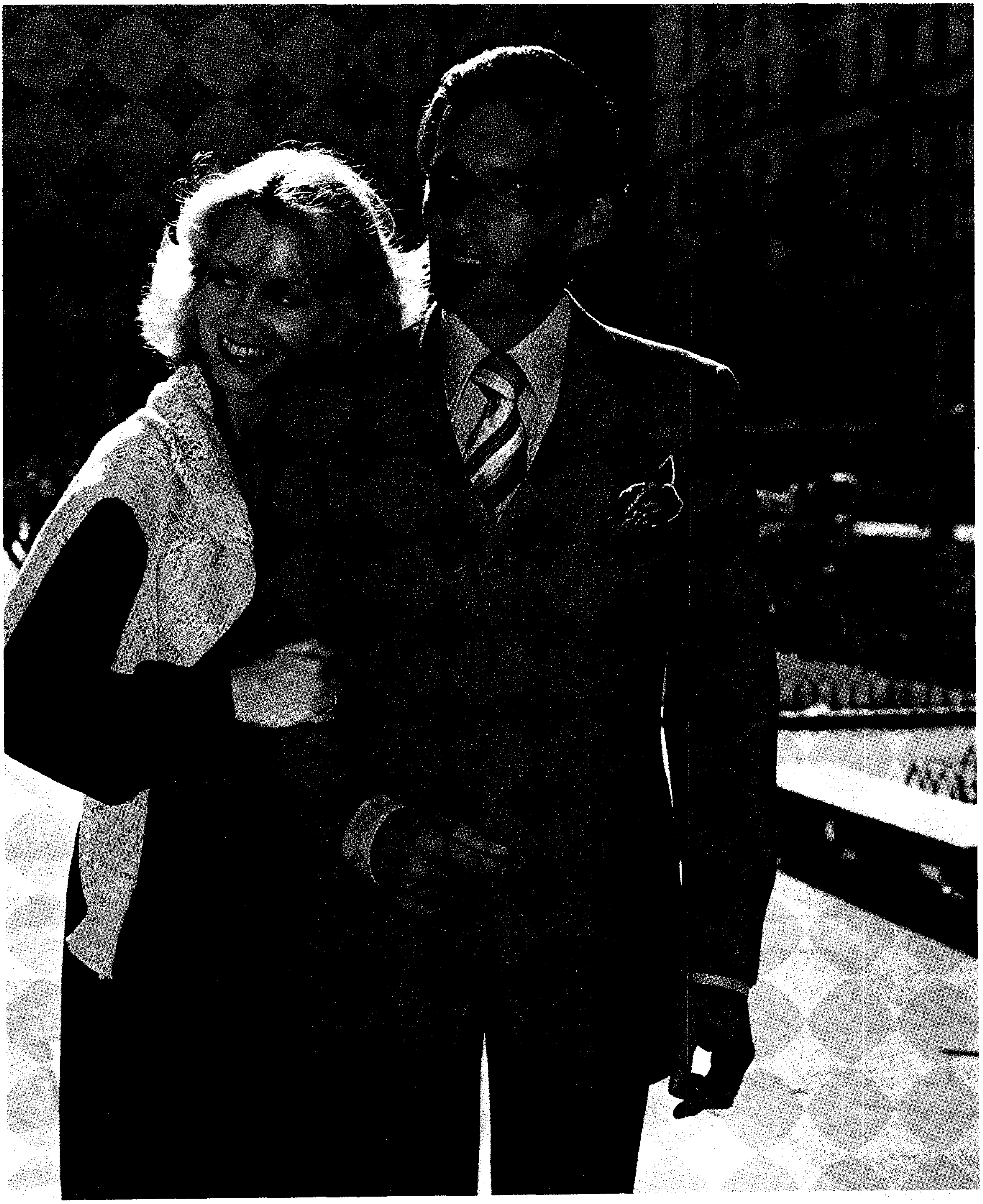

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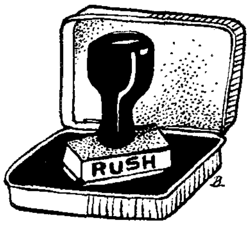
bit drowsy on Thursday, and came home on Friday morning.

Neil's return home from the hospital on Friday, January 24, 1975, marked the end of only one phase of the accident: his hospitalization. In 1975, Neil's physical progress was slow, and his ability to work on his book—to write, to travel to interviews—was extremely limited. Until February, he was unable to type, and for several months after that he could bear typing only part of the day. He wasn't able to drive a car until April. Walking and doing exercises to regain the use of his knee, wrist, and arm took up two to three hours a day, and he had to visit Dr. Adams' physical therapist often. For a year, he tired easily.

I spent the first half of 1975 paying medical bills and dealing with GEICO. After turning up our car-insurance policy on November 26, 1974, to give the GEICO woman our policy number, I had put it back in the file folder marked "Car." Friends who came to the hospital asked us what sort of car insurance we had and whether it would help us with our bills; we had to say we didn't know. I had first bought insurance from GEICO for our '68 Buick in 1969, and for five years we hadn't filed a claim; each year I had simply renewed the original policy without looking at it. Neil, like most drivers of our acquaintance, bought car insurance primarily to insure us against any harm he might do to someone else. I knew we had coverage of a hundred thousand dollars per person and three hundred thousand dollars per accident to protect us against bodily-injury liability suits. I also knew we had collision insurance on our car. When I had time to fish out the policy again, in mid-December, I was amazed to learn that by some sort of good luck I had let the GEICO salesperson in 1969 sell me two thousand dollars' worth of coverage for medical payments we incurred as a result of a car accident, and coverage of ten thousand dollars per person—up to twenty thousand dollars per accident for two or more people in the car—against uninsured motorists. (We could have bought up to ten thousand dollars' worth of medical-payment coverage, but the ten thousand/twenty thousand against uninsured motorists is the highest amount sold to residents of the District of Columbia; people in some states can buy more, in others less.) I hadn't heard from GEICO in the weeks since I'd reported the accident.



After studying our insurance policy, I called GEICO on December 20, 1974, gave our claims number, and was directed to Winfred Prange, the man who had been assigned to be our claims representative. Prange told me that a GEICO representative had already gone to the service station to which our Buick had been towed, and had pronounced it beyond repair. Prange said we would be paid the amount the National Automobile Dealers Association had determined was the average sales price for a '68 Buick Skylark in western Maryland at that time—twelve hundred and fifty dollars—less the hundred-dollar deductible on our policy. He sent us a check for eleven hundred and fifty dollars, which arrived early in January. To collect the two thousand dollars for medical payments, Prange told me, I would have to send him copies of Neil's medical bills. Since these had come to about ten thousand dollars by the end of January, collecting the two thousand dollars wouldn't be a problem, Prange said, and in due time I received a check for that amount. Prange told me that to get the ten thousand dollars' worth of uninsured-motorists' coverage I would have to prove that Spicer had been uninsured. I didn't feel that the burden of proof should rest on me, but to be accommodating I wrote, in March, to the West Virginia Department of Motor Vehicles, in Charleston. I received the sort of reply I might have expected: because the state had no mandatory auto-liability-insurance law, it had no record of whether Spicer's station wagon was or was not insured on the day of the accident. I forwarded the letter to Prange. I later learned that a GEICO representative was sent to Tunnelton in April of 1975. He found Spicer and had him sign a statement saying that he wasn't insured. I also learned that Spicer was told he owed GEICO eleven thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. GEICO wasn't entitled to recover the medical expenses from Spicer, but it could go after him for the uninsured-motorist coverage and for the collision coverage, and had included the hundred-dollar-deductible sum on our behalf. Spicer had offered to pay GEICO back at the rate of ten dollars a month. We received a check for ten thousand dollars from GEICO early in May. "If Spicer had had the one-hundred-to-three-

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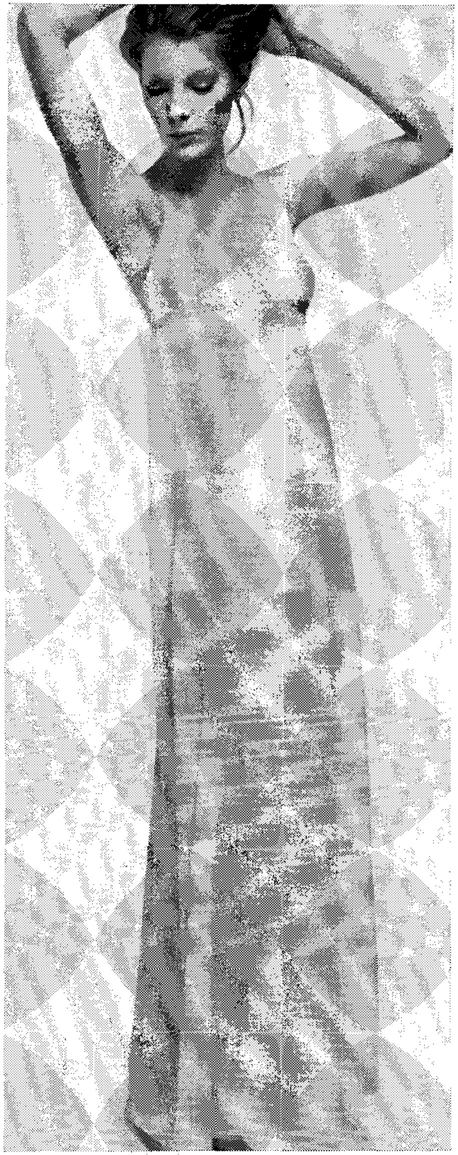

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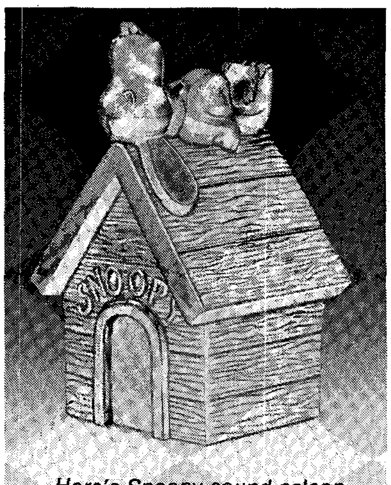
hundred-thousand-dollar liability coverage you carried, you'd have collected the full hundred thousand dollars," Prange told Neil after studying his medical bills and a description of his injuries.

We spent about half the money we had received from GEICO two weeks later, on a new car. Dr. Alvarez had told Neil that the Buick's reasonable size and weight and the seat belt he was wearing might well have saved his life. If Neil had been driving a compact, or not wearing his seat belt in our medium-sized, thirty-three-hundred-pound car, Dr. Alvarez said, he might well have been killed. If he had been driving a later-model car, of the same weight or heavier—and the heavier the better—equipped with shoulder harnesses and headrests, Dr. Alvarez said, he might have come out of the accident with just a broken knee. After the accident, Neil decided to buy the safest car on the market. He called a reporter in Detroit who covered the automobile industry. In the reporter's opinion, the safest '75 cars for sale were the large General Motors models that came with air bags. In May, we bought an Oldsmobile 98 with air bags. If the car wasn't in keeping with our financial status—and it wasn't—it was in keeping with Neil's experience as the victim of a serious accident. When friends talk about their gas-saving compacts, Neil keeps a discreet silence. Before buying the Olds, he had calculated that the money we would save in gas over a year with a compact was less than the cost of a day and a half in the hospital. Even if Spicer had been insured, Neil would not have considered a hundred thousand dollars good value for his bones.

The rest of the GEICO money went into paying for the accident bills that our medical-insurance policy didn't cover—the private-versus-semiprivate-room differential, twenty-five per cent of Mrs. Turner's and Henry Stitt's charges, and the entire cost of the plane that flew Neil from Maryland to Washington. The policy would have covered a two-hundred-mile ambulance trip on the ground, but it didn't cover a two-hundred-mile trip by air. The plane cost a hundred and sixty-four dollars and fifty cents, which seemed reasonable.

ONE day early in 1975, I finally got around to opening two large envelopes that had arrived a few weeks earlier. One, from Doug Spaulding, contained the photographs he had taken of Spicer's car the day after the accident. I remembered what Doug had



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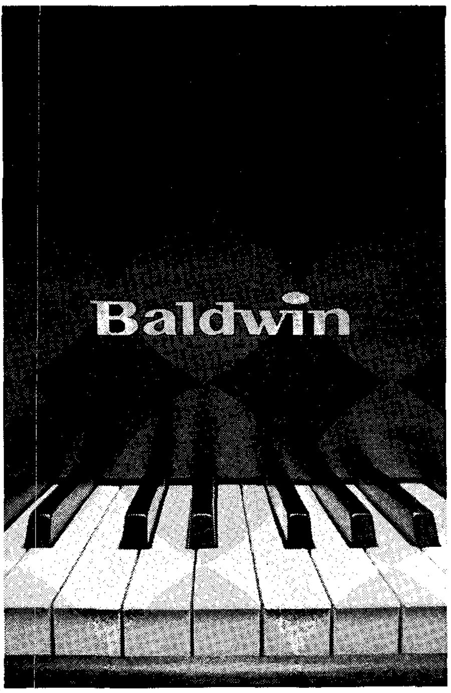


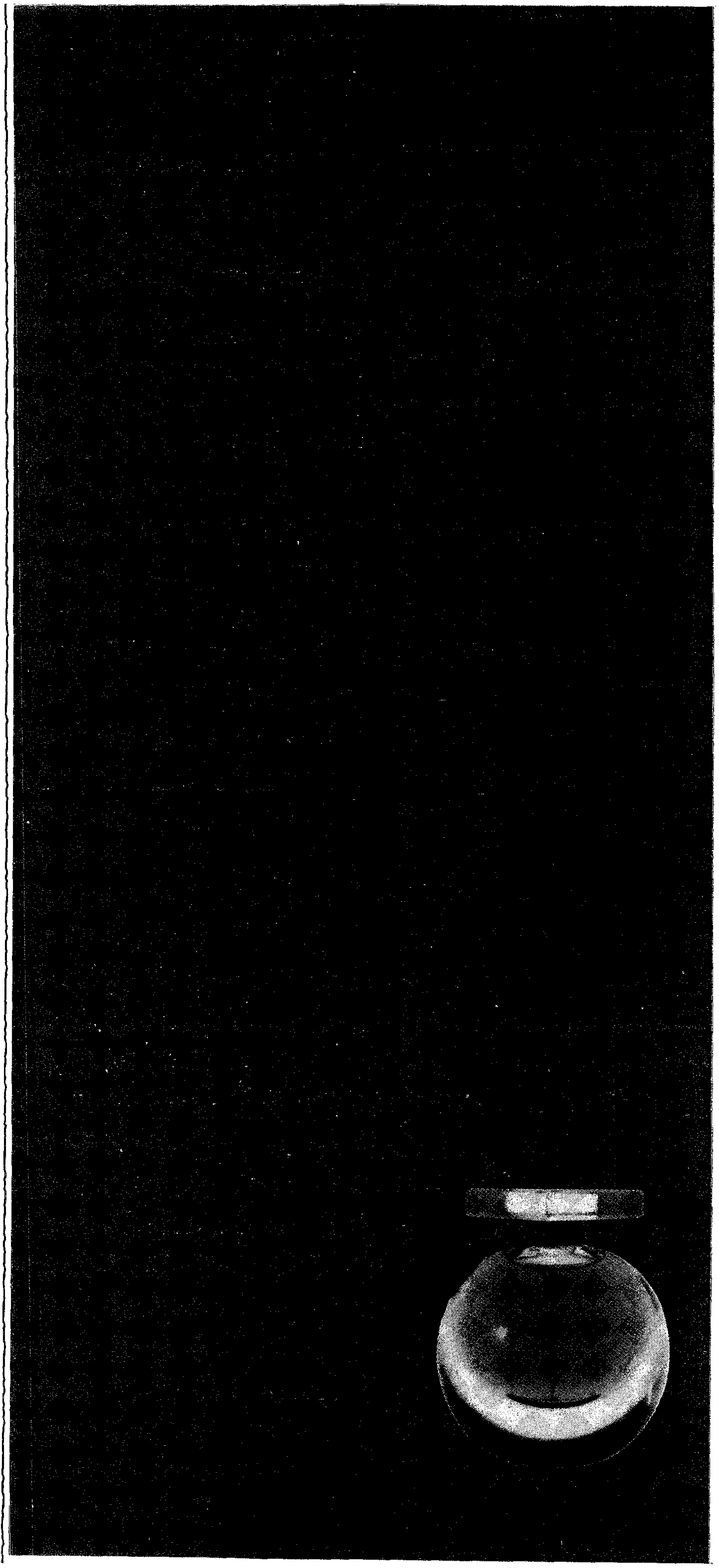
Seiji Ozawa's Accompanist

said about the tires, and studied them in the large, clear photographs. Doug had been right. The tires didn't match, and they didn't look roadworthy. Spicer's two front treads were nearly bald snow tires, his two rear treads were balder regular tires. The boxes of brake shoes that Doug had mentioned were visible on top of a pile of clothes on the back seat in a shot he had taken of the station wagon's messy interior. The second envelope, from Doug's lawyer friend, contained a Xerox copy of the receipt for the fifteen-dollar fine that Spicer had paid on December 5, 1974 (by paying it, Spicer acknowledged that he was guilty, as charged, of failing to keep to the right of center), and a Xerox copy of the accident report. I was troubled by the seeming contradictions between the photographs and the accident report.

The accident report, filled out by Trooper Huff, listed some basic facts about Neil, Spicer, and their vehicles: their dates of birth, their Social Security numbers, their addresses, their driver's-license numbers, their license-plate numbers. There was one box on the two-page printed form that said "Vehicle Condition." Huff had written "01," the code number for "No apparent defects," in the boxes to indicate the condition of each car. He might have marked "02" ("Defective brakes"), and he could certainly have marked "07" ("Tires—excess wear or smooth"), if he had wanted to. There was a space for a diagram of the accident at the end of the form; Huff's diagram didn't quite jibe with what Neil remembered or with what he had told Huff at the hospital on the night of the accident.

One day late in May of 1975, Neil was particularly discouraged. He had asked Dr. Adams about his progress and had been told that while, unlike most patients, he was doing all his exercises faithfully, he would never regain full motion in his left wrist and he would also lose some movement of his right shoulder joint. Neil railed afterward about the pain and harm Spicer had done to him. I decided to call Trooper Huff to ask him about the seeming disparities between the photographs, the accident report, and Neil's memories.

When I reached Huff (whose name, along with Spicer's and certain others, has been changed), I identified myself and said that my husband had been in a bad car accident on November 25, 1974, and that I supposed he investigated so many accidents each month that he might not remember



the one in which Neil had been hurt, six months earlier.

Huff interrupted me to say that he did remember. "It was on Route Two-nineteen, and your husband's a newspaperman," he said.

I told him that I had a copy of the accident report and photographs of Spicer's car taken the day after the accident and was puzzled by some discrepancies. I first brought up the fact that the accident report said that Spicer's car had no apparent defects, while the photographs clearly showed that his tires were bald. Huff did not respond. I then mentioned the boxes of brake shoes inside the car, asked Huff if he thought they might indicate the car needed brake work, and asked him whether he had checked Spicer's brakes.

"I don't see how you can tell the condition of a car's brakes by looking at some photographs," Huff said.

Letting this response go by, I told Huff that Neil said he had had no trouble steering his car on the night of the accident, despite the light snow. Did he think Spicer's bald tires could have contributed to the accident?

"Spicer told me he was blinded by the snow, and I think that was a reasonable conclusion," Huff said, again not mentioning the condition of Spicer's tires.

I turned next to Huff's diagram of the accident, which showed Spicer's car coming down his own side of the road and then crossing slightly over the center line to Neil's side very shortly before the collision. I told Huff that his diagram and Neil's memory were at variance. Neil remembered Spicer coming straight at him down Neil's side of the road for something under two hundred yards—nearly the length of two football fields. Huff made no comment, so I asked him if his diagram had been based on his observations at the scene of the accident. Had he perhaps found skid marks on the road? Huff said that the road was well travelled and wet. There had been no skid marks. If the photographs and Neil's memory of the accident were accurate, I continued, and Spicer had been driving an unsound car down the wrong side of the road, couldn't Huff have charged him with driving an unsafe vehicle or with reckless driving?

"You've got to show negligence on the part of an operator to charge him with reckless driving," Huff said.

When I asked him if it wasn't negligent to drive a car with bald tires in a supposedly blinding snowstorm, there was silence at the other end of the line. I filled the silence by asking Huff if he drove his police cruiser in the snow with bald tires.

"The department wouldn't let me," he replied. "Look," he continued. "If you fail to keep to the right of center, there's a fine for that that's been set by law. It's fifteen dollars. It's just a traffic situation. It can happen to anybody. Do you think the penalty should be hanging, or five years' imprisonment?"

No, I said, but I did think fifteen dollars was too light a penalty, considering the extent of Neil's injuries, the condition of Spicer's car, and the manner in which he had been driving it. Maybe if Spicer had been charged with more serious violations, had been fined more heavily, and had lost his license, he might consider the consequences of his behavior in the future, and not drive another unsafe car down the wrong side of the road and injure someone else.

"I'd have given your husband the newspaperman the same fine if he'd failed to keep to the right of center," Huff responded. "I place no more emphasis on your husband than on the other fellow. I handle each accident as an individual matter." Huff then hung up.

We subscribe to the *Republican*, Oakland's weekly newspaper, which covers local crime and car accidents thoroughly, so I knew that Huff's attitude toward someone who inflicts injury or death with a motor vehicle was not unusual in western Maryland. A few weeks after my conversation with Huff, I read two front-page stories in the *Republican*. One was about eight people who had been arrested for alleged possession of marijuana in a Maryland state park; they were released on a thousand dollars' bond each. The second was about an eighteen-year-old speeder who crossed over to the wrong side of the road in his pick-up truck, hit and killed a man who was returning to his parked car, fled from the scene of the accident, and was arrested five days later. He had been released on a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar bond. Some months later, the hit-and-run driver was fined two hundred and fifty-five dollars for failing to stop after being involved in a collision resulting in death, and a hundred and five dollars for reckless driving.

IN the summer of 1975, we began going up to our log cabin to spend weekends. (Ever since the accident, we haven't gone to West Virginia after early November, when the snow starts to fall.) One Saturday in August, after

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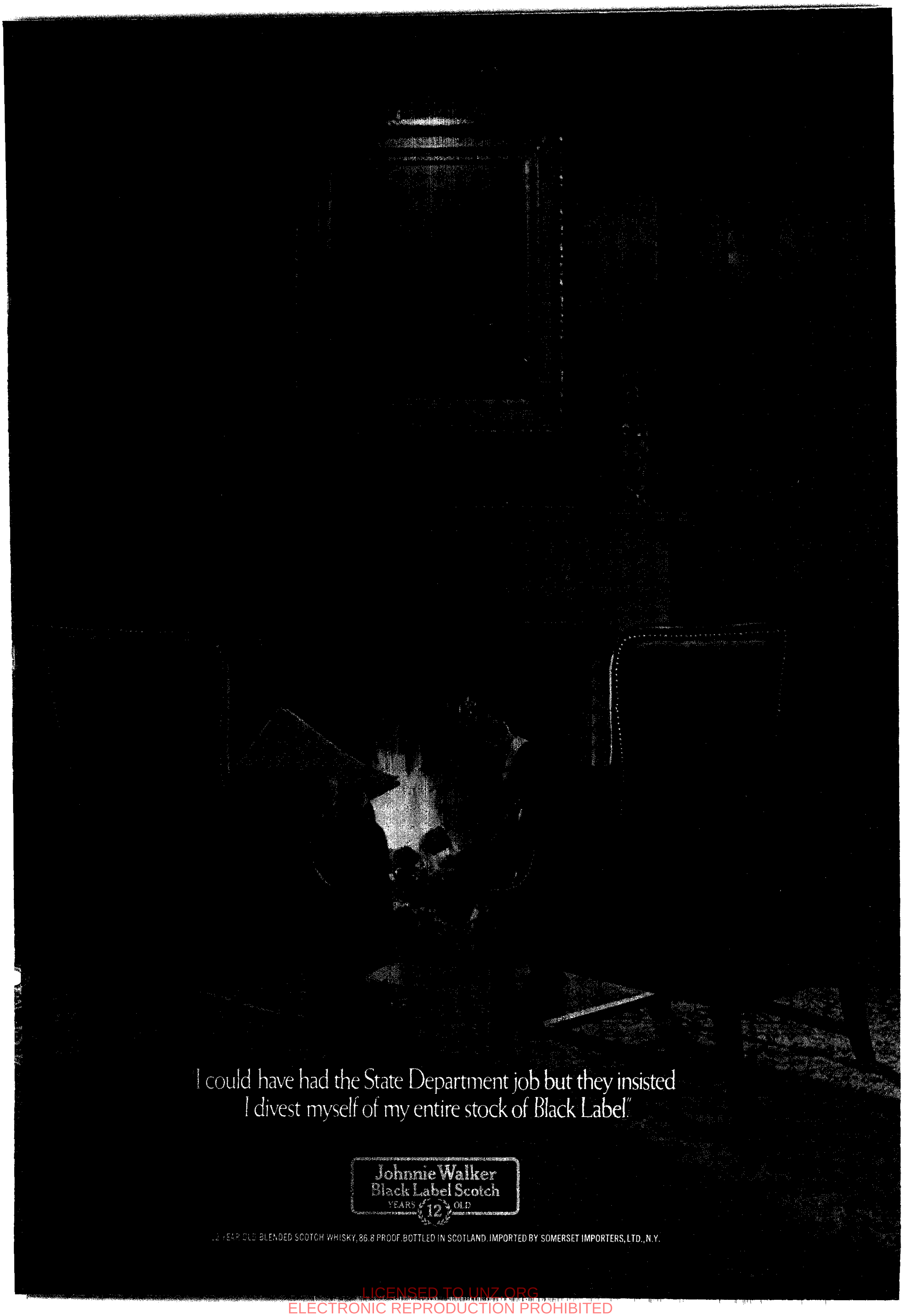
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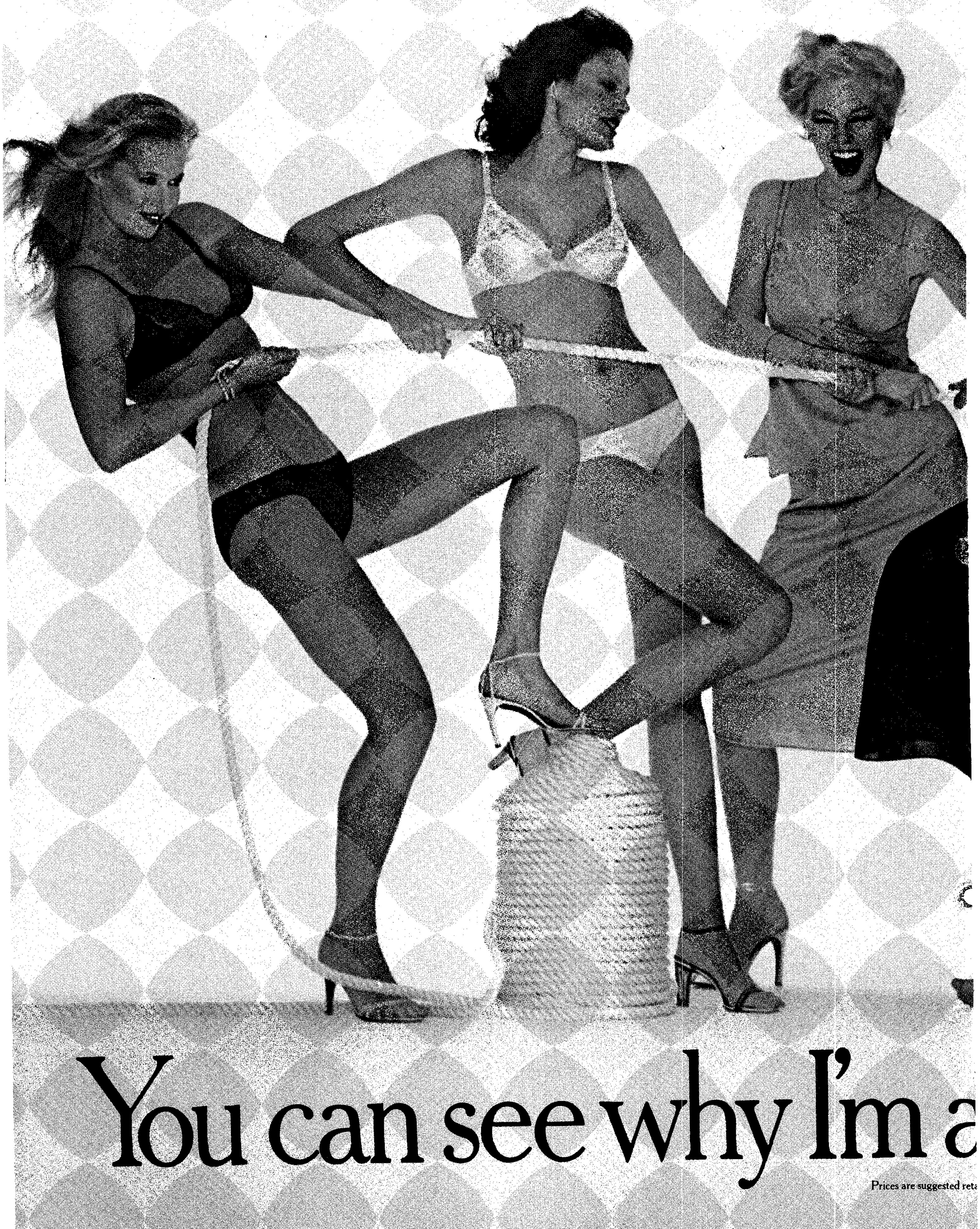
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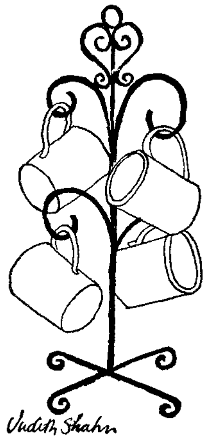
driving to the Garrett County Memorial Hospital to thank Dr. Alvarez again, we went to visit the man with the pickup truck who had rescued Neil from his car. Through friends in Oakland, we had learned that the Good Samaritan was a young man named Harold Upole, who lived near Oakland. On the night of the accident, Upole told us, he was driving home from work in Oakland, going south on 219, when his headlights suddenly picked up Neil's car in the middle of the road. He almost hit it, because Neil's lights had been destroyed by the collision. He pulled over, took a flashlight he had on his dashboard, and got out of the pickup. He heard Neil crying for help. He could see the vehicle that Neil's car had collided with, in a ditch at the side of the road.

After thanking Upole, Neil asked him why he had stopped on a snowy night to take an injured man to the hospital in the other direction instead of continuing on his way.

He said he had once been in an accident and the man behind him hadn't stopped to help him. "You got to stop and help if you come on an accident and no one else is there," Upole said. "You just can't go on. It isn't right."

Neil mentioned Huff's accident report and the conflicting photographs and memories, and asked Upole if he could tell us anything about the accident we didn't already know.

Upole said that after he had left Neil at the hospital, he had driven back up 219 to reach his house, on Route 50. When he got to the scene of the accident, he saw Huff's cruiser. Upole stopped and volunteered the fact that he had taken Neil to the hospital. Upole said that Huff asked him who had been on the wrong side of the road. Upole told him he didn't know.



My telephone conversation with Huff had convinced me that Huff had not inspected Spicer's brakes or tires. It was apparent from our conversation with Upole that Huff, unable to reconstruct the accident from what he could observe at the scene, had based his report on his version of what he had subsequently heard from Neil and Spicer at the hospital.

We had been curious about Spicer for months. What was he doing on the wrong side of the road? What had he told Huff? How many accidents had he had before he hit Neil, and what sort of driver was he? What sort of person was he? How had he walked away from the accident with such slight injuries? Did he know how badly he had hurt Neil? Did he care?

On a rainy Sunday morning at the end of August, 1975, a week after we had been to see Upole, we left our cabin and set off for Tunnelton, an hour's drive west on a winding mountain road. On the accident report, Spicer's address was listed simply as Route 1, Tunnelton. He had no phone. When we reached Tunnelton (pop. 400), we stopped at a drugstore on the main street. The woman who owned the drugstore, a middle-aged resident who seemed to know everyone in Tunnelton, told us that Darwin Earl Spicer had married one of the Boatwright girls—"Rose, the simple one"—and no longer stayed with his father, on Route 1. He was living with his wife at his mother-in-law's house. She gave us directions to the Boatwright home.

The house was a ramshackle two-story wooden structure facing the railroad tracks. As Neil was parking the car, a woman came out of the house to greet us. We introduced ourselves and told her why we had come. The woman said that she was Nellie Boatwright and that it was a shame we hadn't come half an hour sooner. Spicer had just left, and might not be back for hours. She invited us to come in, and offered us easy chairs in her living room. In addition to the chairs, the living room was furnished with a caved-in sofa, a wood-burning stove, and a large RCA solid-state console TV. There was a bathroom; a kitchen with a good-sized refrigerator-freezer; and a wringer washer on the porch. Mrs. Boatwright, a friendly, open woman with a potbelly and many missing teeth, who was wearing a print dress with a pattern that had no doubt been clearer before some thirty or forty trips through the wringer washer, told us that she had nine children, ranging in age from five to thirty-two. Five of them were home that Sunday—Barbara, a pretty married woman in her early twenties, with a baby; Rose, Spicer's wife, a stout, shy woman of twenty-seven; and the three youngest children, boys of five, twelve, and sixteen. Mrs. Boatwright hadn't known Spicer at the time of the accident, she said. Rose had met him through her sixteen-year-old brother in December of 1974, and had married him in Janu-

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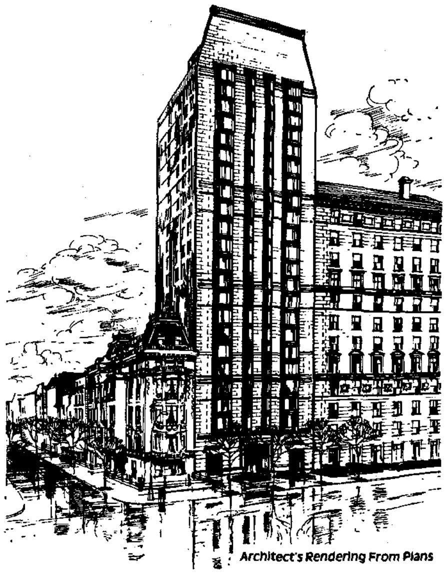

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ary of 1975. Mrs. Boatwright had first heard of the accident when the insurance man came to her house looking for Spicer in April of 1975. She had learned then that Spicer had "put some man in the hospital" and owed the insurance company over eleven thousand dollars. Mrs. Boatwright was sorry that her husband—a former miner, who had died in February—had taken a liking to Spicer and, shortly before his death, had given him permission to marry Rose. Spicer did hold a steady job—he had quit the poultry-processing plant a few weeks after the accident and now worked as a laborer for the State Highways Department—but he wasn't a good husband. Although Rose was pregnant (the doctor thought her baby was due in December), Spicer often stayed out for a week at a time, sleeping in his car. When he didn't come home at night, Rose cried. Mrs. Boatwright lived on her late husband's black-lung benefits and on Social Security, to which she and her three youngest children were entitled. Her income was about eight hundred dollars a month, and she owned her house. She "kept" Spicer when he stayed at her house with Rose, because he spent most of his earnings on cars.

Neil asked Mrs. Boatwright what sort of driver Spicer was.

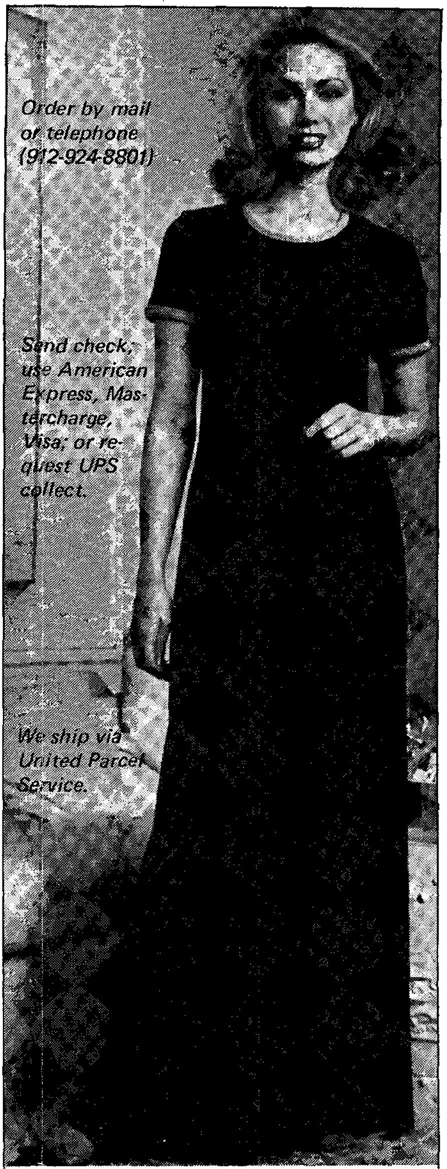
"Real crazy," she said. "He goes too fast, he likes to drive over on the berm, and he drives down the wrong side of the road real often. Sometimes I think he's tetched in the head. Sometimes when I ride with him I close my eyes. One time, he almost hit a telephone pole. Another night, when Barbara and I were in Barbara's car, following him home, he kept shutting his lights off."

Barbara and Rose, who had been quiet until then, also said he drove "real crazy" and scared them, but they said he never acted scared himself.

Neil asked Mrs. Boatwright whether she thought Spicer would be willing to talk to us if we came back another day.

Mrs. Boatwright said she was sure he would. "One thing about him, he doesn't scare about anything," she said. "He's calm. He won't refuse to see anyone who wants to see him. When the insurance-company man came here, he didn't try to run away, even though he thought the man was going to take his license."

WE returned to the Boatwright house on another Sunday—this one a gray day at the end of October. Mrs. Boatwright, a daughter named Donna (an attractive young woman of twenty), Rose (looking less stout and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less pregnant than she had two months earlier), and her three youngest boys were at home. So was Spicer. He was a wiry man of medium height who had just turned twenty-one. He seemed willing to talk to us, but it wasn't always easy to understand him. Spicer spoke with a heavy West Virginia mountain accent, and his tongue seemed stiff, as if it were too large for his mouth. When he said "tire," the word came out "tar," and the "a" had an almost Bostonian harshness. He often answered long questions with just "Yeah," and when he wasn't talking he whistled a lot.

We took out Doug's photographs of Spicer's wrecked station wagon and got right to the point of our visit. Neil gave Spicer his version of the accident and asked Spicer why he was driving down the wrong side of the road.

"The tires in the back weren't no good," he said. "They were wore out. They were summer treads. I couldn't steer my front end." The bald winter tires on the front weren't much better, he added, but it was the back ones that had caused him to slide over to Neil's side of the road.

Neil asked Spicer when he had bought the station wagon, a '66 Ford, and from whom, and whether the tires on the car the night of the accident were the same tires that were on the car when he bought it.

Spicer said that he had bought the car a couple of months before the accident, from a used-car dealer near Tunnelton, and that the tires on the car the night of the accident were the same ones the car was sold with.

Neil asked Spicer about his brakes.

Spicer said he had discovered after buying the station wagon that the brakes on all four wheels were no good. "After three days, I was rubbing metal to metal," he said. Spicer had replaced one set of brake shoes the day before the accident and had been planning to replace the other set—hence the boxes of old and new brake shoes in the car—but Spicer told Neil that the brakes had nothing to do with the accident. "I didn't touch the brakes," he said. "That would only have caused her to spin. I stepped on the gas before I hit you to try to get her to straighten up, but it didn't do no good."

Neil knew by then that West Virginia law required cars to be inspected for roadworthiness and to carry an inspection sticker on the windshield, and he asked Spicer how his car had managed to pass inspection with defective brakes and bald tires.

At first, Spicer's answer was some-

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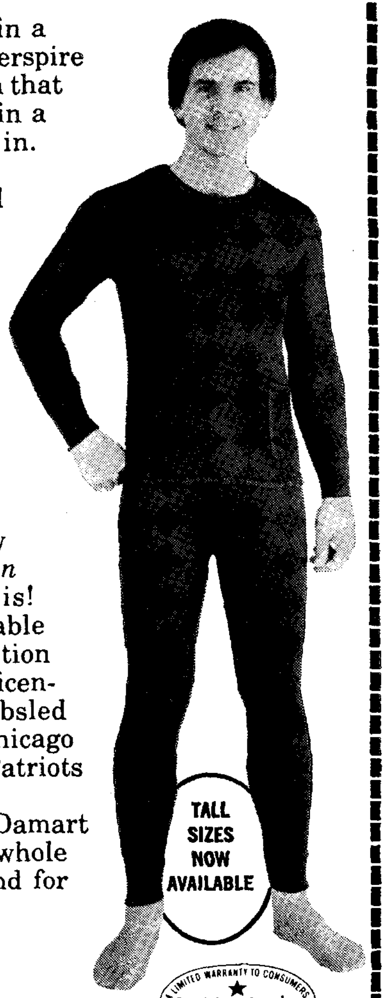

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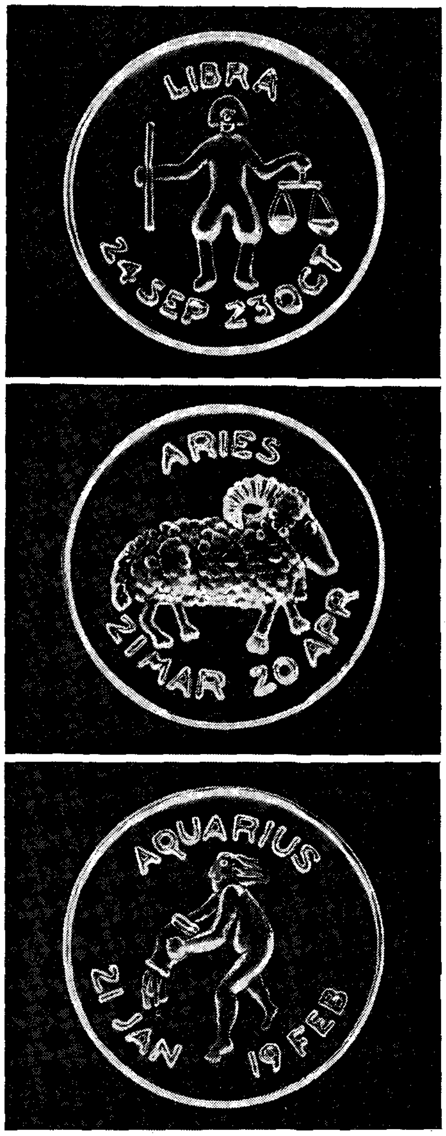

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what vague. Maybe the used-car dealer from whom he'd bought the station wagon had taken better tires off another car on his lot and put them on his station wagon; maybe the dealer had just got the car through inspection with the bald tires and the defective brakes. Another used-car dealer near Tunnelton, who ran the official motor-vehicle-inspection station in the area, wasn't finicky about the condition of the cars he let pass inspection, Spicer said.

It suddenly occurred to Neil to ask Spicer if his car had passed inspection.

"Nope," he said, smiling. He had a crooked smile. "It didn't have no inspection sticker on it."

I asked him if it was legal to drive without a sticker.

"Uh-uh," he said. "Unlegal."

Spicer told Neil that the man from whom he bought the station wagon had wanted three hundred dollars for it. Spicer had needed a car—the transmission had fallen out of his last one—and had given the dealer fifty dollars as a down payment on the station wagon. The man had told him to return a few days later and he would get the station wagon registered and put a license plate and an inspection sticker on it. Spicer said he went back several times but the man was never there. Before the accident, he had made only one additional payment, of forty dollars, on the car, to the man's wife. No one had asked him for the two-hundred-and-ten-dollar balance after the accident.

Neil asked Spicer where he got the license plate that was on his car the night of the accident.

"Off of an old car I found in a junk yard," he said. "I had to get a plate from somewhere. I needed a car to get to work with."

Spicer said that driving an uninspected, unregistered car hadn't bothered him. He had been driving used cars that hadn't passed inspection, and cars that had passed inspection but hadn't deserved to, since he was fourteen or fifteen, when he swapped an old single-barrelled shotgun for his first car, a Ford Falcon. In the past seven years, he reckoned, he had owned over a hundred cars. He bought a car, kept it a month or two, and then sold it or traded it. Sometimes he owned two or three cars at once. The day we went to see him, he had three cars—a '64 Plymouth, on which he owed three hundred dollars; a pickup truck, on which he owed three hundred and twenty-one dollars; and a '68 Rambler. He said he also owed a hundred and ten dollars on a '69 Ford, which

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he had traded off for a '68 Chevy, which he had traded off for the Rambler.

Neil asked Spicer what had happened to him after their cars collided on that snowy November evening eleven months earlier.

Spicer said he had hit the windshield. He hadn't been wearing a seat belt; he had never even noticed if there were any seat belts in the station wagon. He thought that what saved him from serious head injuries was the hard hat he was wearing. Spicer had got off work an hour or so before the accident and was driving to his father's house in Tunnelton, where he stayed when he didn't sleep in his station wagon, and when he struck Neil he was still wearing the hard hat he was required to wear at the poultry-processing plant. After the crash, his car had bounced back and forth across the road several times, hitting the banks on either side, before coming to a halt. A passing motorist stopped, and Spicer asked him to go to a nearby house and call the rescue squad for two ambulances—one for himself, one for the man he had hit. He claimed that he couldn't see Neil but that he could hear him yelling. The man in the pickup truck had taken Neil to the hospital not long before the two rescue-squad ambulances arrived. Spicer had ridden to the Garrett County Memorial Hospital in one of them. His steering wheel had broken in the crash, and its column had hit him in the chest, bruising him. He also had a cut above his right eye and two sore arms; he thought the tools he kept in the back of the station wagon had been flung forward and had hit his arms. At the hospital, his eye was washed out with cold water, an X-ray was taken of his chest, and he was given some pills. The X-ray was negative—he had no broken bones—and his eye didn't require any stitches. Someone from the hospital drove him to the poultry-processing plant, and his brother-in-law picked him up there and drove him home. He eventually got a bill from the hospital for twenty or thirty dollars. He had paid ten or fifteen dollars of it. It had been months since the hospital had sent him a bill for the balance.

Neil asked Spicer if he knew the extent of Neil's injuries.

Spicer said that on the night of the accident he had heard that Neil had a smashed wrist and several broken bones. He was vague about Neil's injuries, and didn't ask about them or seem interested in them the afternoon we were there. He did say that he had gone to the hospital a week or so after the ac-

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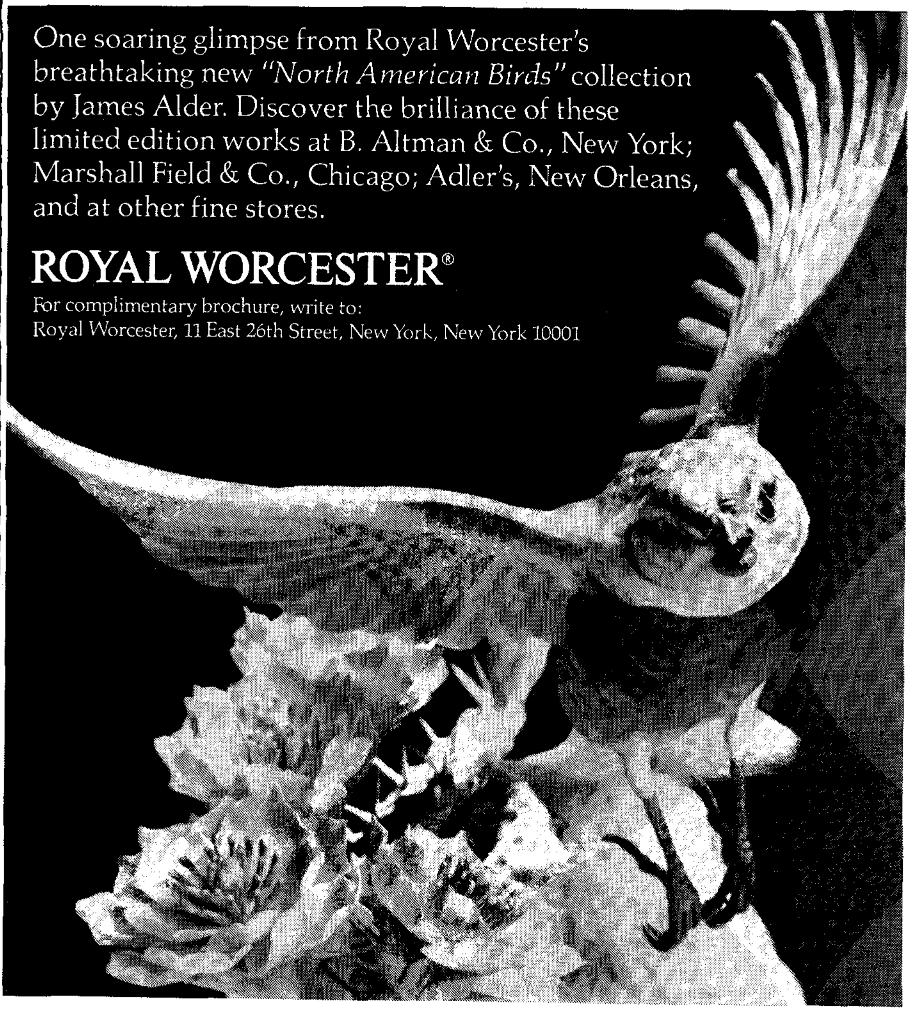

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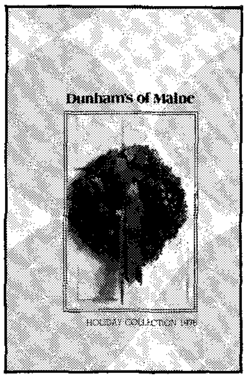

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cident to "check up" on Neil. When Neil asked why he had wanted to check up on him, he replied, "Aw, I couldn't say." In any event, he didn't know Neil's last name and said he was told at the hospital that Neil wasn't there. He went to the gas station to which his own car had been towed, and asked the station owner for his blankets, clothes, and other belongings. The man let him take them all out of the station wagon.

Neil asked Spicer about his conversation with Trooper Huff.

Spicer said he had spoken to "the cop" very briefly at the hospital. The cop had asked him for his name, address, date of birth, license number, and Social Security number—not for his registration. The cop told him he had crossed over to the left of center.

"Did you admit that?" Neil asked.

"I didn't say I was or I wasn't," Spicer said. "I thought the best thing was to keep my mouth shut. He thought maybe I was blinded by the snow. I didn't contradict him. He wrote out a ticket."

Neil asked Spicer if he had been afraid Huff would ask him for his registration.

"I wasn't a bit scared," Spicer said, smiling another crooked smile. "But I thought I was going to jail that night."

Spicer said he had paid his fifteen-dollar fine ten days after the accident, because he knew he had been on the wrong side of the road and didn't want the judge to find out about his lack of registration and his junk-yard license plate.

Neil went over the accident with Spicer once again. He asked him if it had scared him when he saw Neil's headlights.

Spicer admitted he was scared "just a little bit," but he figured there was nothing he could do. He said that he had turned the wheel of his car after it slid over to Neil's side of the road but that the station wagon wouldn't respond.

Neil asked him how long he had been sliding down his side of the road.

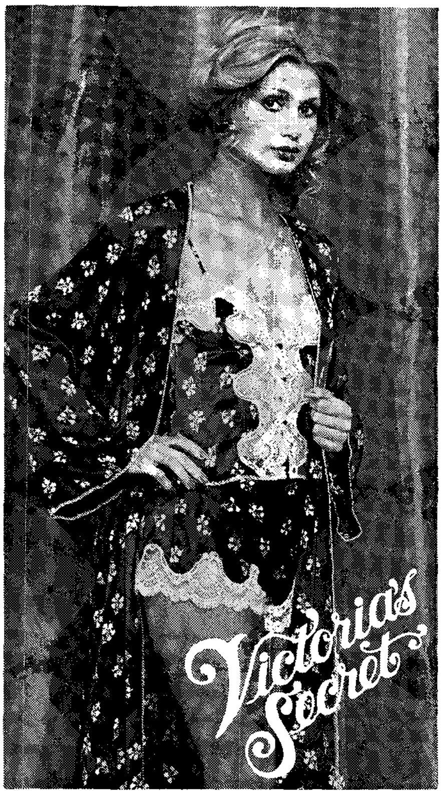
Spicer said he figured it was about fifty feet.

Neil said he remembered Spicer coming down his side of the road a good way—a hundred yards, at least.

"Yeah," Spicer said.

Neil said he could see pretty well, and asked Spicer if he had been blinded by the snow. "Uh-uh," he said. He could see pretty well, but he couldn't get back to the right side of the road.

Neil asked Spicer how fast he was going.



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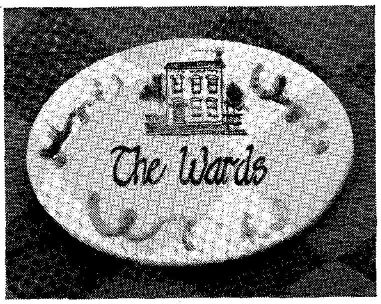

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Spicer said thirty miles an hour.

Neil told him it had seemed to him that Spicer was going much faster than that.

Spicer smiled and nodded his head in acknowledgment.

Neil asked again if Spicer had tried to slow down or had stepped on the brakes before the collision.

"No, I was a-gunning her, trying to get back to the other side of the road," he said.

And Spicer was turning the wheel, but the station wagon wouldn't respond because of the bald tires on the slick road?

"That's right," Spicer said.

I asked Spicer if he thought there was anything Neil could have done to avoid the accident.

Spicer said he had thought maybe Neil would stop.

"But in two or three seconds, how could I stop?" Neil asked him.

"You couldn't," Spicer said.

Neil said that on our previous visit Spicer's mother-in-law, his sister-in-law Barbara, and his wife had told us something about his driving habits. Neil asked Spicer if he still drove down the wrong side of the road.

He hedged for a while and then admitted that he occasionally drove down the wrong side of the road, and that it didn't scare him, although it did scare his passengers.

"I think he likes to scare us," Mrs. Boatwright put in.

Spicer admitted that he "got a kick" out of it. "I like to hear them squeal," he said.

Neil also asked Spicer why he drove without his lights on.

He said he did that "just for the heck of it."

Why didn't Spicer put his lights back on when his relatives asked him to, Neil asked.

"Can't do that," Spicer said. This time, he laughed.

Before we left, we asked Spicer a little about his life.

He said that he was one of seven children, and that his father, who had once also worked as a laborer for the State Highways Department, was ill and hadn't worked for a number of years. Spicer said he had gone to school until he was seventeen and a half; he had quit high school in the twelfth grade, two weeks before graduation.

We asked him if it made sense to quit so close to finishing.

"Yeah," he said. "A guy wanted me to work on a dairy farm, and there I went. I'd rather be out doing

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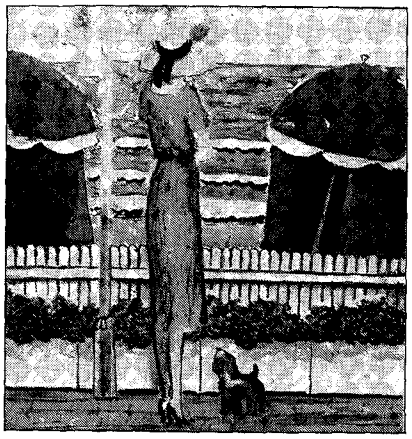

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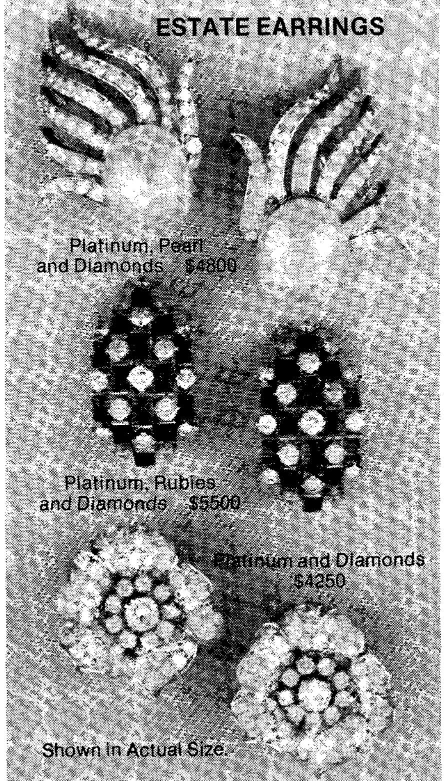

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something than sitting in a hard chair." Spicer had worked on the dairy farm for a few months, had "messed around" on his brother-in-law's farm for a couple of years, and had then got the job at the poultry-processing plant. He said he had never had a car accident on the road before the one with Neil; until then, he had just smacked a tree down in a field one time when his brakes had failed. The insurance man who had come to see him in April hadn't asked him any questions about his brakes, his tires, or his registration. His salary from the State Highways Department was two dollars and sixty-two cents an hour. His take-home pay was a hundred and sixty-nine dollars every two weeks, and most of that went for car payments. He hadn't heard from the insurance company since April, when he offered to pay them ten dollars a month. He was still driving without insurance.

"The car accident didn't cost you much, did it?" I asked Spicer before we left the Boatwright house.

Spicer said it had cost him only the ninety dollars he had invested in his car and the few dollars he had paid of the hospital bill. It hadn't upset his life much, he said.

It was hard to know when Spicer was telling the truth. At times, he said one thing, and then, when challenged, changed his original statement. He started by saying he had been driving thirty miles an hour, but when Neil said he had been going much faster he had acknowledged that that was so. Since his candor seemed variable, I decided to check up on a few of his statements. Spicer, it turned out, told the truth when one might least have expected him to and dissembled when there was no apparent need to. The license plate on his station wagon the night of the accident had not—just as he had admitted—been registered to his 1966 station wagon. It had once been assigned to a 1970 Chevy that Spicer had not owned. Huff, before writing down on the accident report that it was valid for 1974, had not looked at it closely enough to see that Spicer had scratched out the year on it. Spicer, however, had not been truthful about his schooling. He hadn't left high school at the age of seventeen and a half, two weeks before graduating. The seats had become too hard for him at the beginning of the tenth grade, and he had dropped out then, when he was already eighteen.

While Neil was out for a walk one night at the end of a day of book writing some months after we had seen

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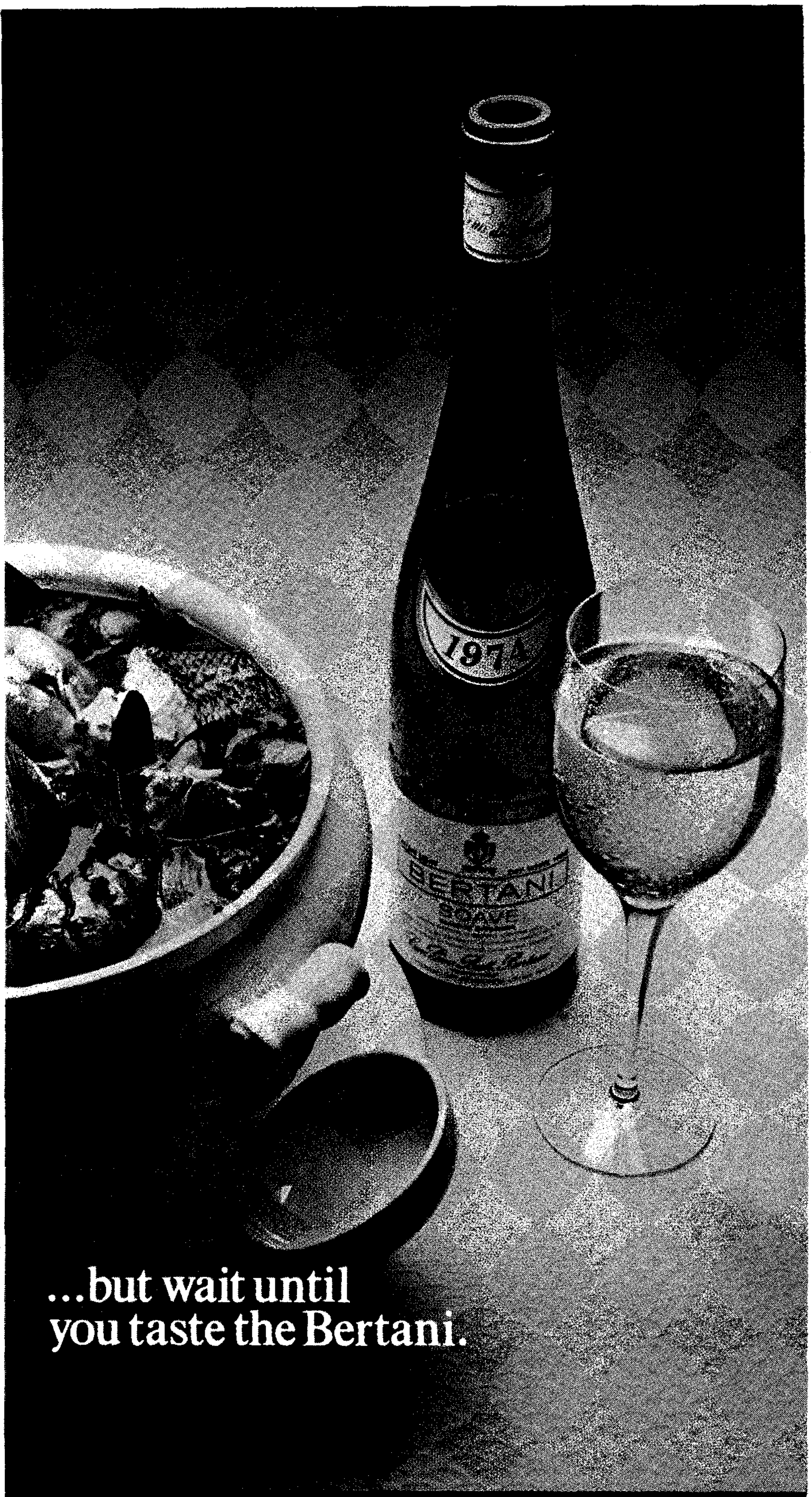
Spicer, he suddenly realized that he had failed to detect the biggest flaw in Spicer's argument. The crash had not been an accident. Spicer had been deliberately driving down the wrong side of the road, for fun. The giveaway was Spicer's claim that he had been "a-gunning" the engine and twisting the wheel to try to pull back to his side of the road, but that the station wagon had not responded. Neil cursed himself for not having forced Spicer to tell the whole truth in October. As an experienced driver, remembering his own skids on slippery winter roads in Massachusetts, where he had grown up, Neil realized that Spicer had to have been lying in saying that he had attempted to turn. If Spicer had turned the wheel, the station wagon would have responded in some fashion, no matter how bald the tires, because Spicer had his foot down on the accelerator and the engine was under full power. Spicer's car would have swung back to his side, or spun around in the road, or slid sideways, but it would not have come straight on into Neil's car. The photographs of the two wrecks confirmed Neil's analysis. Neil's car took the brunt of the collision on the passenger side, in a way that showed how Neil had been turning at the last moment while Spicer had never deviated. The bald tires might initially have caused Spicer to slide over to Neil's side farther up the road, but then he had continued down the wrong way because he liked to. On other nights when Spicer had been playing his game, Neil reflected, either there hadn't been another car coming or Spicer had run it off the road. Neil hadn't driven off the road for fear of flipping over and burning in the drainage ditch, and he hadn't tried the other dangerous alternative of swinging over to Spicer's side until it was too late, because he had misjudged Spicer's high speed in the snow and darkness. And so Spicer had been on him and smashed straight into him before he could get away.

Neil discussed his reasoning with a number of other experienced drivers. They all agreed with him. One neighbor in West Virginia, after listening to Neil tell of Spicer's admisson that he enjoyed driving down the wrong side and of Neil's certainty that Spicer had never tried to turn away from the crash, said, "Yeah, that's right. I'll bet he gets so he just doesn't care."

Neil then fully understood, with the aid of Dr. Alvarez's highway physics, why so many of his bones had been broken and why Spicer had escaped



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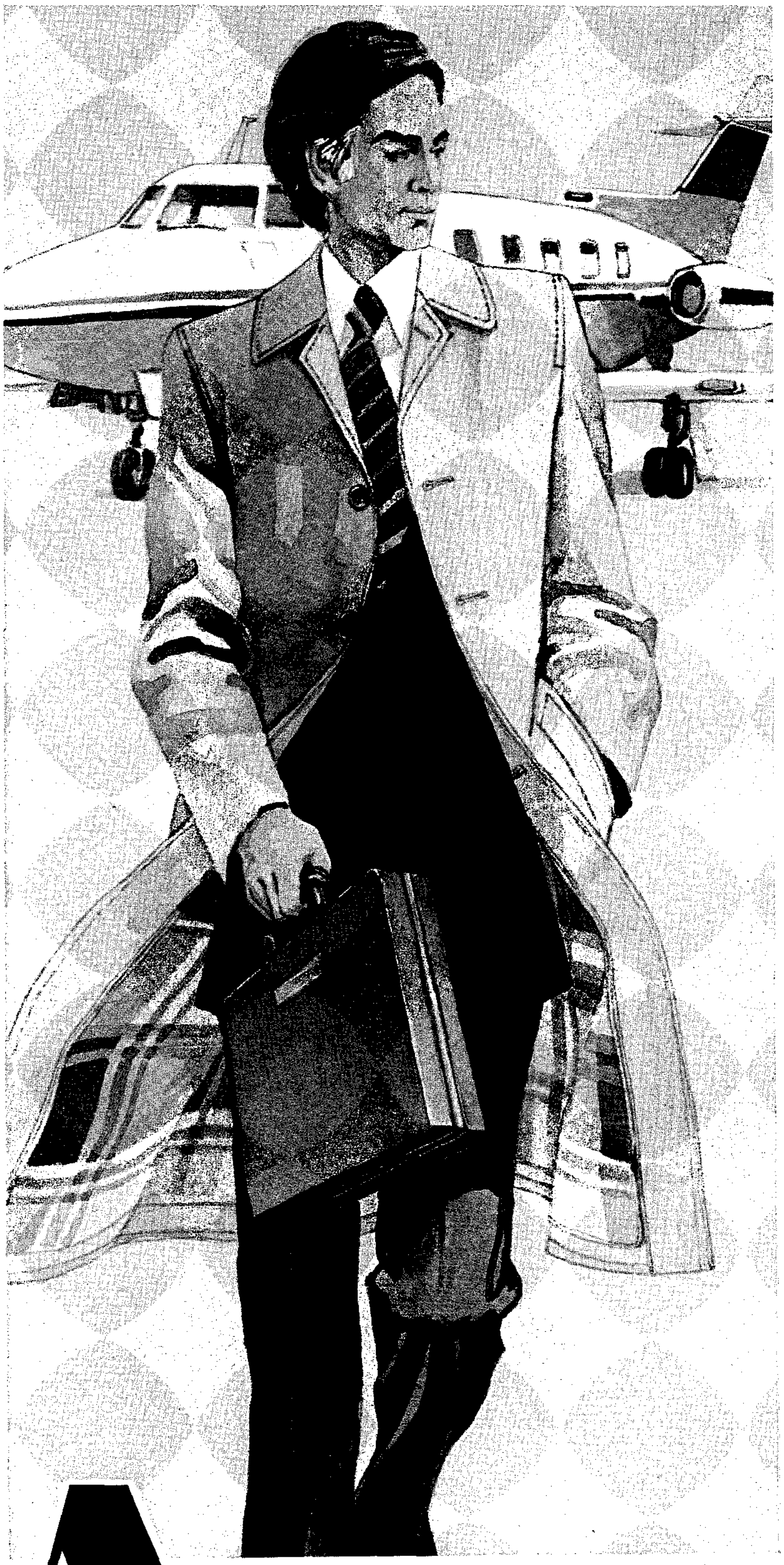

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with a few cuts and bruises. Since Neil was turning at the moment of the collision, his speed had slowed to less than *thirty miles an hour*, while Spicer had crashed directly into him going what seemed at least fifty miles an hour and was probably more, and Spicer's old Ford station wagon weighed considerably more than Neil's Buick. With his heavier car, Spicer, by accelerating and *not turning*, had transferred most of the impact of the crash to Neil. To use a simple analogy, it was like blocking in football: the man who weighs the most and hits first and hardest takes the least punishment.

Sometimes Neil speaks wryly when we talk of his meeting Spicer on the highway. He had spent three and a half years in Vietnam. He had been shot at a lot; had done more hazardous flying than most helicopter pilots had done during a year's combat tour; had driven narrow roads at wild speeds in daylight and darkness to escape ambushes and mines—and had suffered no more than a broken arm, when he tried to run across a busy avenue in Saigon one afternoon and was hit by a Vietnamese motorcyclist. He had come home, had tried to put three libel suits out of our lives at great cost in time and emotion (it was to be September of 1978 before the suits were dismissed on summary judgment, and there was a possibility that the plaintiff might continue the proceedings by appeal), and had gone up to West Virginia for three days of rest in time to meet Spicer speeding down the road "just for the heck of it."

IN March of 1976, Neil got a call from a lawyer in Morgantown, West Virginia. GEICO had decided against accepting Spicer's offer to pay off his eleven-thousand-two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar debt at the rate of ten dollars a month, which would have taken him over ninety-three years—an actuarial long shot even for a man of twenty-one. GEICO was considering a suit against him. Under a process called subrogation, GEICO had the right to sue Spicer in Neil's name to try to recover what it had paid us, and Neil had a legal obligation to coöperate by testifying. Neil told the lawyer that GEICO would be wasting legal fees suing Spicer. He seemed to have no assets beyond his salary, and if the company did obtain a judgment against him he could declare bankruptcy, extinguishing his debts to GEICO and anyone else. Neil said he thought Spicer was what is called "judgment-proof" against civil suits. The lawyer said that he agreed with Neil, that GEICO would probably agree with both of them, and that Neil would probably never hear of the matter again.

Dr. Adams proved to have been correct in saying that, although internal injuries were often more immediately dangerous than fractures, the effects of internal injuries often disappeared in time, whereas the body was never quite the same again after bad breaks. The worst souvenir of Neil's encounter with Spicer was a pinched nerve in his neck that developed late in 1976. The nerve radiates down into the back of the right shoulder and causes pain there. The pain varies according to what Neil is doing, but it never goes away completely. Dr. Adams and Dr. Mourad have both tried to treat it, without success. Over Christmas of 1977, Neil went to see another specialist, in New York, who told him that while he might reduce the nerve irritation with neck traction twice a day the pain was probably chronic and he would have to learn to live with it.

In January of 1978, after the specialist in New York confirmed what Neil had assumed about the ache in his shoulder, I decided to call Spicer to see what had happened to him in the past three years. Mrs. Boatwright had a phone, so I called her home. She answered, very much her forthright self, and told me that Spicer and Rose had separated. Mrs. Boatwright had got tired of feeding Spicer, who hadn't paid her a penny for board, and had kicked him out of her house in the spring of 1976. For a while, he had taken Rose to live with him near his father's house, in a trailer that lacked electricity and plumbing. Spicer hadn't fed Rose, and she had moved back to her mother's home in 1977. Rose hadn't had a baby late in 1975—that pregnancy had been a false alarm—but she had become pregnant several times after that, and had had several miscarriages. Mrs. Boatwright blamed Spicer's driving for one miscarriage. While Rose was riding in his car one night, he had scared her by driving fast down the wrong side of the road; on that occasion, he had run a boy on a motorcycle off the road. She had miscarried shortly thereafter. Rose had finally had one child, a girl, born in December of 1977. Rose and her daughter were living with Mrs. Boatwright; they were on welfare. Rose, Mrs. Boatwright told me, was planning to divorce Spicer, who still worked for the State Highways Department. His salary was three dollars and forty-four cents an hour. Mrs. Boatwright said he was

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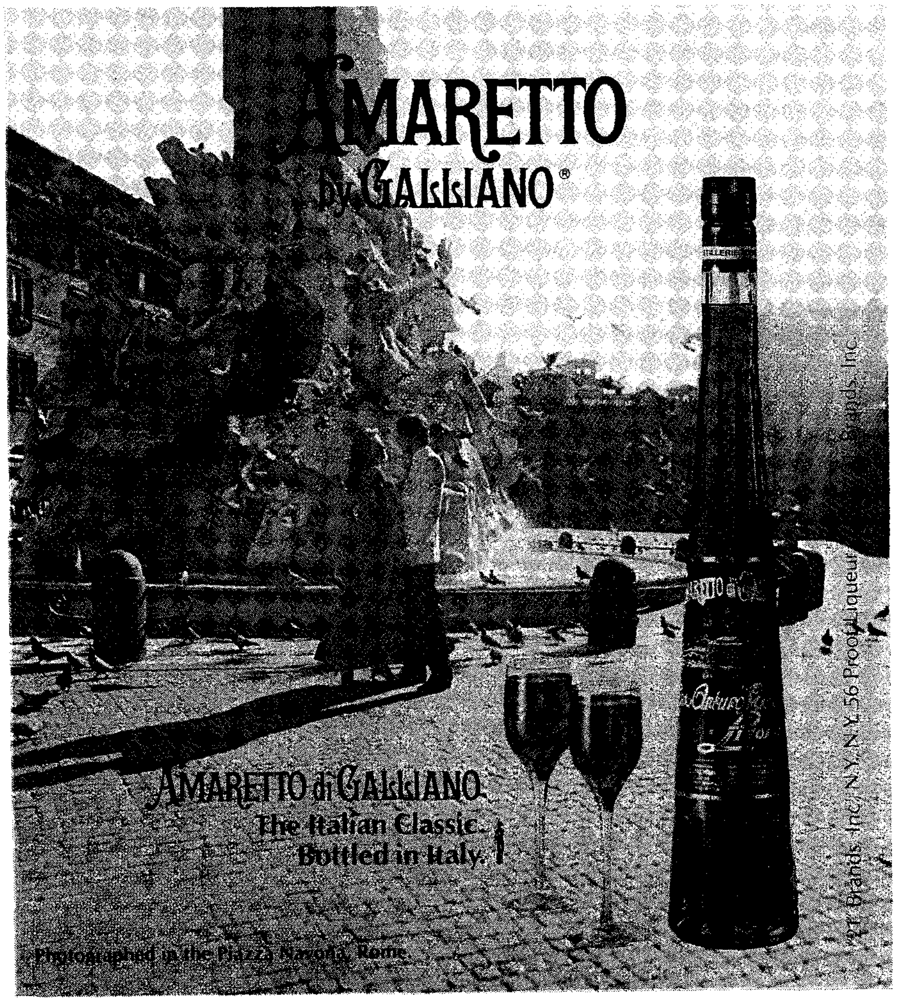

paid for forty hours every week, "even if he stays home on sick leave." He was still buying jalopies "every new moon."

I asked Mrs. Boatwright if Spicer had ever heard from the insurance company again.

To my surprise, she said that he had. "The insurance company came after him, so he went and got one of them lawyers that helps poor people," Mrs. Boatwright said.

Neil called the lawyer in Morgantown with whom he had spoken in 1976. The man had been elected a circuit-court judge later that year. The case had been turned over to another lawyer in Morgantown. The judge explained that GEICO had decided to pursue Spicer despite his advice that it was futile, and confirmed Mrs. Boatwright's information that Spicer had obtained a free lawyer. The lawyer was with the federally funded North Central West Virginia Legal Aid office, in Morgantown.

"How does Spicer rate a free lawyer?" Neil asked. "He made more money in 1977 than I did." (At three dollars and forty-four cents an hour, Spicer would have earned seven thousand one hundred and fifty-five dollars in 1977, not counting possible overtime. Neil's book is still not finished, and his income in 1977, from a couple of lectures, was less than a thousand dollars. His last fellowship had run out in 1976.)

The judge explained that individuals below a certain salary level were now entitled to Legal Aid lawyers at the taxpayers' expense. Spicer qualified. He said he had asked the Legal Aid lawyer to persuade Spicer to agree to a small settlement. The lawyer had refused and had insisted on a jury trial. If GEICO obtained a judgment against Spicer at the trial, the lawyer said, Spicer would then be put into bankruptcy to prevent GEICO from collecting anything by garnisheeing his salary or seizing what property he did have. It would cost Spicer fifty dollars to file for bankruptcy, the judge pointed out. The petition did not come free. Then why not put him into bankruptcy right away and save the taxpayers the money the lawyer's time was costing them, and save the county and GEICO the cost of a trial? The lawyer had again refused. If GEICO wanted to pursue the suit, it could go to trial, and if the jury found for Neil then Spicer could declare bankruptcy. The case was on the docket at a neighboring county circuit court, but no date for the trial had been set. Neil would have to go to West Virginia to be a witness—a further loss of his time, to which he did not look forward.

The head of GEICO's subrogation department in Washington subsequently decided that the whole thing was a waste of money: there would be no trial.

No one tried to take away Spicer's license to drive. Under West Virginia law, GEICO could have moved to deprive him of his driver's license for failure to pay his debt. As an insurance company, however, GEICO is concerned with recovering its money rather than with taking away licenses. The charge that Huff had made against Spicer was too slight to warrant the loss of his license. Doug Spaulding's lawyer friend had informed the office of the state's attorney in Oakland of the condition of Spicer's vehicle, but the prosecutor had taken no action, although he had the legal power to do so. Motor-vehicle-violation cases are, in practice, left to the State Police. From what I could discern of Spicer during our talk with him, he would have gone on driving anyway, without a license, just as he dispensed with registration and inspection.

If the suit for the eleven thousand two hundred and fifty dollars had gone to trial and GEICO had got a judgment against Spicer and he had had to spend fifty dollars to go bankrupt, Neil said one day, bankruptcy would have meant about the same to him that the accident had. Three years earlier, as we were getting into our car at the end of our visit, Neil had asked Spicer the same question I had asked him inside the Boatwright house. Had the accident meant anything to him? "Nope," he said. " 'Tweren't no big deal."

—Susan Sheehan

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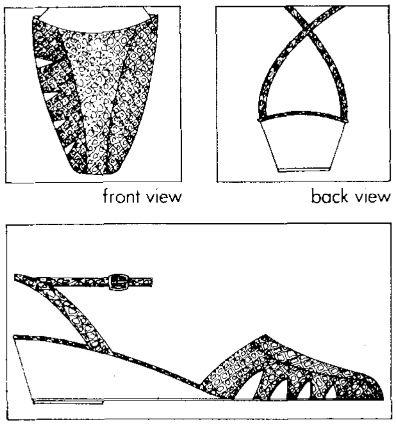
The report further recommends the services be provided at no cost to community residents because of their limited financial resources, because there were no previous plans to burden the region with expensive servicing, and because their very existence is proof of their "inane tenacity to survive in spite of municipal neglect."—*Halifax (N.S.) Mail-Star.*

Lord knows, it's kept *us* going.

•

Barbara Walters says that for what she did as an anchor for the "ABC Evening News," "they could have hired Mary Tyler Moore to come read it." Admitting that anchoring is not her forte, she told Us magazine, "I'm not Walter Cronkite. Walter Cronkite isn't me. He has his contribution, I have mind."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Back to you, Walter.



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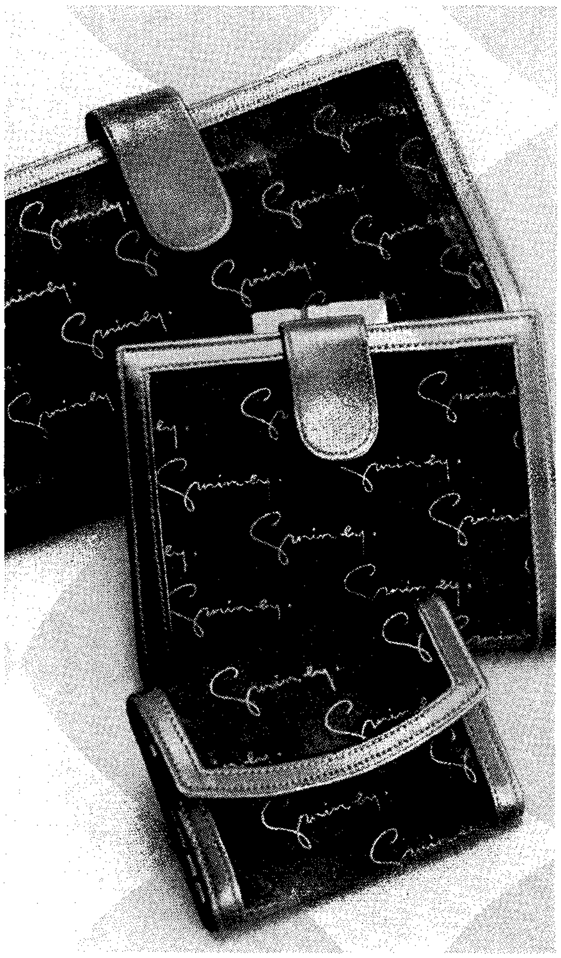

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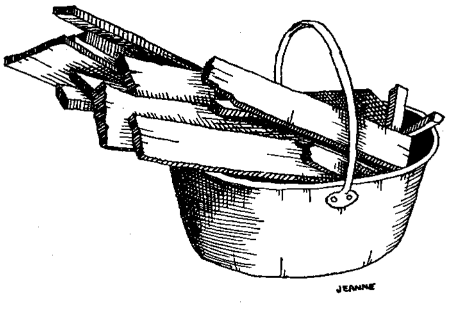
AROUND CITY HALL

SEMIFINAL

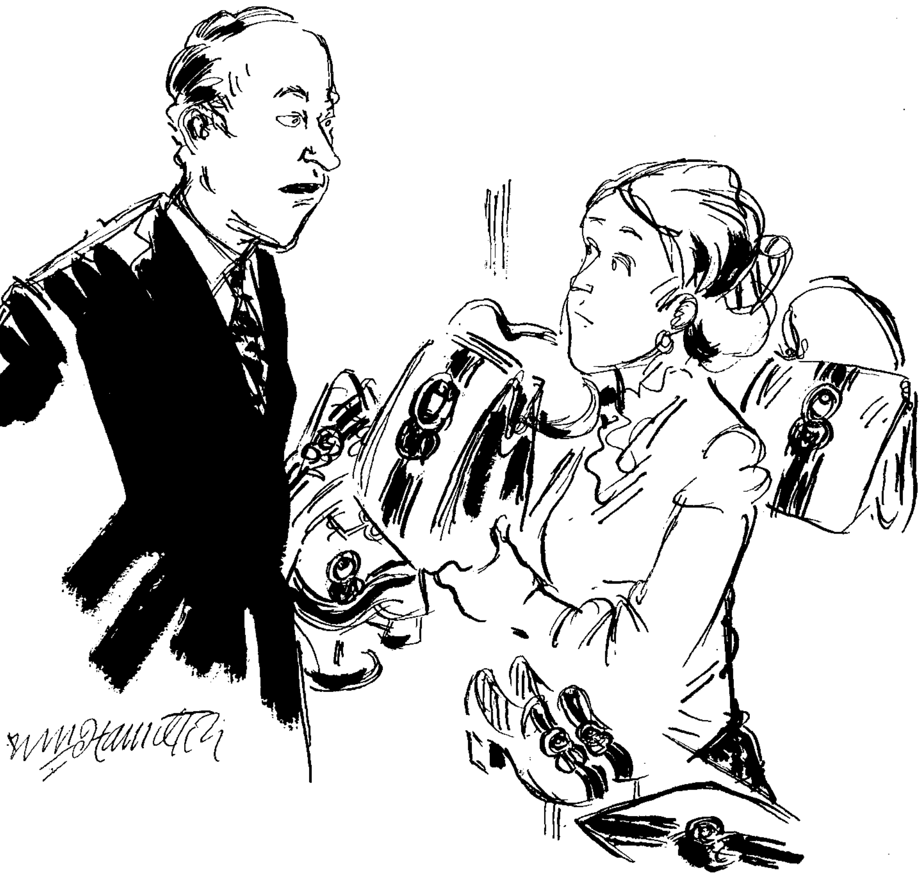
ON July 2nd, the *Times* speculated that if Governor Hugh Carey, who already had the Liberal Party gubernatorial endorsement, should lose the September 12th Democratic primary and were then to run with just Liberal backing, his chances of winning a second term as governor in the November 7th election were "only slightly better than the Yankees' chances of playing in the 1978 World Series seemed last week." Later in the summer, when the odds in both cases had improved dramatically and the editors would no doubt have adjusted their calculations in the primary race, the *Times* was, of course, not publishing, having been struck by the Printing Pressmen's Union No. 2 on August 9th, along with the *News* and the *Post*, the city's other major dailies. In the last five weeks of the primary, New Yorkers not willing to settle for the numerous interim papers that almost immediately sprang to life here had to do without the columns upon columns of in-depth pre-primary analysis and in-depth smoke-filled-room gossip which they were used to having provided for them in the absent papers. Some readers did turn for political news to the still publishing neighborhood and ethnic journals that had been around all along and that did their best to enlarge and jazz up their political coverage—"As primary campaigns across the state head for the home stretch, the stops are being pulled and no stone is being left unturned. It's now or never, but in some cases the dye seems already cast," was the way the *Amsterdam News* described the situation—but others may have felt happily relieved of their previous sense of guilt over not having read to the bottom of all those columns in the struck papers. Certainly it appeared that many New Yorkers had felt relieved of the responsibility of going to the polls. Less than twenty per cent of registered Democrats voted in the primary. Although local primary turnouts are notoriously light, that was almost eight per cent below the ratio in the statewide primary in 1974. Election losers are always grateful for any special circumstance that might explain why they didn't get enough votes, and the partial news blackout here will undoubtedly be put to this use in the personal political histories of last week's losers. One of these was former State Appellate Court Justice Dolores Denman, who lost to Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams by a two-to-one margin in the race for the nomination for state attorney general. Other Democratic nominees, both of whom had been unopposed, are Secretary of State Mario Cuomo, now running for lieutenant governor, and City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, now his party's candidate for state comptroller. Losers in the contest for the nomination for governor were Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak, who took thirty-four per cent of the vote, and Brooklyn State Senator Jeremiah Bloom, who, although his slogan was "Make New York Bloom Again," faded out with about fourteen per cent. New odds on the November election will have to be calculated—as of now, by someone other than the editors of the still-out-of-commission dailies—since Carey was renominated in the primary, taking fifty-two per cent of the vote over his two challengers. He thus will run on both the Democratic and Liberal tickets against the Republican candidate, Perry Duryea, the Minority Leader of the State Assembly, who also has the Conservative Party endorsement.

An observer who noted the home addresses of the candidates of the Republican and Democratic Parties might think for a moment that what is going on in New York this year is not a statewide election but a territorial political war. Nearly two million residents of this city are registered Democrats, while less than four hundred thousand are registered Republicans. On the other hand, in New York State outside the city's five boroughs, an area loosely known as "upstate," there are two million two hundred thousand registered Republicans, which is about half a million more Republicans than Democrats. The two major parties each met in convention last June to designate for the four statewide offices candidates who would represent them on the ballot in November unless they were challenged and defeated on Primary Day, in September. From the resulting slates, it seemed that the leaders of the two parties might have got together and made a conscious decision to divide up the state between them geographically. All four of the designated Republicans were from outside the city. Duryea lives in Montauk, in Suffolk County; Representative Bruce Caputo, running for lieutenant governor, is from Yonkers, in Westchester County; Michael Roth, former chairman of the State Liquor Authority, the candidate for state attorney general, lives in Scarsdale, also in Westchester; and Edward Regan, running for state comptroller, is presently the county executive of Erie County, in the northwestern corner of the state. On the Democratic side, by contrast, all those designated were from the city. Carey is from Brooklyn and Cuomo lives in Queens, while Abrams and Goldin are residents of the Bronx and Manhattan, respectively. The Democrats' idea of a geographically balanced state ticket, according to a popular joke of the summer, is one in which four of the city's five boroughs are represented.



There is no danger that during the last leg of the election contest—that is, in these final weeks after the primary and before November 7th—the paths of the campaigning Democratic and Republican nominees will also diverge geographically in this parochial fashion. Outside the five boroughs, there are a million seven hundred thousand registered New York Democrats, and there are also over a million registered voters not allied with any party who will be vigorously pursued up to the "No Electioneering Between This Point and the Polls" signs by both Democratic candidates from the city and upstate Republicans in the various races. Moreover, the fact that Democrats outnumber Republicans in the state by a nearly three-to-two margin and that city residents generally account for some forty per cent of the votes in a statewide general election made it certain that, beginning in mid-September, the politicians confronting hapless travellers at subway stops and shouting provocative slogans through bullhorns on city street corners were as likely to be Republicans as Democrats.

There had seemed to be a good chance, however, that the summer would be a relatively quiet one politically all over the state. New York Republican leaders, who know how to keep their troops in line and almost never suffer the untidiness of a primary contest, traditionally have not got their campaigns under way until after Primary Day. It is only then, the G.O.P.

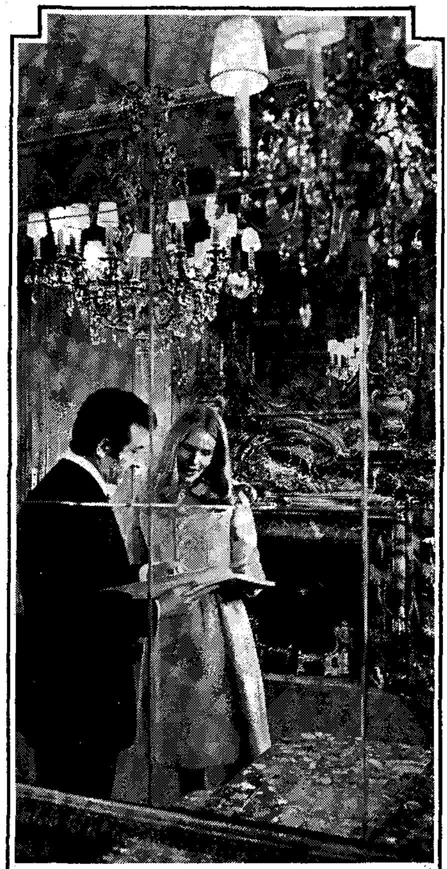


"Do you sell anything that doesn't have middle-class written all over it?"

theory used to go, that the undisciplined Democrats, for whom bruising primaries are a political way of life, will have finally settled on their candidates, making it worth the Republicans' while to move against them. Late this spring, it looked as if, for once, the Democrats, too, would get through the hot-weather months without engaging in the public fratricide of a primary contest for governor. Carey was known to be in bad political trouble. He had a negative popularity rating in all polls, and the most alarming of the results showed that he would lose to Republican Duryea even though those polled didn't know who Duryea was. Donald Carey, the Governor's son and deputy campaign manager, commented earlier this month that in June and July it seemed that "just about anybody" could have beaten his father. Carey liked to boast of his record of having saved New York City—and, indirectly, New York State—from bankruptcy, of having reformed the state courts and hospital-payment systems, and of having managed the state finances well enough to make possible a billion-dollar tax cut over the last two years. Nevertheless, when he was scheduled to appear in public his staff often took bets on whether the raucous picketing and booing that would inevitably greet him would come from citizens who resented his opposition to the death penalty, his support for Medicaid funds for abortions, his denunciations of Irish Republican Army terrorism in Northern Ireland, or his support for Westway, the proposed superhighway along the Hudson River on the west side of Manhattan which is very popular with construction workers and the city's economic developers and fiercely opposed by many environmentalists. Every few days during the spring and early summer, political commentaries, usually more gleeful than sympathetic, would appear in the press portraying Carey as a politician who had blown it and who was on his way out. In mid-June, the *Times* described him, politically speaking, as "bleeding from every pore." There was no doubt that the Governor would be campaigning doggedly through the summer to try to turn his political situation around, but his problems at that point did not include any significant primary opposition. His only challenger for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, veteran State Senator Bloom, was not considered a serious threat.

The comfort taken in the Carey camp at the thought that the primary, at least, posed no hazards for him was rudely shattered, of course, by the news that Lieutenant Governor Krupsak was challenging him for the nomination for governor. It was on June 12th, the day that she and Carey were scheduled to announce their joint candidacy for reëlection and two days before the start of the Democratic Convention, that she suddenly declared that she could not run with Carey, because he was "inaccessible," a "loner," and unwilling "to fulfill his obligations of office." Twelve days later (Cuomo having replaced her on the line for lieutenant governor), she announced her candidacy against Carey, in order, as she said, to "strengthen" the Democratic Party in the state. Several polls were cited showing that she could defeat Carey, and the *Times* noted that she was considered the stronger candidate. Since Miss Krupsak is a former state senator from Montgomery County, northwest of Albany, her challenge meant that the Governor would be campaigning hard all summer not only in his native city but upstate, where she is a popular figure. Meanwhile, the Lieutenant Governor would be concentrating her political assault on voters in the city, because she is less well known here and also because local Democrats tend to vote in primaries in larger force than do Democrats upstate: of the nine hundred eighty-eight thousand voters in the 1974 gubernatorial primary (won by Carey, who was then the challenger against the Democratic Convention choice, Howard Samuels), two-thirds were from the city.

Carey and Miss Krupsak were not the only politicians whose summer travel plans were radically altered as the result of her defection. State Democratic leaders had been counting on the presence of the upstate Lieutenant Governor on their ticket to prove their lack of geographic bias. They were also nervous about a possible backlash against the Democrats from feminist-minded voters, who had rallied to Miss Krupsak's support in 1974 and to whom she had given much of the credit for her victory. (It was helpful that the votes against her in the race for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor that year were split between two opponents, both of them Italian-American males. Ironically, one of these was Cuomo, who commented afterward, "And how do you think I felt when I found out that my wife and daughter voted for her?") At the Democratic Convention last June, in a



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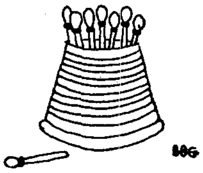
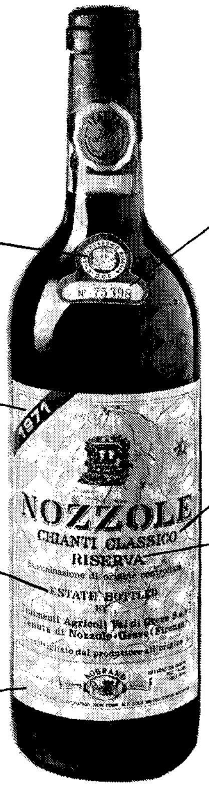
maneuver designed to show that the Party had nothing against upstaters or women, a name was added to the list of candidates who would appear on the ballot in the primary. Abrams was voted the Party's designated candidate for attorney general, but, with Carey's connivance, Erie County Democratic Chairman Joseph Crangle arranged to give Judge Dolores Denman, who is from Buffalo, enough convention votes to assure her a place on the primary ballot without having to gather twenty thousand petition signatures around the state. (Frank Clines, of the *Times*, said of her sudden candidacy, "It was as if she had been fashioned from a political rib.") Since she was totally unknown in the city, Mrs. Denman (she had to resign her judgeship to run for attorney general, but since Carey had appointed her to it, presumably he would find another judicial spot for her if she lost) immediately began commuting between Buffalo and the five boroughs. Meanwhile, her opponent, Abrams, whose major political ties are here, hastened upstate to engage in a crash program of enlarging his acquaintanceship in that area. About this time, Republican gubernatorial candidate Duryea had decided to ignore his party's tradition of waiting until September to get going against the Democrats. Possibly he was recalling Carey's overwhelming 1974 victory over Republican Governor Malcolm Wilson, who had been content to sit in the Executive Mansion acting gubernatorial until the Democrats told him who his opponent was. Duryea began campaigning a few days after the convention. In the months since, he has paid particular court to voters in this city, where he has been best known as the Republican assemblyman who could be counted on to lead the opposition against almost any bill that the Democratic city considered vital to its survival. In 1975, for example, he voted against the bill setting up the Municipal Assistance Corporation, or MAC, the state agency that for the last three years has kept the city in day-to-day cash by selling bonds that no one would buy from the city directly. He also voted against the establishment of the Emergency Financial Control Board, which oversees the city's finances and which the government in Washington required to be in place before it would support the 1975 federal seasonal-loan program. In voting in the negative on the MAC bill, Duryea was joined by Bruce Caputo, then an assemblyman and now the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor. Caputo agreed to give up his seat in the House of Representatives, which he had held only since 1977, to run for lieutenant governor on Duryea's ticket, after Duryea promised that if they were elected Caputo could be chairman of the Control Board, a role legally assigned to the governor, and also a member of the board of MAC, on which there are presently no politicians. One reason that Duryea was eager to get an early start on the campaign was the enlarged opportunity it would give Caputo, a handsome thirty-five-year-old Italian-American bachelor, to move around New York State shaking hands with Italian-American voters, who, in recent years, have shown an increasing willingness to vote Republican.



Unfortunately, in the course of the extensive upstate-downstate political travels that have marked the summer, the candidates of both parties on occasion were caught in the act of saying one thing in, say, Onondaga County and quite the opposite thing in Park Slope. Such dissembling is hardly new in politics, but it may have seemed especially tempting after August 9th, when the local newspaper strike seemed to promise that what was said in one place might not get reported in another. During a Manhattan television appearance soon after the Republican Convention, Caputo said that if the Duryea-Caputo ticket were elected (although they run separately in a primary, Party nominees for governor and lieutenant governor run on the same line in the general election), the city would be far better off, since Carey had badly neglected its interests and rarely attended Control Board meetings. As it happens, Carey has virtually never missed a Control Board meeting, and the Republican dogma, to which Duryea has been particularly devoted, is that it is upstate New York that has been badly neglected, because of Carey's obsession with city matters. A few days later, campaigning in Albany County, Caputo put things differently. In the prospective Republican administration, he said, Duryea would work full time on the state's business, while he would handle "peripheral matters such as New York City." This did not play well in New York City. In Buffalo in late July, Caputo was quoted in the *Evening News* there as saying, "There is no question western New York has subsidized the metropolitan New York area," and adding that a Duryea-Caputo administration would see that state financial aid to the city was reduced.

Caputo had apparently forgotten that under the terms of the recent federal loan-guarantee agreement, which he had helped sponsor in the House, the state is required to maintain aid to the city at the present level until the city achieves a truly balanced budget, which almost certainly means until 1982. The next day, as he was having his picture taken feeding Duryea a sausage sandwich in Manhattan's Little Italy, Caputo said he had never called for reduced city aid. He went on to refer to New York City as "my home town," although Yonkers is not one of the five boroughs. Duryea continued to denounce Carey's overindulgence of the city when he was campaigning upstate, but late in August he was discovered boasting in an interview with a city newspaper that in the period from January, 1969, through the end of 1974, when he was Speaker of the Assembly, state aid to the city had increased at an annual rate of eleven per cent, while during Carey's years in office the annual increase in such aid was only three per cent. By that time, Mary Anne Krupsak had taken up the Republican chant, telling an audience in Saratoga Springs that "the Governor left unattended the rest of the state" because of his preoccupation with the city. To a Harlem crowd, however, she complained that the Carey administration was insensitive to the needs of the urban dwellers. Then, a few days before the primary, she said that the Governor's problem was that he had "shown no interest in the special and unique problems of rural areas." Addressing the state convention of the Building & Construction Trades Council late in July, in Watertown, New York, Carey urged his listeners to take a look at the old Manhattan piers that would have to be torn down to build Westway, and declared that while he was eager to provide union members with jobs, "all those people down there want to do is lounge around on dilapidated piers and live among the rats and the swill." Asked about this later during a television debate in the city, Carey said the remark had been "taken out of context." Possibly because in some areas of Manhattan the anti-Westway forces are almost as fierce as the proponents of the death penalty in other parts of town, and their votes were probably lost to him anyhow, he added defiantly that there were some derelict types down there on the piers.

Some of the candidates' shifts of position in the recent primary had less to do with changing venues than with changing circumstances. After the Lieutenant Governor's stormy depar-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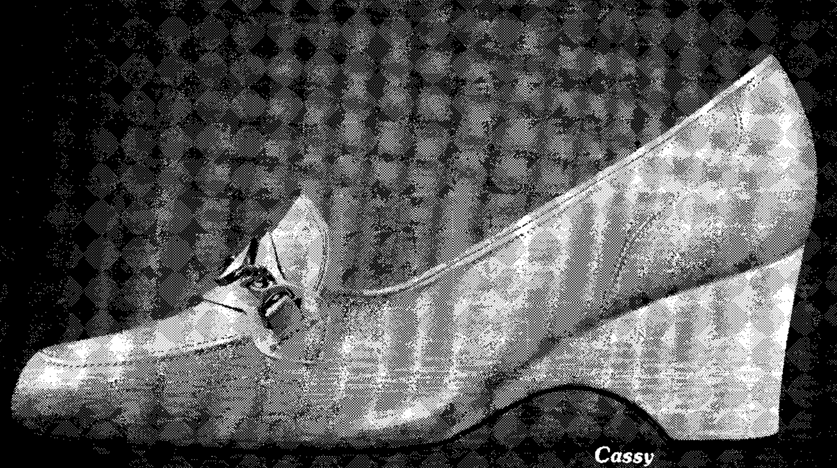

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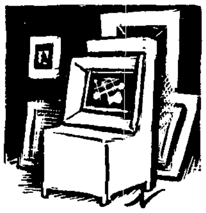
ture from the Democratic ticket, Duryea had suggested that he would hardly have to formulate a campaign against Carey, since Miss Krupsak's harsh judgment of him would fill the bill perfectly, and Duryea's campaign commercials in the last two weeks before the primary berated Carey for "bickering" with her. In the past, however, Duryea had done some bickering with Miss Krupsak himself, and had shown little respect for her judgment. In a 1975 parliamentary skirmish with the Lieutenant Governor, whose duties include presiding over the State Senate, Duryea called her "an imposter." The following year, during another legislative scuffle, he shouted, "Last year I was moved to call you an imposter and you haven't improved with age." Any hope that Duryea might have had of inheriting the Krupsak feminist vote in the general election was probably disposed of early in the summer. During a discussion at the Republican Convention of whether there had been an attempt to find a woman candidate for the Republican slate, a reporter asked him, "Would you like a woman?" "For tonight or for the ticket?" asked Duryea. His wife explained to the press later that this was "just a joke."

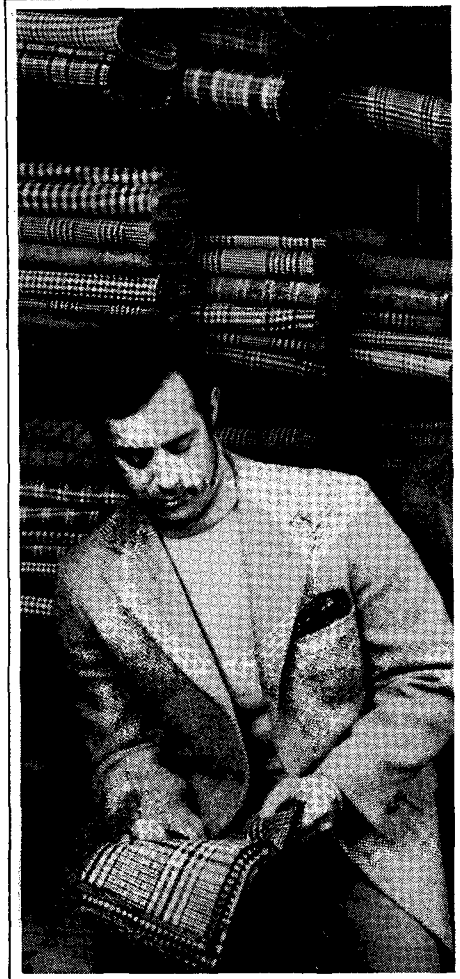
During the summer, attorney-general candidate Dolores Denman also shifted from a previous position. Asked in June about the question of capital punishment, she said that she favored it but that since the attorney general's office—which deals almost entirely with civil matters—has nothing to do with capital punishment, she regarded it as a "false" issue for the campaign. She also praised Carey for his political courage in opposing it. (In another Republican-Democratic division, all of the candidates designated at the Republican Convention favor the death penalty, while all those chosen by the Democrats, including Robert Abrams, oppose it, as does Lieutenant Governor Krupsak.) By early August, Mrs. Denman may have felt that she wasn't making sufficient headway against Abrams, and needed an issue. She not only began to harp on the advantages of capital punishment but announced that her race against Abrams should be considered a "referendum" on the death penalty, which she said "would serve a valuable societal function" as "a kind of safety valve" to give people a sense of striking back. She also announced that she would campaign personally to bring about a legislative override of Carey's veto of the death-penalty bill.



Carey was thus under attack during the primary campaign from the full roster of Republican candidates jumping the gun on the general-election phase of the race as well as from his Lieutenant Governor and other fellow-Democrats, including not only Mrs. Denman but Senator Bloom, whose favorite issue also was the death penalty and the Governor's alleged softness on criminals. Carey's response to these simultaneous attacks was to engage in a rapid turnabout of his own. The former inaccessible loner with a reputation for being, as his running mate Cuomo described it, "a brooding, moody Celt" almost overnight became the original convivial glad-handing campaigner, eagerly plunging into crowds, publicly debating all comers on all topics, and, often, taking advantage of his pleasant enough Irish-tenor voice, suddenly shouting "Where's my chorus?" and persuading even hostile groups of potential Carey voters to join him in song ("Give My Regards to Broadway" or "I Love New York"). To those who expressed doubts about his chances, he said, "I know I'm in a hard fight, but I've been in hard fights before." The Governor's new high spirits on the stump and his skillful showmanship must have reminded early-summer doomsayers that, in case they had forgotten, he had always said he enjoyed campaigning for office (it is evidently small talk to what he regards as no purpose which he disdains) and that before he went to Albany he had won seven straight congressional races in a Brooklyn district that turned increasingly conservative with the years. Part of the reason that the district turned more conservative was that the Republicans in the State Legislature, led by Duryea, had redrawn it at every opportunity in such a way that they were sure only a Republican could win there. "Can't you at least give me this one block back?" Carey is said to have asked Duryea, pointing to a Brooklyn map during one redistricting session, which he attended as a supplicant. Duryea, however, was adamant. Carey won that election, but only by a narrow margin. Such items out of past history virtually guarantee that the last phase of the election for governor will not be an amiable one.

A poll released late in August by Roger Seasonwein Associates indicated that in the metropolitan area, which includes the city and four nearby counties, and which traditionally accounts for almost three-quarters of the primary vote, Carey would take forty-five per cent of the total, to thirty per cent for Miss Krupsak and nine per cent for Bloom. By that time, Carey was campaigning almost entirely against Duryea, as if he had no primary opposition. The large shift in his standing in the polls was the result, of course, not only of his aggressive glad-handing but of shrewd campaign organization, shameless use of the advantages of incumbency, and the enormous amounts of money he had available for television commercials and other campaign costs. In a debate with Bloom and Miss Krupsak on the night before the primary, Carey put his total expenditures to date at about a million one hundred thousand dollars, compared to the approximately three hundred thousand his Democratic rivals had spent between them. Giving some idea of the lavishness of the head-to-head campaign that now lies ahead, he insisted that he had spent no more than the combined total of his opposition if one included the approximately eight hundred and fifty thousand already laid out during the spring and summer by Duryea, although Duryea had no primary opponent. In the last two weeks of the primary campaign, the Republican candidate spent two hundred and forty-four thousand dollars on a television-and-radio blitz designed to improve the chances against Carey of Miss Krupsak, whom he had no doubt he could defeat. What had undoubtedly alarmed him most were the events of the convention during the last week of August of the state A.F.L.-C.I.O., which represents about two million union members. The group had never before endorsed a candidate in a primary, and many of its leaders were known to be close to the Republicans. Political reports before the convention predicted that the Carey forces would try desperately to prevent the delegates from endorsing Duryea and were hoping, at best, to persuade them to remain neutral. However, after Carey delivered a rousing speech to the convention (the word "virtuoso" was used in at least two press accounts), the delegates endorsed him by a wide margin.

On Primary Night, Carey hailed the results as "a victory for the cause of life over the politics of death." To supporters of the death penalty, who had called that issue pivotal to the campaign, the primary was a great disappointment. If the race for the nomination for state attorney general was a "referendum" on that question, as Mrs. Denman had described it, the returns indicated that capital punishment was the all-important issue to only about a third of the voters. And, on the line



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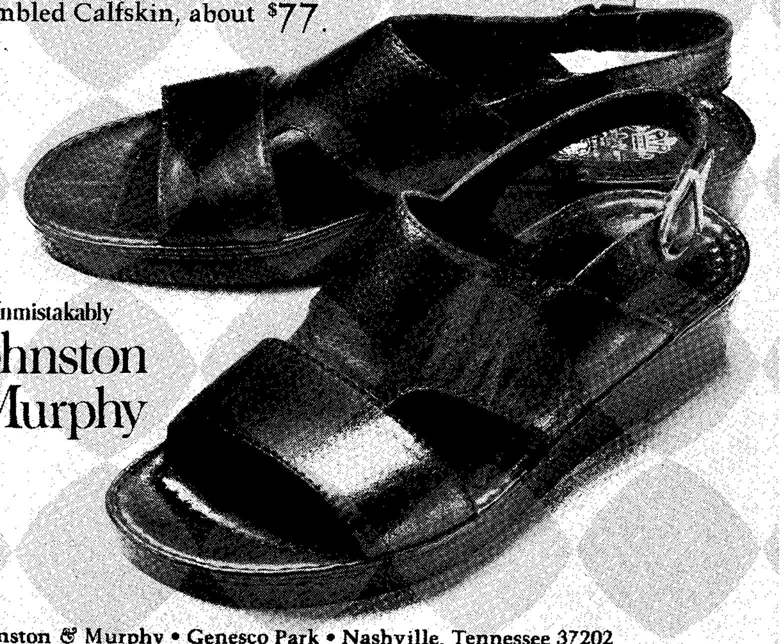

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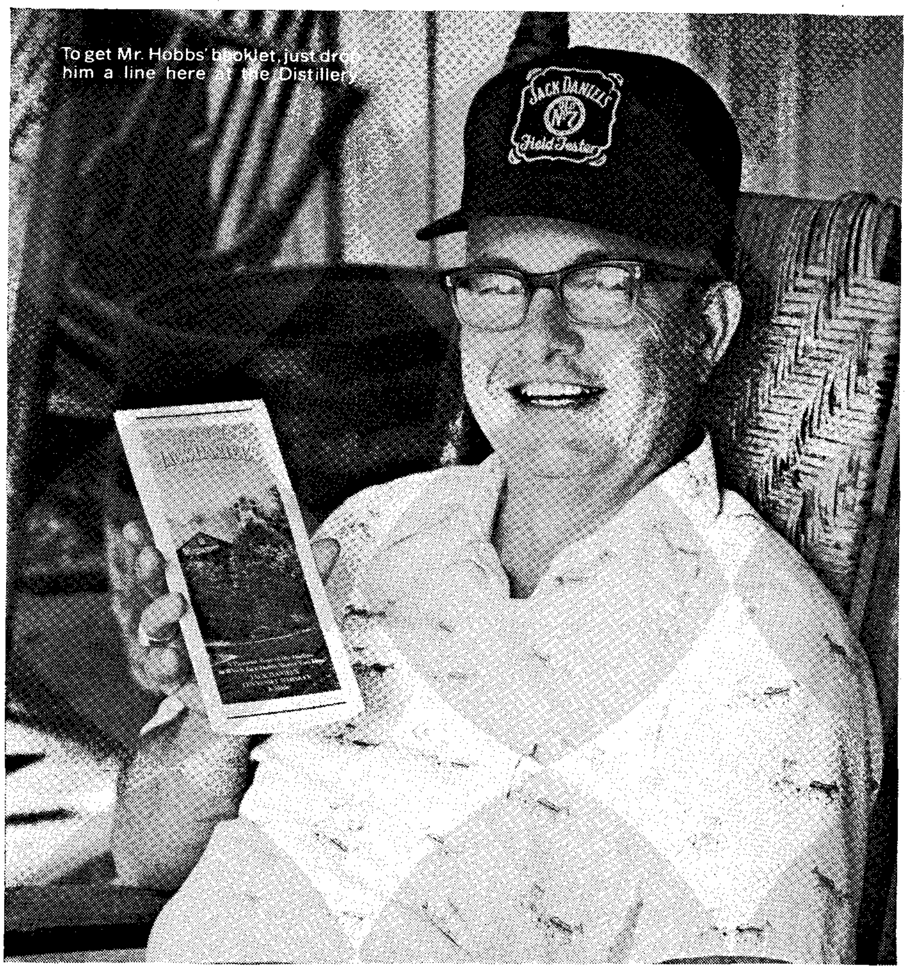

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for governor, Senator Bloom, who had built his campaign around the death penalty as the only solution to violent crime, took fourteen per cent of the vote, with the remaining eighty-six per cent going to Carey and Miss Krupsak, who were strongly on the other side. To implacable feminists who believe that women should back any woman candidate over any man, the primary returns were also distressing. Noting that Carey had named eight women to cabinet-level positions and had an excellent record on most so-called women's issues, such as abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment, Betty Friedan said, as the local branch of the National Organization for Women endorsed the Governor, "This is no time for ego trips. . . . We can't lose one of the major defenders we have." Miss Krupsak was not supported by any important woman politician in the state. There were many who felt that the abruptness and emotionalism of her decision not to run with Carey, the vagueness and scatterbrained logic of her discussion of some of the issues, and the general disarray of her campaign had been a setback to the feminist cause and had served to reinforce the view that women have no business in politics, rather as if a black man had campaigned for office doing a Stepin Fetchit shuffle and eating a watermelon.

The day after the primary, Perry Duryea indicated that it was Carey who should feel set back. "I think the Governor was repudiated," he said, and he described the result as "an extremely poor showing by an incumbent governor." A number of television reporters and members of the local press (what there were of these) seemed eager to go along with this view. Many of the same commentators who had suggested early in the summer that Carey was a sure loser did him the considerable favor of declaring that he was in trouble in his race against Duryea, because in the three-way primary he had won by only a little more than half the vote. In this way, they made it possible for him to run as the underdog one more time.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Albion* (*Ind.*) *Noble County American*]

Flabettes are happy to report that for the month of June, Mary Kaiser was the top loser with three pounds. This week's top loser was Sheri Deck with a 2-pound loss.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

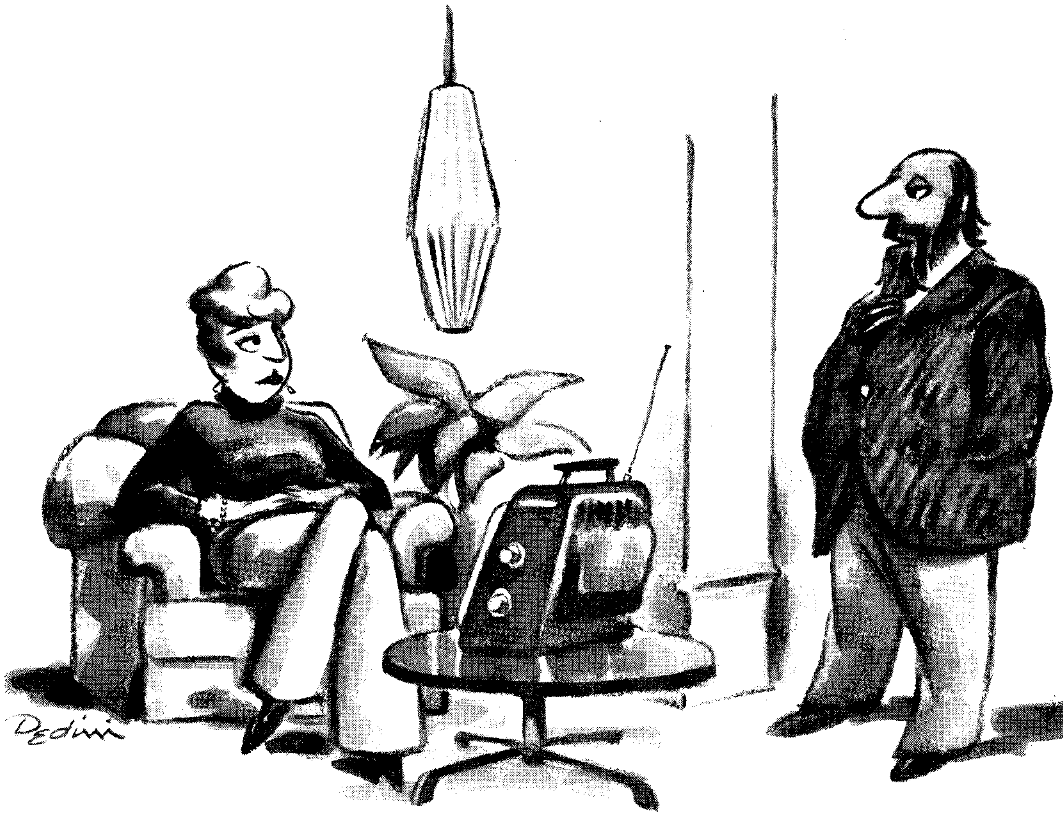
THE latest of the Metropolitan Opera's "Historic Broadcast" recordings is something very special, and well worth the hundred-dollar-or-more contribution that is asked by the management. It is special because it involves one of the Met's supreme performances—that of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" of January 7, 1939. This production comes from a period when the Metropolitan Opera really lived up to its reputation as the greatest opera house in the world. The cast is not only one of "stars;" it is one consisting of the finest singers ever to perform most of the roles in this delightful opera, and I can write about it only in superlatives. To be sure, it suffers, if only slightly, from the limitations of monaural recording—the main one being that the orchestra does not sound as full as it would in a modern version. But think of the cast! Lotte Lehmann as the Marschallin, Risë Stevens as Octavian, Emanuel List as Baron Ochs, Friedrich Schorr as Faninal, Marita Farell as Sophie, and a comparable list of lesser artists which includes such singers as Doris Doe, Dorothea Manski, and Karl Laufkoetter, all under the baton of Artur Bodanzky.

For those who heard Mme. Lehmann in the role, there will never be another Marschallin. I heard her both in Vienna (in 1923 and 1924, under the batons of Franz Schalk and Strauss himself) and at the Metropolitan, and I can testify that she grew in the part after the Vienna performances, though those were breathtaking. The exquisite femininity and range of emotion that her voice conveys on this recording will probably not be duplicated. I have never heard an Ochs equal to Mr. List—a powerful basso able to reach all the comic low notes that Strauss wrote, and a *farceur* with only one rival (I am thinking of the great Richard Mayr, of the Vienna Opera, who was also a wonderful *farceur* but lacked List's strength of vocal delivery). I have never heard or seen a more appealing Octavian than that of Miss Stevens. My previous experience of the role had been with Maria Olczewska, a magnificent contralto but a massive woman, whose ventures into trousers were hazardous, to say the least. Miss Stevens was the perfect Octavian, both vocally and visually, and her sense of comedy was highly developed and sophisticated. Marita Farell was certainly as fine a Sophie as one could have wished for. And, finally, the Faninal of Friedrich Schorr had all the refinement of style that his Wotan, Hans Sachs, and many other roles possessed.

The recording captures an amazing amount of the subtlety of the performance. One can weep at the Marschallin's monologue in Act I and laugh at Ochs's antics at the end of Act II. For most listeners, this will remain *the* "Rosenkavalier," despite many later, and slightly clearer, stereophonic versions. The recording has six sides, and is beautifully boxed, with a complete libretto and translation. It is available only through the Metropolitan Opera Fund (Box 930, New York, N.Y. 10023), though it was made in the RCA studios, under the special direction of Dario and Dorle Soria. There are a couple of negligible cuts—one in the first act, where the repetition of the Italian Singer's aria is obviously about to run off the tracks. This mere instant is the recording's only flaw.

THERE are some other recent operatic albums that are well worth consideration. Among them is Monteverdi's "Orfeo," a very early seventeenth-century opera (Monteverdi's first) and a powerful work, which can move us even today (RCA ARL 3-2536; six sides—the sixth filled out by Monteverdi madrigals). The singers include Eric Tappy, Magali Schwartz, Wally Staempfli, Theo Altmeyer, Yvonne Perrin, Vincent Girod, Philippe Huttenlocher, and François Loup. The orchestra is composed of instruments of Monteverdi's period, played by the Instrumental Ensemble of Lausanne, and the singers are the Vocal Ensemble of Lausanne. Michel Corboz is the conductor.

Donizetti's "La Favorita," in a new Italian version, has been recorded by the Chorus and Orchestra of the Teatro Comunale of Bologna, Richard Bonynge conducting, with Luciano Pavarotti, Fiorenza Cossotto, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Ileana Cotrubas, Piero de Palma, and Bruno de Franceschi (London OSA 13113; six sides). As those who have heard it know, this is a terribly dated opera,



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dealing with courtly love—a novice in a religious order who strays into a love affair with the king's mistress. It is tuneful, however, and this is an all-star cast. Particularly notable is the sensitive and stylish singing of Pavarotti.

Mozart's "La Betulia Liberata," a sacred oratorio written when the composer was fifteen years old—a remarkable achievement, despite its flaws—has been recorded by the Berlin Chamber Orchestra and the Berlin Radio Chorus, under Vittorio Negri, with a splendid cast including Claes H. Ahnsjö, Birgit Finnilä, Kari Lövaas, Siegfried Vogel, Kate Gamberucci, and Ursula Reinhardt-Kiss (Philips 6703.087; six sides). The work has its moments, but the style, modelled on that of Johann Adolph Hasse, is somewhat archaic and a bit boring here and there, and it contains all the clichés of opera seria. The performance, however, is unexceptionable. The libretto concerns the doings of Judith and Holofernes.

Manuel de Falla's "Atlántida" would probably rank as his masterpiece if he had lived to finish it. It is based on an epic poem by the Catalan poet Jacint Verdaguer, with some interpolations of the prophecies of Seneca and some Catholic liturgy, along with an episode by another poet, Josep Maria de Sagarra. It is an eclectic work, much influenced by Stravinsky and full of passages of great dramatic intensity. It was completed and revised by Falla's pupil Ernesto Halffter. As it stands, it is a work of great dignity—a true epic. Its libretto defies more than a brief summary. It deals with Hercules (here called Alcides), who comes to Spain at about the time of the sinking of the continent of Atlantis, slays a dragon, sees that the remaining fragments of Atlantis are joined together to form the peninsula of Spain, cleaves a range of mountains to form the Strait of Gibraltar, plants the first orange tree in Spain, and so on. It ends with Queen Isabella's dream of a dove winging its way westward, which persuades her to finance the voyage of Columbus. The performance, on a new Angel recording, of "Atlántida" is by the Children's Chorus of Our Lady of Remembrance, the Spanish National Chorus, and the Spanish National Orchestra, under the baton of Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, with a host of soloists including Enriqueta Tarrés, Anna Ricci, Vicente Sardinero, Eduardo Giménez, Paloma Pérez-Íñigo, Gregorio Oreja Armendariz, José Gabriel Vivas Sayas, and Jesus Sanz Remiro (SBLX-3852; four sides). The work is sung in Catalan, and the interpretation is fittingly noble.

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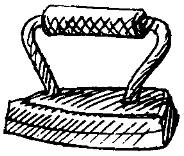

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There is also a new recording of Falla's "The Three-Cornered Hat" and "El Amor Brujo"—both a great deal more accessible than "Atlántida" (RCA ARL 1-2387; single disc). These works are performed by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Eduardo Mata, with Maria Luisa Salinas, Roger Birnstingl, and Nati Mistral as soloists. This, of course, is Falla in his folk-music vein, and the performance is delightful.

FINALLY, there is an original-cast recording of Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street" (RCA CBM 2-2714; four sides; mono). This is Menotti's most elaborate opera, and it has a powerful plot dealing with New York's Italian colony. Musically, Menotti is no Puccini, but he has an uncanny knowledge of what opera is all about, and he has written here with skill. The singers include David Poleri, Gloria Lane, Gabrielle Ruggiero, Maria Di Gerlando, Leon Lishner, and Catherine Akos, with an unidentified orchestra, under Thomas Schippers. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lynchburg (Va.) News*]

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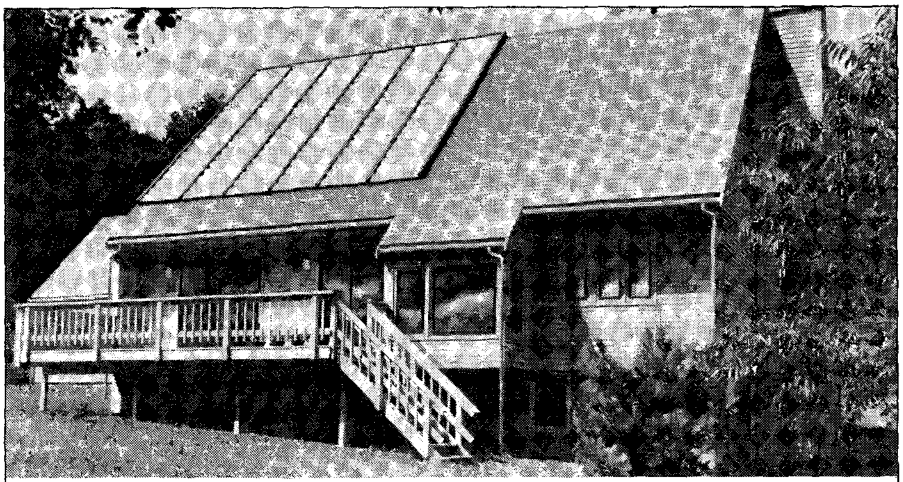

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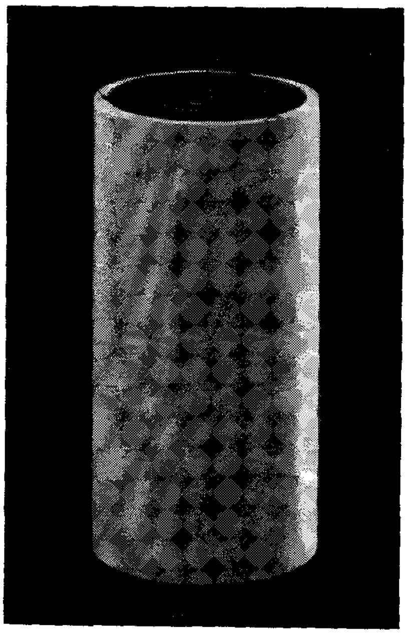

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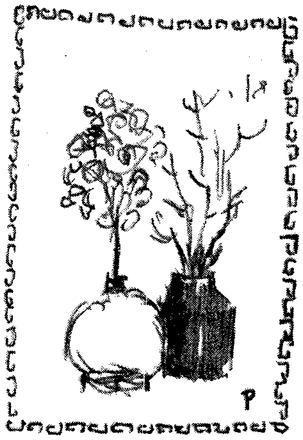
METAMORPHOSIS

THE first road my younger sister and I ever walked alone was the road to school—a straight, long avenue with oak trees, the green expanses of a botanical garden on one side and empty weed-filled plots on the other, Sister's favorite side. The road connected our quiet residential section with the big center of a North German town, and a world unknown to us. There was a tram we might have ridden, but our parents did not want us to use it; walking was healthy, they felt, and school was within walking distance—half an hour in all.

Automobiles were not a feature of street life in that time, and we had seen our road crowded only once, at the beginning of the war—the First World War—when singing soldiers bedecked with flowers were marching and riding past us. To the front, we were told, and fields of glory. Since then, we expected something to happen there again, something equally spectacular. We were still waiting, after two years of school and war.

It was my sister who discovered it, on an early-summer morning—the dead dog. Being more apprehensive about school than I, and for this reason probably more attentive to the landmarks that dotted our way to this disciplinary institution, she noticed at once the mangled body behind the wire netting of an empty plot—the last one we had to pass on the wasteland side before reaching school. As usual, she stopped there to look for broken glass that appealed to her fancy. On several occasions before, she had crawled through a hole in the wire to pick up the most sparkling bits to carry home to the collection she kept in a discarded velvet-lined jewel box. Just to make us arrive late at school, I suspected, and this in full sight of the school building, a tall, stern edifice, looming up like a frontier fortress at the edge of the wasteland. Beyond it lay the city's maze of gray streets and houses, hiding vague perils, as we had gathered from our parents' warning. With the dead creature in front of us, these perils had invaded familiar territory, taking us by surprise.



Except for a dead mouse and our canary bird that died, both looking like discarded toys, we had not encountered death, at home or outside—flooded with sunlight, at that.

The dog must have been run over quite recently, and then dumped on the other side of the fence. Its blood was still brightly red, and its entrails, spilling out of the torn stomach like messed-up skeins, looked shiny against the dusty weeds. We peered at it in silence—at the limp head, the open, opaque eyes. There was an unfamiliar stillness about the scene, the stillness of violently arrested movement. It seemed to grow tense, and involve us. The longer we looked, the more deeply we felt it penetrate. We heard it humming in our ears, until we realized that there were flies around us.

"It might not be a dog," I said, in a foolish attempt to break the spell.

"Don't be silly. It can't be anything else," Sister replied, with a flicker of authority in her voice.

She was a year and a half younger than I—only eight—and in a lower form in school, a difference that mattered much then. Usually, it was I who rebuked *her* for silliness. For her silly passion for collecting colored-glass splinters—troubles, too. It exposed her to all kinds of imprudent experiences—cut fingers, bruised knees, first aid, soiled books, and punishment. That this exposure could also endow her with authority was another shock I had to face on that road.

EACH day, on our way to school and back home, she made us stop at the dog, and each day the color of its blood and guts grew fainter; so did my hope that someone would claim and bury it out of sight. Only the earth claimed the body back, more merciful and more pitiless than man. And we were witnessing her claim.

The spot was soon teeming with busy insects, ants, and flies. Their buzzing rose and fell with our approaching and receding steps—an angry warning to stay away. But Sister did not care. "Let's do something about it," she said, after a fortnight of silent observation.

Again there was that new authority in her voice I had had to reckon with since her frightening discovery.

"Let's do something soon. You know what I mean," Sister insisted.

And I knew. "Metamorphosis," I said.

She nodded gravely.

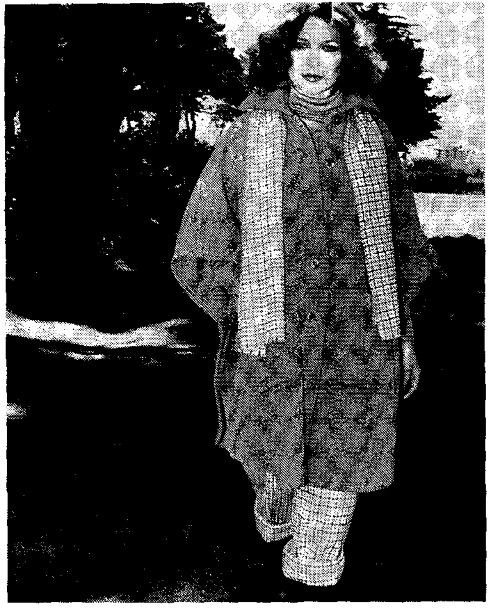
Metamorphosis was the name of the compost heap in our garden; Father had baptized it so. It was part of Father's humor to attach learned names to the crudities of life, with the hope, perhaps, of transcending them. But there was also a practical side to his humor. In those days of murderous battles and long lists of soldiers dead for their fatherland, even gentle and absent-minded civilians like Father, exempted from military service because of ill health, must have tried to adjust themselves to callous realities—in their homes, at least. That's why he had buried our canary bird in the compost heap he was patiently building up on the advice of an equally unworldly and ailing uncle who told him one could raise melons that way, and flowers in the bargain.

The canary had died on a mild winter day for lack of proper food. We had wrapped it up in the paper from a bar of scented soap, and then Father had sunk the small parcel into the squelch of the compost, among decaying leaves and kitchen refuse. To allay our grief and disgust, he had made a proper funeral speech. "This is the place of metamorphosis, of miraculous transformation," he said. "You will rise again, little bird, in the form of the finest melons ever to be eaten, and in the color of the most beautiful sunflowers ever to be seen. Rise, die, and rise again!"

Many months had gone by since then, but his words had impressed us so deeply that we were only waiting to give metamorphosis a new try—a more effective one, since the compost, despite Father's care and studies in a gardening handbook, had produced nothing but a few weedy-looking plants. Now the occasion had come, and we decided to carry the dog's body—or, rather, what was left of it—to the compost heap in our garden corner, so that it could work its magic. All we needed was a couple of sturdy sticks for transporting the corpse, and those were easily found under the oak trees along our road.

While Sister was crawling through the hole in the wire netting, I turned away, cowardly, waiting for her to call when my help was needed. She must have started pushing the dog toward the fence, because I heard a strange noise—something like rustling and wheezing.

Suddenly she was back on my side, all white in the face, telling me to



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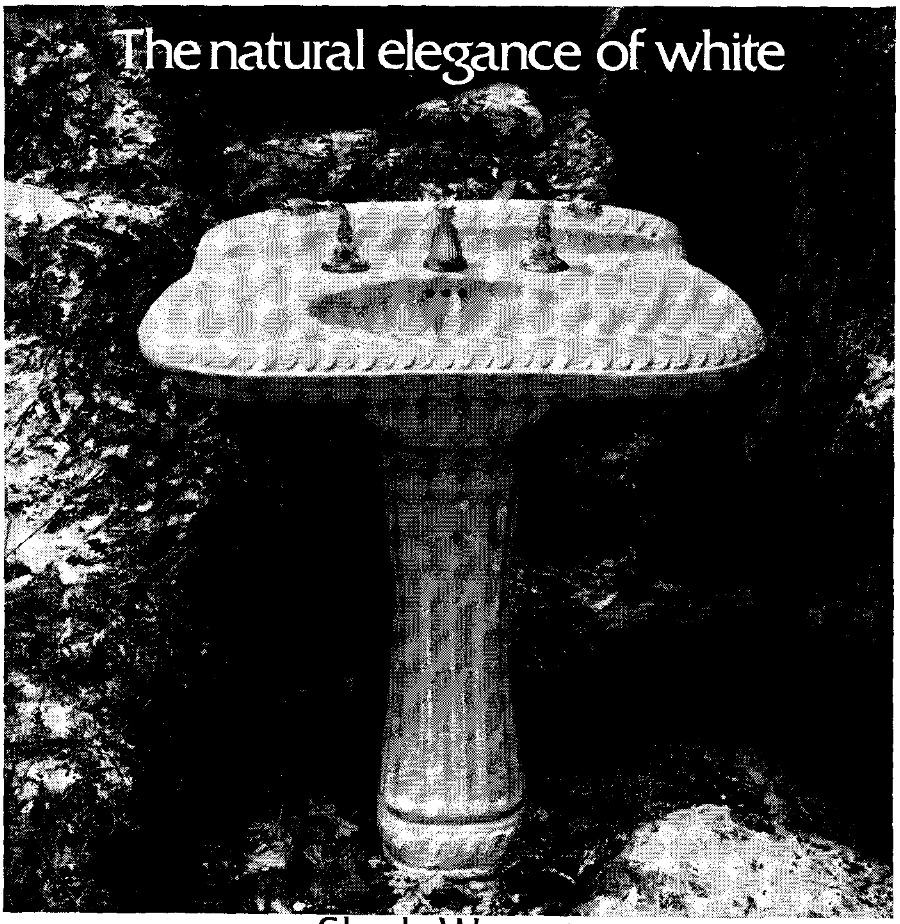

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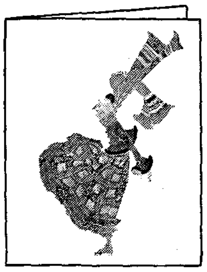

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run. "It moves!" she cried, throwing away her sticks, and we both began running, without looking back.

I DID not ask Sister any questions; nor did we talk about this incident. But from then on we avoided the sight of the dog, choosing to walk on the other side of the road when we went back and forth to school. Only after the summer vacation, which we spent in the gay company of a children's colony on the Baltic Sea, did we muster enough courage to have another look at the dog, on our first day back to school.

There was nothing left of its body. But where it had rested we saw a wavering line of small poppies, thin and burning red, like the fresh scar on Sister's knee, and we could not bring ourselves to pick them.

—RUTH DOMINO

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Where we are here to stay,
Stick by stick, we burn
The last-century furniture.
Snow steers at the glass.
While we are warm,
Not all of it
Will get away.

—JOHN N. MORRIS

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE CONSTABULARY SCENE

[*From the Post*]

Police Commissioner McGuire has ordered Chief of Inspectional Service John Guido to make a "full-scale" study of the situation to determine why there has been such a sudden increase.

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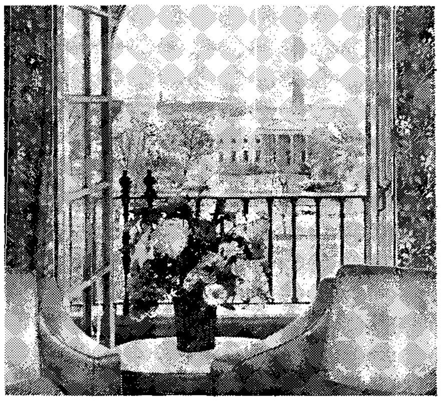

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

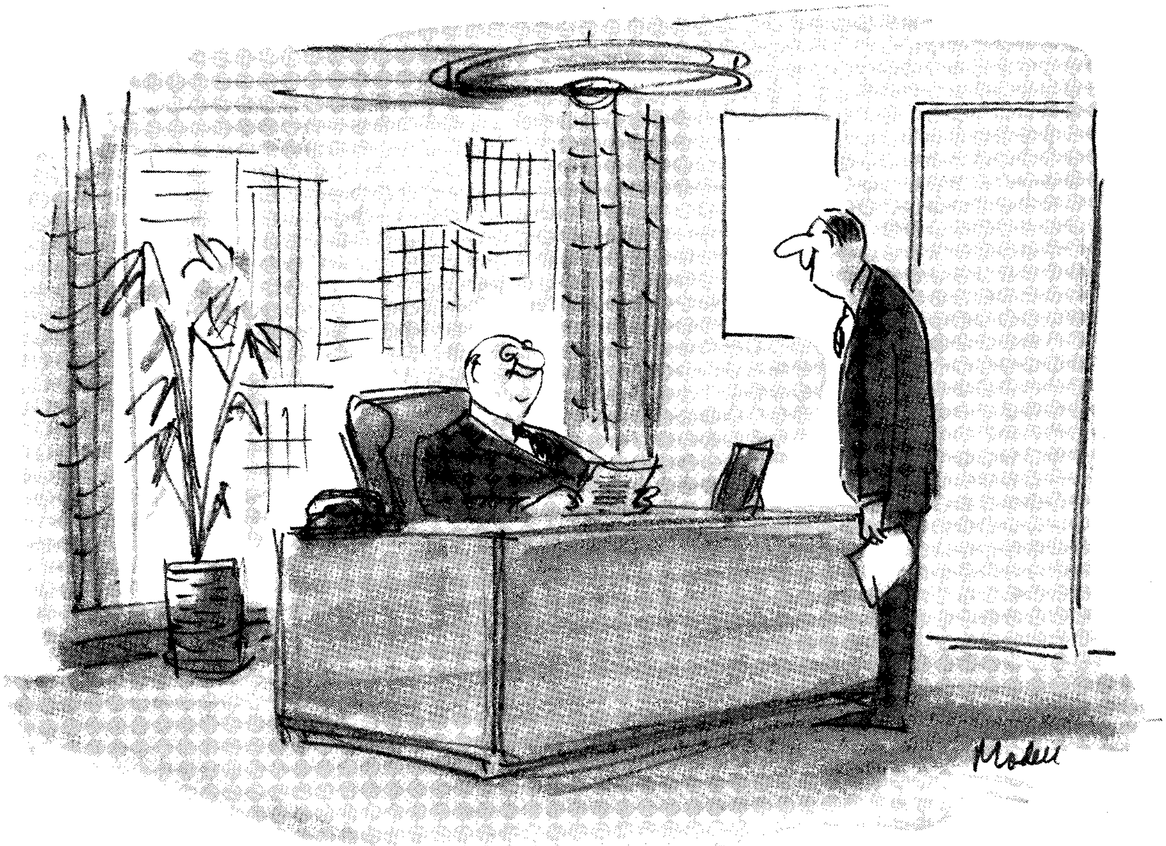
Fear of Movies

ARE people becoming *afraid* of American movies? When acquaintances ask me what they should see and I say "The Last Waltz" or "Convoy" or "Eyes of Laura Mars," I can see the recoil. It's the same look of distrust I encountered when I suggested "Carrie" or "The Fury" or "Jaws" or "Taxi Driver" or the two "Godfather" pictures before that. They immediately start talking about how they "don't like" violence. But as they talk you can see that it's more than violence they fear. They indicate that they've been assaulted by too many schlocky films—some of them highly touted, like "The Missouri Breaks." They're tired of movies that reduce people to nothingness, they say—movies that are all car crashes and killings and perversity. They don't see why they should subject themselves to experiences that will tie up their guts or give them nightmares. And if that means that they lose out on a "Taxi Driver" or a "Carrie," well, that's not important to them. The solid core of young moviegoers may experience a sense of danger as part of the attraction of movies; they may hope for new sensations and want to be swept up, overpowered. But these other, "more discriminating" moviegoers don't want that sense of danger. They want to remain in control of their feelings, so they've been going to the movies that allow them a distance—European films such as "Cat and Mouse," novelties like "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands," prefab American films, such as "Heaven Can Wait," or American films with an overlay of European refinement, like the hollowly objective "Pretty Baby," which was made acceptable by reviewers' assurances that the forbidden subject is handled with good taste, or the entombed "Interiors."

If educated Americans are rocking on their heels—if they're so punchy that they feel the need to protect themselves—one can't exactly blame them for it. But one can try to scrape off the cultural patina that, with the aid of the press and TV, is forming over this timidity. Reviewers and commentators don't have to be crooked or duplicitous to praise dull, stumpy movies and disapprove of exciting ones. What more natural than that they would share the fears of their readers and viewers, take it as a cultural duty to warn them off intense movies, and equate intense with dirty, cheap, adolescent? Discriminating moviegoers want the placidity of *nice* art—of movies tamed so that they are no more arousing than what used to be called polite theatre. So we've been getting a new cultural puritanism—people go to the innocuous hoping for the charming, or they settle for imported sobriety, and the press is full of snide references to Coppola's huge film in progress, and a new film by Peckinpah is greeted with derision, as if it went without saying that Bloody Sam couldn't do anything but blow up bodies in slow motion, and with the most squalid commercial intentions.

This is, of course, a rejection of the particular greatness of movies: their power to affect us on so many sensory levels that we become emotionally accessible, in spite of our thinking selves. Movies get around our cleverness and our wariness; that's what used to draw us to the picture show. Movies—and they don't even have to be first-rate, much less great—can invade our sensibilities in the way that Dickens did when we were children, and later, perhaps, George Eliot and Dostoevski, and later still, perhaps, Dickens again. They can go down even deeper—to the primitive levels on which we experience fairy tales. And if people resist this invasion by going only to movies that they've been assured have nothing upsetting in them, they're not showing higher, more refined taste; they're just acting out of fear, masked as taste. If you're afraid of movies that excite your senses, you're afraid of movies.

IN his new book, "The Films in My Life," François Truffaut writes, "I demand that a film express either the *joy of making cinema* or the *agony of making cinema*. I am not at all interested in anything in between; I am not interested in all those films that do not pulse." Truffaut's dictum may exclude films that some of us enjoy. You



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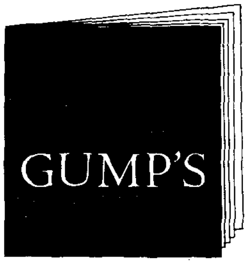

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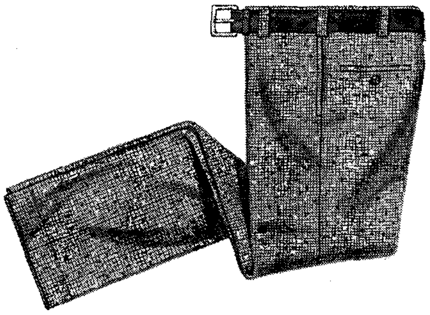

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couldn't claim that "National Lampoon's Animal House" expresses either the joy or the agony of making cinema. It's like the deliberately dumb college-football comedies of the thirties—the ones with Joan Davis or Martha Raye—only more so; it's a growly, rambunctious cartoon, and its id anarchy triumphs over the wet-fuse pacing, the blotchy lighting, and the many other ineptitudes. *In its own half-flubbed* way, it has a style. And you don't go *to a film* like "Animal House" for *cinema*, you go for roughhousing disreputability; it makes you laugh by restoring you to the slobby infant in yourself. (If it were more artistic, it couldn't do that.)

But that sort of movie is a special case. Essentially, I agree with Truffaut. I can enjoy movies that don't have that moviemaking fever in them, but it's enjoyment on a different level, without the special aphrodisia of movies—the kinetic responsiveness, the all-out submission to pleasure. That "pulse" leaves you with all your senses quickened. When you see a movie such as "Convoy," which has this vibrancy and yet doesn't hold together, you still feel clearheaded. But when you've seen a series of movies without it, whether proficient soft-core porn like "The Deep" or klutzburgers like "Grease," you feel poleaxed by apathy. If a movie doesn't "pulse"—if the director isn't talented, and if he doesn't become fervently obsessed with the possibilities that the subject offers him to explore moviemaking itself—it's dead and it deadens you. Your heart goes cold. The world is a dishrag. (Isn't the same thing true for a novel, a piece of music, a painting?)

This pressing against the bounds of the medium doesn't necessarily result in a good movie (John Boorman's debauch "Exorcist II: The Heretic" is proof of that), but it generally results in a live one—a movie there's some reason to see—and it's the only way great movies get made. Even the madness of "Exorcist II" is of a special sort: the picture has a visionary crazy grandeur (like that of Fritz Lang's loony "Metropolis"). Some of the telepathic sequences are golden-toned and lyrical, and the film has a swirling, hallucinogenic, apocalyptic quality; it might have been a horror classic if it had had a simpler, less ritzy story. But, along with flying demons and theology inspired by Teilhard de Chardin, it had Richard Burton, with his precise diction, helplessly and inevitably turning his lines into camp, just as the cultivated, stage-trained actors in early-thirties

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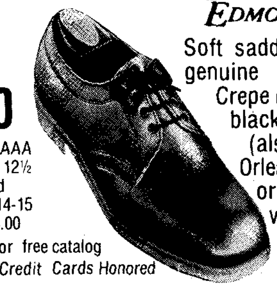

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horror films did. Like them, Burton had no conviction in what he was doing, so he couldn't get beyond staginess and artificial phrasing. The film is too cadenced and exotic and too deliriously complicated to succeed with most audiences. But it's winged camp—a horror fairy tale gone wild, another in the long history of moviemakers' king-size follies. There's enough visual magic in it for a dozen good movies; what the picture lacks is judgment—the first casualty of the moviemaking obsession.

What Boorman has in surfeit is what's missing from "Heaven Can Wait": there isn't a whisper of personal obsession in the moviemaking. The film has no desire but to please, and that's its only compulsiveness; it's so timed and pleated and smoothed that it's sliding right off the screen. This little smudge of a movie makes one laugh a few times, but it doesn't represent moviemaking—it's pifflemaking. Warren Beatty moves through it looking fleecy and dazed, murmuring his lines in a dissociated, muffled manner. The film has to be soft-focussed and elided—a series of light double takes—because if Beatty raised his voice or expressed anything more than a pacific nature, the genteel, wafer-thin whimsy would crumble.

There's no way I could make the case that "Animal House" is a better picture than "Heaven Can Wait," yet on some sort of emotional-aesthetic level I prefer it. One returns you to the slobbiness of infancy, the other to the security of childhood, and I'd rather stand with the slobs. I didn't much mind "Heaven Can Wait" when I saw it. Some of the lines have Elaine May's timorous, unaccountable weirdness. (Those jokes of hers come at you like wobbly cannonballs; you're never sure which ones will hit.) And in their marginal roles Dyan Cannon (a frenzied, lascivious bunny) and Charles Grodin (a discreet lizard) play off each other like cartoon confederates. It wasn't bad. Why, then, does it offend me when I think about it? Because it's image-conscious celebrity moviemaking; Beatty the star (who is also the producer and the co-director and even takes a co-writing credit) wants to be a nice guy, the same way Burt Reynolds does in "Hooper." They go soft on themselves and act on one cylinder. They become so *dear*—Beatty the elfin sweet Jesus, and Reynolds the macho prince who hides his saintly heart—that they're not functioning as artists; they've turned into baby-kissing politicians.

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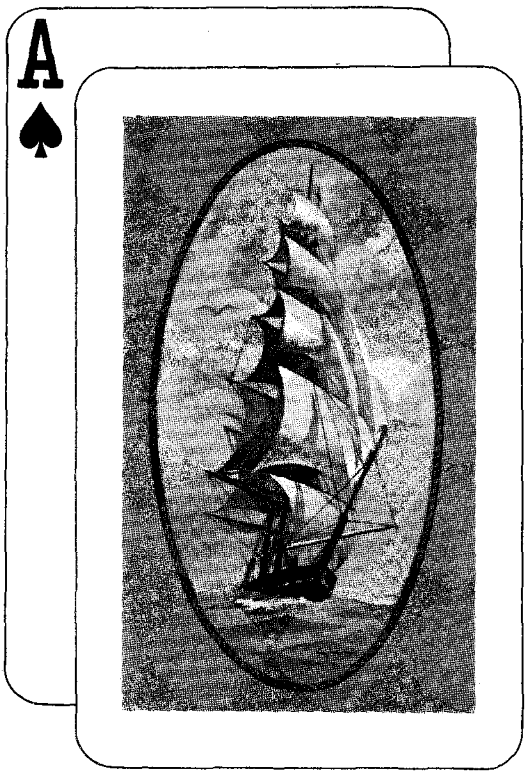

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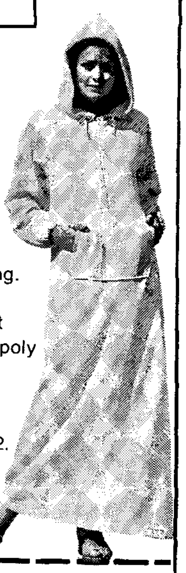

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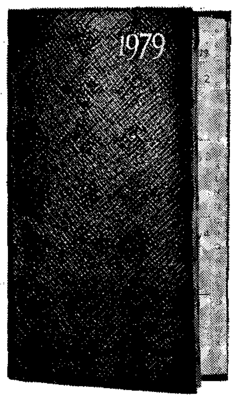
and injures himself in order to protect a little mutt, and afterward, while in pain, he's bawled out by a huffy official from an animal-protection society who doesn't recognize his devotion to dogdom. But *we're* sure not kept in the dark. In this slapstick celebration of the "real people" in Hollywood—the stunt men—the director, Hal Needham, lays out the gags for us as if we were backwoodsmen, and when it's time for him to show his stuff by staging the breathtaking stunts that the movie keeps telling us about, he fumbles every damn one of them. The camera is always in the wrong place; it's as if Needham had a tic that made him turn his head at the crucial moment. And it's almost a sickness—the repetition mania, the falling back on exhausted conventions. The hero has a live-in girlfriend (Sally Field) who is an irrelevant drag on the action, just like the worrying wives of old. As Hooper goes off to perform the most dangerous stunt of his life, she delivers the line that emerged from the compressed lips of generations of movie wives: "I won't be here when you get back." Was there ever one of them who carried out the threat? (The alternative was the John Ford woman, who said, "Matt, be careful.")

Reynolds has a faithful audience for pictures in which he doesn't attempt anything he hasn't done before. A half-cocked piece of moviemaking like "Hooper," with its neo-John Wayne-ism (we red-blooded men who aren't afraid of risking our bodies are the true chivalrous knights of America, the only ones you can trust), is accepted as "a kick." The public has genuine affection for Reynolds' West Coast wise-guy swagger, and it doesn't seem to matter to people that in "Hooper" his merriment often seems a tired reflex. (That moon face crinkles on call.) Even if the press treated "Hooper" or a Clint Eastwood picture as contemptuously as it did "Convoy," those pictures might not be hurt at box offices.

It's no accident that the directors who have an appetite for the pleasure and complexity of moviemaking are so often abused in the press. Their films are likely to grip people, and in impolite ways. These directors can't resist subverting the old forms that give comfort to audiences. And, given the hell of dealmaking and the infinite number of things that can go wrong during a production, a director who cares about the rhythm and texture of his imagery is likely to turn into a mixture of pompous bore, master strategist, used-car salesman, maniac, and messiah—in



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short, a major artist. And yes, he'll try for too big an effect, or he'll upset the balance of a neatly structured pipsqueak script. The pressures of dealmaking squeeze the juice out of him, but still, in his sheer burning desperation to make movies, he'll try to turn a dud into *something*. And maybe he'll sustain that drive for only a part of the picture and he'll let the rest of it go to hell. How can moviemakers sustain their energy? How can they believe they should give the public of their best when the kids want to get Greased over and over and the literate adults go off to their cozy French detective comedy? Whom can they make movies *for*? They have every reason to be bitter and confused. (And they are, they are.)

AUDIENCES hiss the sight of blood now, as if they didn't have it in their own bodies. They hiss those bloody scenes that have the power to shock them, even when the blood isn't excessive. Bergman gets away with shocking effects; in "Cries and Whispers," he even shows vaginal blood, and no one dares hiss. But in "Eyes of Laura Mars," where the first flash of bloodletting comes right at the beginning, and in "The Fury," where the bloodshed is stylized, hyperbolic, insane, audiences who seem hypnotized by the urgency in the moviemaking still hiss the blood. They seem to be saying, "I don't need this!" They hiss the blood as if to belittle it, to make it less menacing. And these movies are treated with condescension.

Movies have upset repressive people right from the start, but the old Hollywood studio heads learned to appease pressure groups by keeping a lid on sacrilege and eroticism, and by making sharp moral distinctions between the violent acts committed by good guys and those committed by bad guys. Probably the movie that did the most to overturn all this was "Bonnie and Clyde," in 1967. Lingering sensuously on violent imagery, the director, Arthur Penn, brought our hidden, horrified fascination into the open. Eisenstein had plunged us into violence, and so had Buñuel and Kurosawa and many others, but this was an American movie made by an American director—in color—and it was saying, "Don't turn your head away, there's something horrible and rapturous going on." Louis B. Mayer and the old Hollywood simplicities were finally undermined. In 1969, Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch" came out—a traumatic poem of violence with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. And as the Vietnam War

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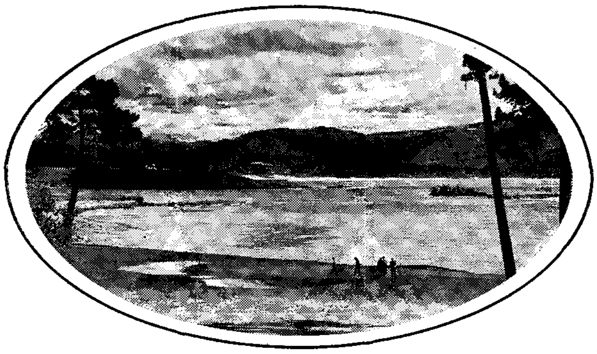

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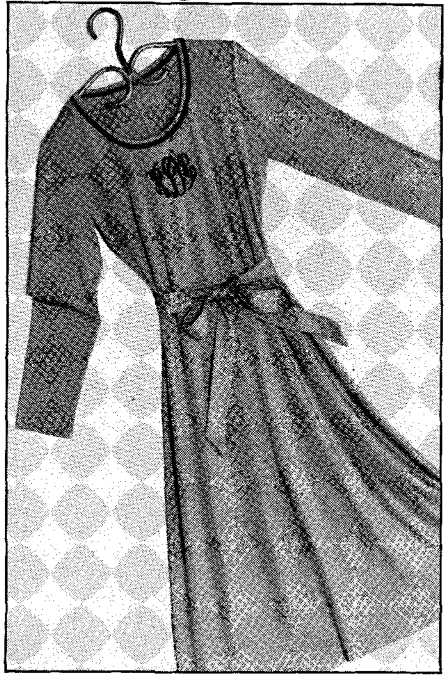

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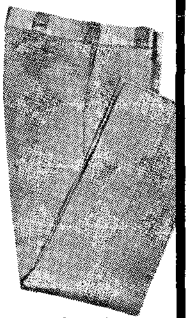

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dragged on and Americans became more and more demoralized and guilt-ridden, our films splattered blood at us—so much blood that going to the movies was often a painful, masochistic experience. The lurid didacticism was generally hypocritical: every crummy action-adventure picture that didn't know how to keep the audience's attention except by piling on massacres pointed to the war as a justification. And people became particularly incensed over the balletic, slow-motion scenes; although there's a psychological rationale, as well as an aesthetic one, for this "eternity in an instant" treatment of falls and accidents and horrors, it began to seem a mere device to force us to stare at gruesomeness.

People had probably had it with movie violence long before the war was over, but they didn't feel free to admit that they really wanted relaxed, escapist entertainment. Now that the war has ended, they talk about violence in movies as if it would plunge us back into that guilty mess. There's a righteousness in their tone when they say they don't like violence; I get the feeling that I'm being told that my urging them to see "The Fury" means that I'll be responsible if there's another Vietnam. During a brutal fight in "Who'll Stop the Rain," there were cries in the audience—on the order of "O.K., enough!"—and applause for the cries. These weren't the good-natured catcalls that are heard at stupid movies; it was an escape from the power of the fight. It's a way of closing off what you feel. I think I first became conscious of this audience mechanism back in the mid-forties, when I saw "Dead of Night" on its opening day in a crowded theatre and the audience laughed raucously during Michael Redgrave's greatest—most terrified—moments. The tension had got too much for them, and they turned philistine, rejecting their own emotional immersion in his performance. That's what people are doing now, on a larger scale. Maybe it's partly because they want to put the war behind them, but there's more to it: they're running away from flesh and blood on the screen. They have lost the background of security that used to make it easy for them to respond to suspense stories. Now, when they're always conscious of the violence in the society and are afraid that it's going to be coming at them when they leave the theatre, they don't want to see anything frightening on the screen. They've lost the hope that things are going to be better—that order will return. So they go to the mov-

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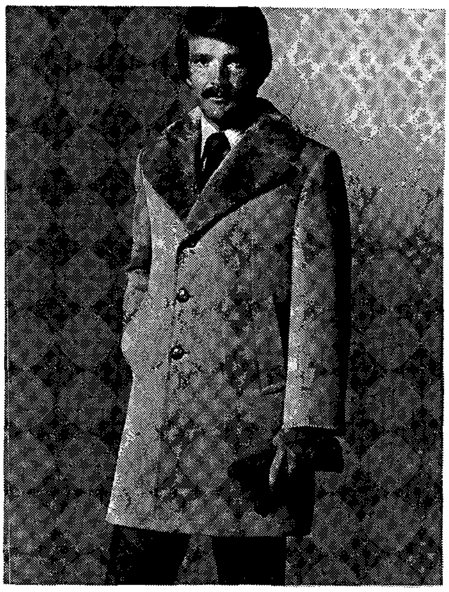

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ies to be lulled—to be gently rocked to sleep. ("Heaven Can Wait"—the acclaimed movie of the summer—is a lullaby.) What may be behind all this is the repression of the race issue. People feel that there's violence out there, and they want to shut it out. Movies, more than any other form of expression, are capable of bringing us to an acceptance of our terrors; that must be why people are afraid of movies.

WAS "Convoy" punished because of the blood Peckinpah has made us look at in the past? It got the bum's rush, though it's a happy-go-lucky ode to the truckers on the roads, a sunny, enjoyable picture, with only ketchup being splattered (in a mock fight in a diner). The lighting suggests J.M.W. Turner in the American Southwest, his eyes popping with surprise. Seeing this picture, you recover the feelings you had as a child about the power and size and noise of trucks, and their bright, distinctive colors and alarming individuality. Peckinpah uses the big rigs anthropomorphically. Each brawny giant in the procession has its own stride; some are lumbering, others are smooth as adagio dancers, while one bounces along and its trailer shimmies. At night, when a frightened driver pulls out of the line to go off alone in the darkness, the truck itself seems to quaver, childishly. The trucks give the performances in this movie, and they go through changes: when the dust rises around them on rough backcountry roads, they're like sea beasts splashing spume; when two of them squeeze a little police car between their tank-like armored bodies, they're insect titans. The whole movie is a prankish road dance, and the convoy itself is a protest without a cause: the drivers are just griped in general and blowing off steam. They want the recreation of a protest.

Sam Peckinpah talks in code, and his movies have become a form of code, too. "Convoy" is full of Peckinpah touches, but you can't tell the put-on from the romantic myth; his cynicism and his sentimentality are so intertwined by now that he's putting himself on. He has a mocking theme here that's visual: the spaciousness of the land and the pettiness of men's quarrels. But the script doesn't play off this disparity, and so, when the spaciousness overwhelms the lawman's spite that set the convoy in motion, it's the plot (rather than mankind) that seems silly. The film barely introduces the characters, and one of the funniest, J. D. Kane's Big Nasty, who talks in a voice

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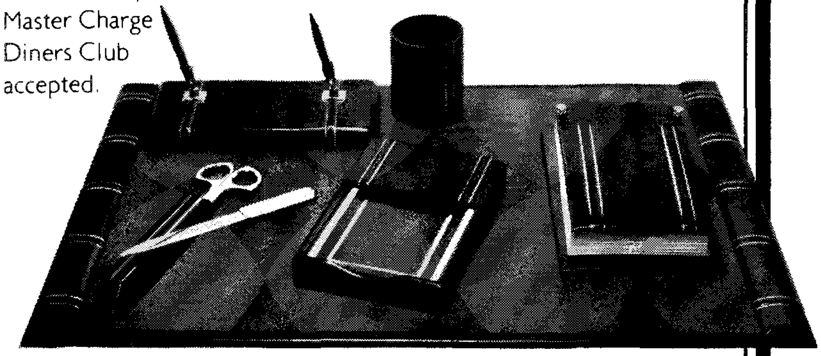

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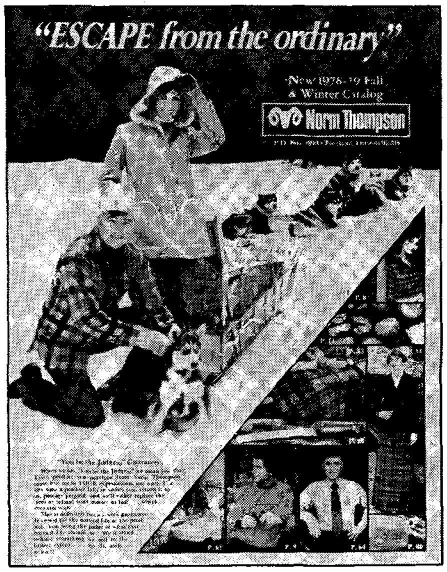

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so deep it might be his mammoth truck talking, is lost sight of. And here, as in "Cross of Iron," Peckinpah can't shoot dialogue; he doesn't seem to know anymore how people talk. (Also, the post-synchronization is so poor that the voices seem disembodied.) The visual music of the moving trucks is enough to carry the film for the first hour, but when the truckers stop for the night at an encampment, the movie stops; there's no narrative energy to keep it going.

The actor at the front of the convoy, Kris Kristofferson, isn't convincing as a horny trucker grabbing a sad-eyed waitress (Cassie Yates) and hopping into the truck for a quickie; Kristofferson lacks the common touch that might have given the movie some centrifugal force. But, with his steely blue eyes, and his hair and beard blowing in the wind, he's as majestic as the big trucks, and his reserve is appealingly heroic. Kristofferson doesn't overact, and his charm is so low-key and easy that even the disembodied sound doesn't damage him—it goes with his faintly detached personality. The sound is rough on the other performers, though; they seem not quite there. Kristofferson is partnered by Ali MacGraw, who has never seemed anywhere, and some of the resentment directed against the film may be because of her. She is a truly terrible actress, of the nostril school. (Did she study under Natalie Wood?) As the camera comes closer, the nostrils start flexing—not just for anger, for *any* emotion. Her role makes her seem soft and spoiled and rich, and she doesn't react to a situation, she comments on it, in a hideously superior way. When she's really working hard, she adds a trembling lip (reminiscent of Jackie Cooper as a child) to her tiny repertory of expressions. She isn't around a lot, though, and Kristofferson doesn't pay much attention to her (which saves him).

It isn't clear whether Peckinpah walked away from "Convoy" after presenting his first cut, or was barred from the final editing, or how much Graeme Clifford, who finally put it together (he was the editor on Nicolas Roeg's "Don't Look Now"), is responsible for. But there are lovely editing transitions and fast, hypnotic rhythms and graceful shifts of stationary compositions. Sequences with the trucks low in the frame and most of the image given over to skies with brilliant white clouds are poetic gestures, like passages in Dovzhenko. The film has a springiness of spirit, and a lust for drifting white desert sand; it's so beautiful

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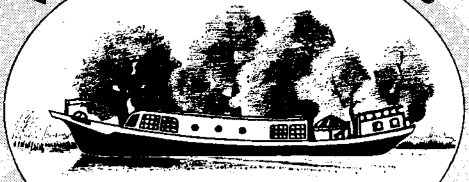
(yet funny) that often you don't want the camera to move—you want to hold on to what you see. Probably Peckinpah intended to make a simple action movie, but something in him must have balked at that. He saw the trucks and the skies and he kept shooting, like Eisenstein when he saw the faces of the Indians in Mexico.

NO American movie this year has been as full of the "joy of making cinema" as Martin Scorsese's "The Last Waltz," his film of The Band's Thanksgiving, 1976, concert in San Francisco. He shot it while he was still involved in "New York, New York"—which was full of the "agony of making cinema." In "The Last Waltz," Scorsese seems in complete control of his talent and of the material, and you can feel everything going right, just as in "New York, New York" you could feel everything going wrong. It's an even-tempered, intensely satisfying movie. Visually, it's dark-toned and rich and classically simple. The sound (if one has the good luck to catch it in a theatre equipped with a Dolby system) is so clear that the instruments have the distinctness that one hears on the most craftsmanlike recordings, and the casual interviews have a musical, rhythmic ease. Why was it so hard to persuade people to go see it? Were they leery of another rock-concert film? Were they tired of hearing about Scorsese? All of that, maybe, and possibly something more. They swooned and giggled over "A Star Is Born," but "The Last Waltz" is a real movie, and it must have given off some vibration that made them nervous. They couldn't trust the man who'd made "Mean Streets" and "Taxi Driver" to give them a safe evening.

THE fun of a movie thriller is in the way it plays on our paranoid fantasies; we know that we're being manipulated and yet—if the manipulation is clever enough—we give over to it. But can people respond to this as entertainment if they're on such edgy terms with themselves that they're afraid of being upset? In the press coverage of "Eyes of Laura Mars," the reviewers seem to be complaining that it's a thriller—or, rather, an effective thriller. Their being frightened seems to make them resent the film as immoral. "Eyes of Laura Mars," Irvin Kershner's seductive whodunit, is up against attitudes that a comparable fantasy, such as Polanski's "Rosemary's Baby"—also about justifiable female paranoia—didn't have to face. "Laura



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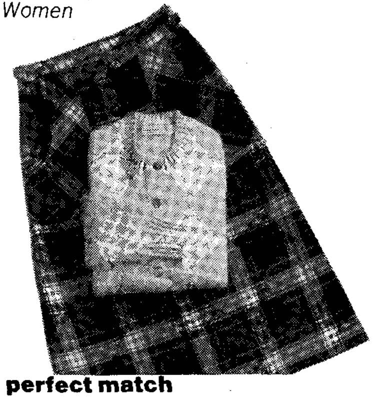

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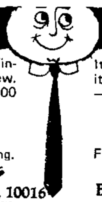

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Mars" operates on mood and atmosphere, and moves so fast, with such delicate changes of rhythm, that its excitement has a subterranean sexiness. It's a really stylish thriller, and Faye Dunaway, with long, thick dark-red hair, brings it emotion and presence, as well as a new erotic warmth. (Her legs, especially the thighs, are far more important to her performance than her eyes; her flesh gives off heat.) More womanly and more neurotically vulnerable—even tragic—than before, she looks as if she'd lived a little and gone through plenty of stress. She's glamorously beat out—just right to be telepathic about killings. Caped and swathed in clothing, with her glossy pale face taut against the lustrous hair (so thick it's almost evil), she's both Death and the Maiden. No Hollywood sex goddess has ever presented so alluring an image of kinky Death herself.

The scabrous is part of the elegant in this film; Laura Mars is a celebrity fashion photographer who specializes in the chic and pungency of sadism. The pictures she shoots have a furtive charge; we can see why they sell. Her photographic sessions, with burning cars and half-naked models strutting around their prey, are set up so that we get a sense of friction between the models, who are acting as killers and victims, and the buzzing, over-intense city, where everyone seems to be on a stage. Laura's pictures are, in fact, single-image versions of high-style blood thrillers, such as "Laura Mars." The humor in the movie is in the mixture of people who drift through the celebrity-circus milieu. Models who in their poses look wickedly decadent may be just fun-loving dingalings; unself-conscious when they're nude, they put on their gaunt insouciance with their clothes. In this high-fashion world, decadence is a game. But the creepiness of the environment isn't. The frames are packed with abrasive movement, and we see the dreck right next to the glamour, the dirty fingers that handle the expensive photographs. In the rush and bickering confusion of Laura's work life, she's dependent on her scruffy, wild-eyed driver (Brad Dourif), who's into God knows what, and her agent-manager (René Auberjonois), who probably hates her, because he has to take care of all the technicalities of time and place and money while she's being "creative." She has no one to trust. And so the harassed, frightened Laura falls in love with a police lieutenant (Tommy Lee Jones), who comes from a different, working-class world and represents simple values, old-

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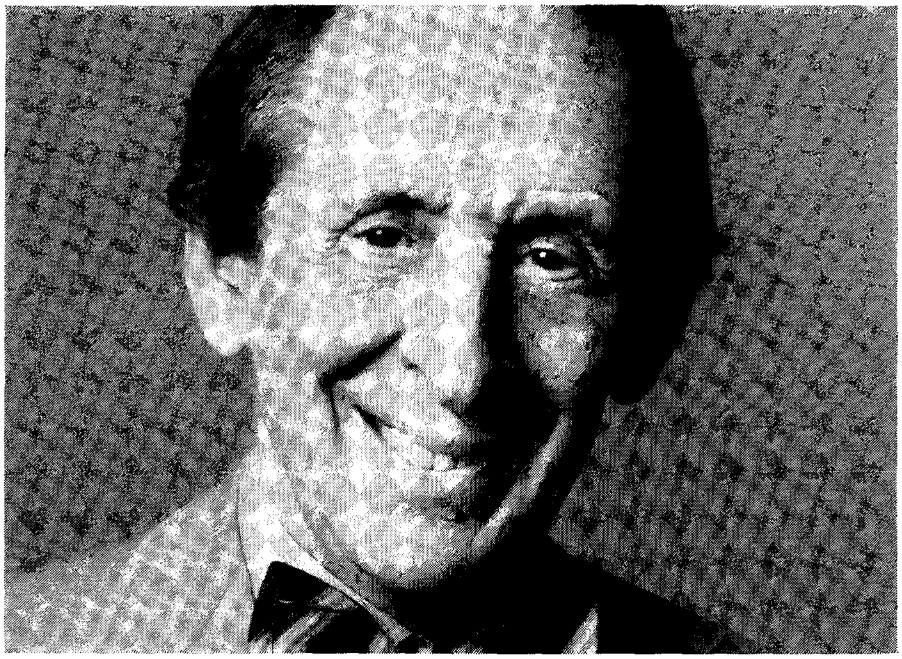
fashioned morality. In many ways, it's a subtle, funny movie. Laura's voice is heavy with emotion, the policeman's is light and high and boyish; they're as unlikely a pair of lovers as you would ever hope to see. With the help of Michael Kahn, who was the editor, Kershner glides over the gaps in the script and almost manages to trick viewers past the mediocre lighting. He gets us to experience the jangled, onstage atmosphere viscerally. Brad Dourif's excitable driver makes us laugh, because he epitomizes New York's crazed messengers and hostile flunkies; he's so wound up he seems to have the tensions of the whole city in his gut. The film has an acid-rock texture, while Tommy Lee Jones, with his cat burglar's grace, his sunken eyes, rough skin, and jagged lower teeth that suggest a serpent about to snap, takes us into the world of punk.

In "Laura Mars," you barely see any violence; it comes across by suggestion and a few quick images. But it's violence of a particular kind (and this may explain the angry, moralistic reactions to the film): the danger is to the eyes. If the killer had gone for the throat, probably the movie wouldn't be so frightening and wouldn't be considered immoral. (Of course, it wouldn't have any point, either.) "Laura Mars" violates our guardedness about our eyes. The most dreaded thing that can happen to what many regard as their most sensitive organs happens in this picture; like "Un Chien Andalou," it attacks what we're watching the movie with. "Eyes of Laura Mars" hasn't the depth of intention (or the art) to upset us profoundly; it doesn't go at the eyes like "King Lear" or "Oedipus Rex" or the Odyssey, it just touches lightly on our dread. But this movie has enough "pulse" to make us register how horribly vulnerable our bodies are. And people in the audience who are used to TV, with its car crashes and knifings and shootings that have no pain or terror in them, and no gore, feel violated: how dare a movie scare them, and how dare it attack their taboo about the eyes? Has their world become so close to a paranoid fantasy that they no longer experience any of the primal fun in being frightened?

One film has shocked me in a way that made me feel that it was a borderline case of immorality—Hitchcock's "Psycho," which, because of the director's cheerful complicity with the killer, had a sadistic glee that I couldn't quite deal with. It was hard to laugh at the joke after having been put in the position of being stabbed to death in the



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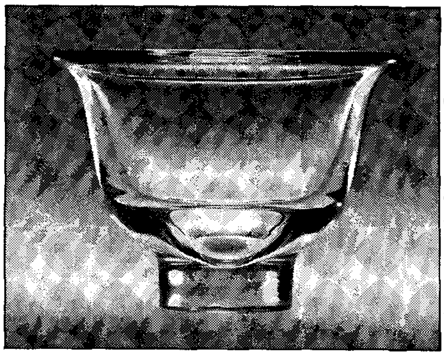

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motel shower. The shock stayed with me to the degree that I remember it whenever I'm in a motel shower. Doesn't everybody? It was a good dirty joke, though, even if we in the audience were its butt. I wouldn't have wanted to see "Psycho" that first time alone in a theatre (and I sometimes feel a slight queasiness if I'm by myself late at night somewhere watching a horror film on TV). But that's what a theatrical experience is about: sharing this terror, feeling the safety of others around you, being able to laugh and talk together about how frightened you were as you leave.

Those people who are trying to protect themselves from their own violence and their own distress by not going to see anything that could rock the boat are keeping a very tense cool. There's something crazily repressive in the atmosphere. They're rejecting the rare films that could stir them, frighten them, elate them. And they're accepting the movies in which everything happens affectlessly and even bloody violence can be shrugged off. Within a few years, everything has turned around. Violence that makes you feel afraid has replaced sex as what's offensive, exploitative, dirty; since the end of the war, particularly, this kind of violence has become pornographic—it's as if we thought we could shove muggers and urban guerrillas under the counter. Movie sex, meanwhile, has become trivialized—made casual. It's posh call-girl sex, *Playboy* sex; there's no hatred or possessiveness or even passion in it. (Imagine the sour rage and depth of desire a director like Peckinpah might show us if he made a movie about sex.) What does it mean when someone says to you in a prissy, accusing tone that he "doesn't like" violence? Obviously, he's implying that your ability to look at it means that you *like* it. And you're being told that you're made of coarser stuff than he is. He's found a cheap way to present his cultural credentials. There's something snobby in all this; sex is chic but violence is for the animals. The less worldly still ask, "Why can't they make movies about *nice* people?" It's the comfort of order that's wanted—everything in its place. It used to be that well-brought-up ladies were not expected to be able to stand the sight of blood; they were expected to be so protected from sex and blood and flesh and death that they would faint if exposed to what the common people had to learn to look at. It was considered an offense to them to bring up certain subjects in their presence. Now

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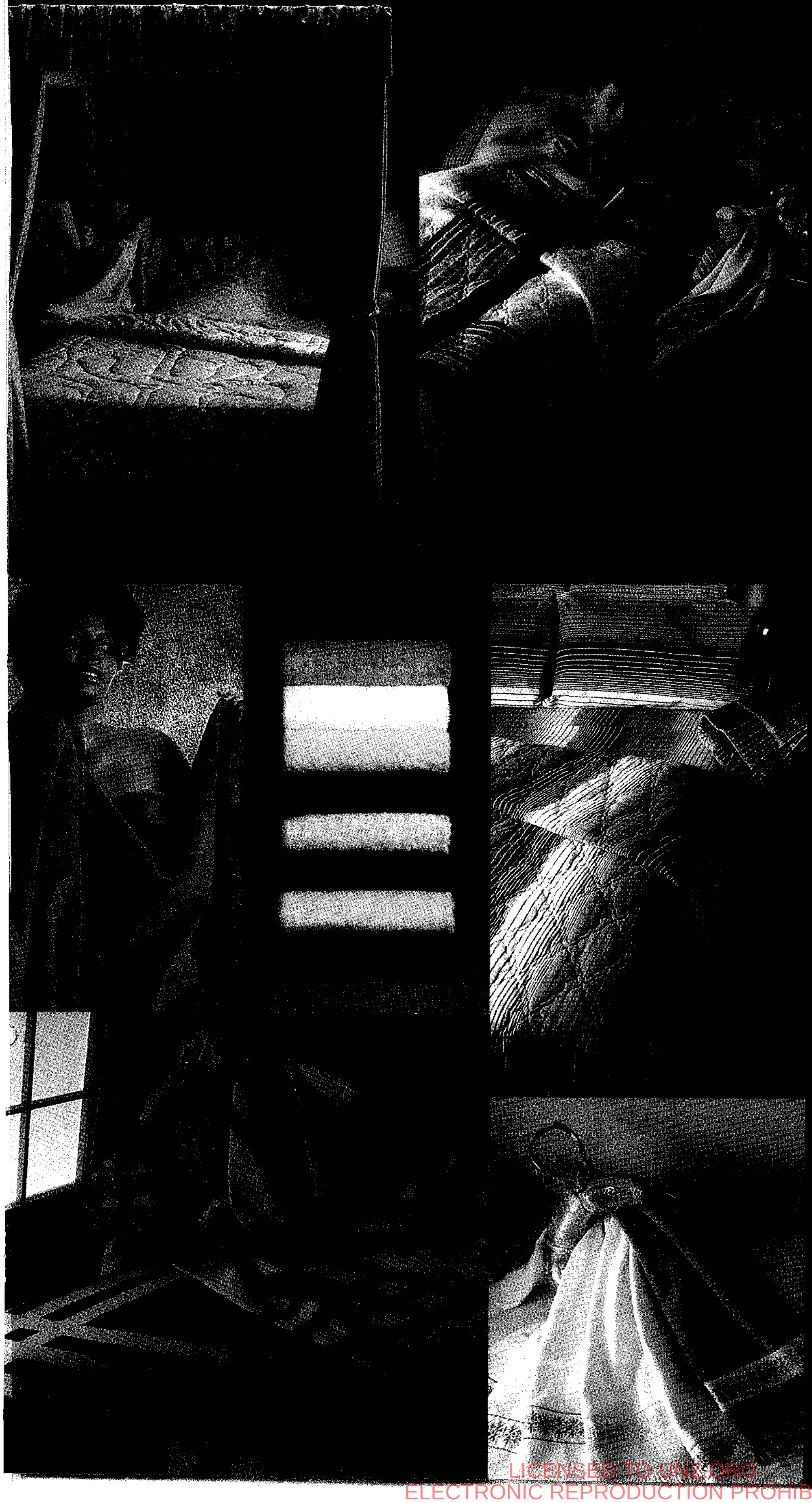

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the same sort of delicacy is once again becoming a mark of culture and breeding. Squeamishness—surely with terror and prurient churnings under it?—is the basis of this good taste.

THE people in Woody Allen's "Interiors" are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. "Interiors" is a puzzle movie, constructed like a well-made play from the American past (such as "Craig's Wife"), and given the beautiful, solemn visual clarity of a Bergman film, without, however, the eroticism of Bergman. "Interiors" looks so much like a masterpiece and has such a superbanal metaphysical theme (death versus life) that it's easy to see why many regard it as a masterpiece: it's deep on the surface. "Interiors" has moviemaking fever, all right, but in a screwed-up form—which is possibly what the movie is all about. The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. Alvy Singer, the role Woody Allen played in "Annie Hall," was just such a compulsive, judgmental spoilsport, and Allen's original title for that film was "Anhedonia"—the lack of the capacity for experiencing pleasure.

Among the many puzzling aspects of "Interiors": How can Woody Allen present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies? And how intentional is most of what goes on under the friezes and poses? Are we expected to ask ourselves who in the movie is Jewish and who is Gentile? The characters are so sterilized of background germs that the question is inevitably raised, and one of the film's few overt jokes is an overheard bit from a television show in which an interviewer asks a boy, "What nationality were you at the time of your birth?" and the boy answers, "Hebrew." Surely at root the family problem is Jewish: it's not the culture in general that imposes these humanly impossible standards of achievement—they're a result of the Jewish fear of poverty and persecution and the Jewish reverence for learning. It's not the joy of making cinema that spurs Woody Allen on (as he made clear in "Annie Hall," he can't have that kind of joy), it's the discipline

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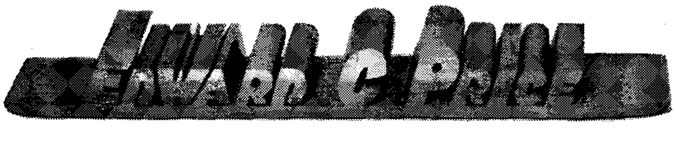

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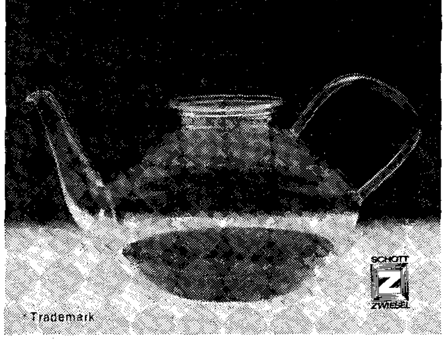

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of making cinema. The movie, with its spotless beaches, is as clean and bare as Geraldine Page's perfect house: you could eat off any image. The prints of "Interiors" were processed on a new film stock, and during the showings for the press and people in the industry in Los Angeles, Allen had the print returned to the lab after every screening to be washed. Which makes this the ultimate Jewish movie. Woody Allen does not show you any blood.

The father (E. G. Marshall) asks his wife for a divorce and then marries a plump, healthy, life-force woman (Maureen Stapleton), and so there are two mothers. The tall, regal first mother, an interior decorator (who places a few objects in a bare room), wears icy grays and lives among beiges and sand tones; the plebeian stepmother bursts into this hushed atmosphere wearing mink and reds and floral prints. This is the sort of carefully constructed movie in which as soon as you see the first woman caress a vase and hover over its perfection you know that the second woman will have to break a vase. The symbolism—the introduction of red into the color scheme, the broken vase, and so on—belongs to the kind of theatre where everything was spelled out. But under this obviousness there are the layers of puzzle. The two mothers appear to be the two sides of the mythic dominating Jewish matriarch—the one dedicated to spiritual perfection, the other to sensual appetites, security, getting along in the world, cracking a few jokes. It's part of the solemn unease of the film that no one would want either of them for a mother: they're both bigger than life, and the first is a nightmare of asexual austerity, the second an embarrassment of yielding flesh and middle-class worldliness. If the two are warring for control of Woody Allen, the first (the *real* mother) clearly has him in the stronger grip. She represents the death of the instincts, but she also represents art, or at least cultivation and pseudo-art. (As a decorator, her specialty, like Woody Allen's here, seems to be the achievement of a suffocating emptiness.) Maureen Stapleton, the comic life force, lacks *class*. The film might be a representation of the traditional schizophrenia of Jewish comics, who have had the respect for serious achievement planted in them so early that even after they've made the world laugh they still feel they're failures, because they haven't played Hamlet. Groucho Marx talked morosely about not having had the education to be a writer, and said that his early

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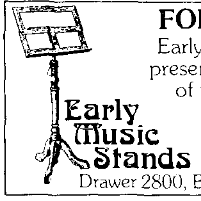

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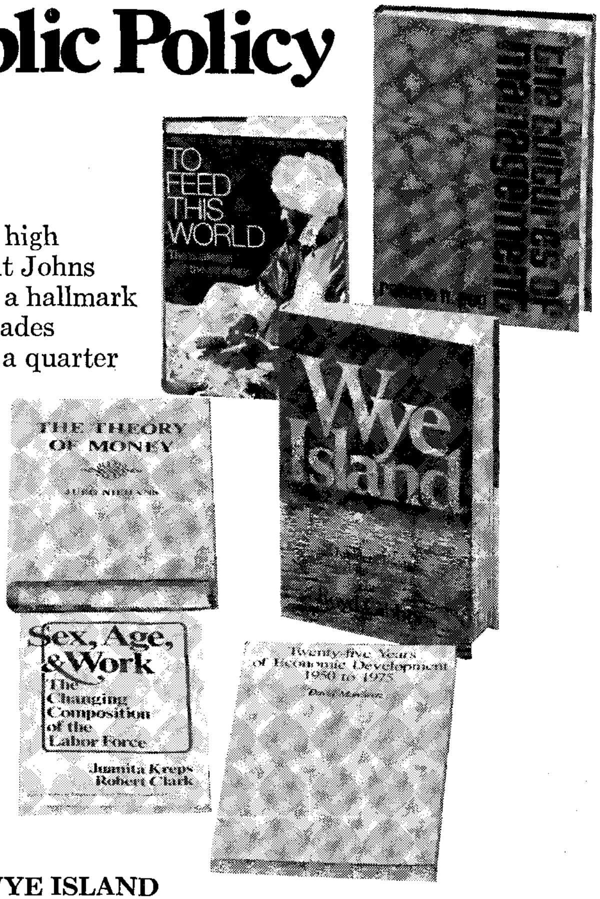

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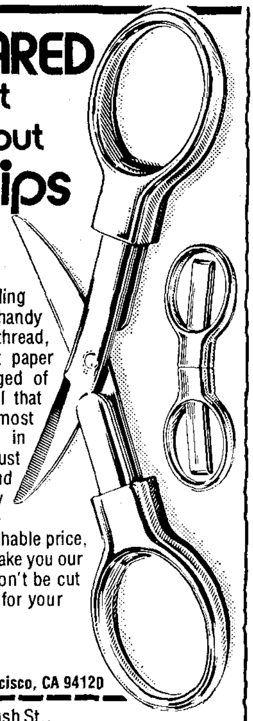

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pieces for this magazine were his proudest achievement. For Woody Allen, the equivalent is to be the American Ingmar Bergman.

The three daughters represent different aspects of the perfectionist neurosis. The oldest (Diane Keaton) is a well-known poet, determined, discontented, struggling with words while unconscious of her drives; the middle one (Kristin Griffith) is a TV actress, dissatisfied with her success, and snorting cocaine; the youngest (Marybeth Hurt), who looks like a perennial student, rejects sham and flails around, unable to find herself. In plays, the youngest is generally the one who represents the author, and whenever you see a character who's stubbornly honest you know that you're seeing the author's idealized vision of some part of himself. With Marybeth Hurt, if you have any doubts all you have to do is look at how she's dressed. (You'll also notice that she gets the worst—the most gnomic—lines, such as "At the center of a sick psyche there is a sick spirit." Huh?) She's unsmiling—almost expressionless—closed in, with specs, hair like shiny armor (it says hands off), and schoolgirl blouses and skirts. She's like a glumly serious postulant, and so honest she won't dress up; determined not to be false to her feelings, she actually dresses down for her father's wedding to the "vulgarian," as she calls her. (She's there under duress, and her clothes are an implicit protest.) She's the Cordelia, the father's favorite who refuses to lie, even to the mother, whom she alone in the family truly loves (she guiltily hates her, too).

The men's roles are relatively minor; Sam Waterston's part, though, is the only one that's unformed in the writing and doesn't quite fit into the formal plan. Geraldine Page is playing neurosis incarnate, and the camera is too close to her, especially when her muscles collapse; this failure of discretion makes her performance seem abhorrent. But Maureen Stapleton livens things up with her rather crudely written role. Hers is the only role that isn't strictly thematic, and you can feel the audience awake from its torpor when she arrives on the scene and talks like a conventional stage character. Diane Keaton does something very courageous for a rising star. She appears here with the dead-looking hair of someone who's too distracted to do anything with it but get a permanent, and her skin looks dry and pasty. There's discontent right in the flesh, while Kristin Griffith, the TV sexpot,

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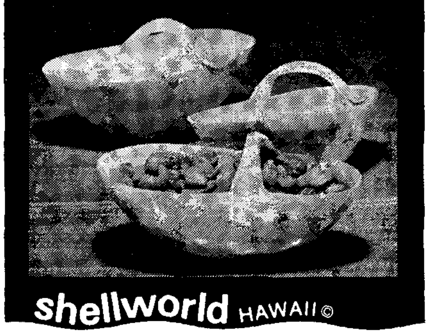

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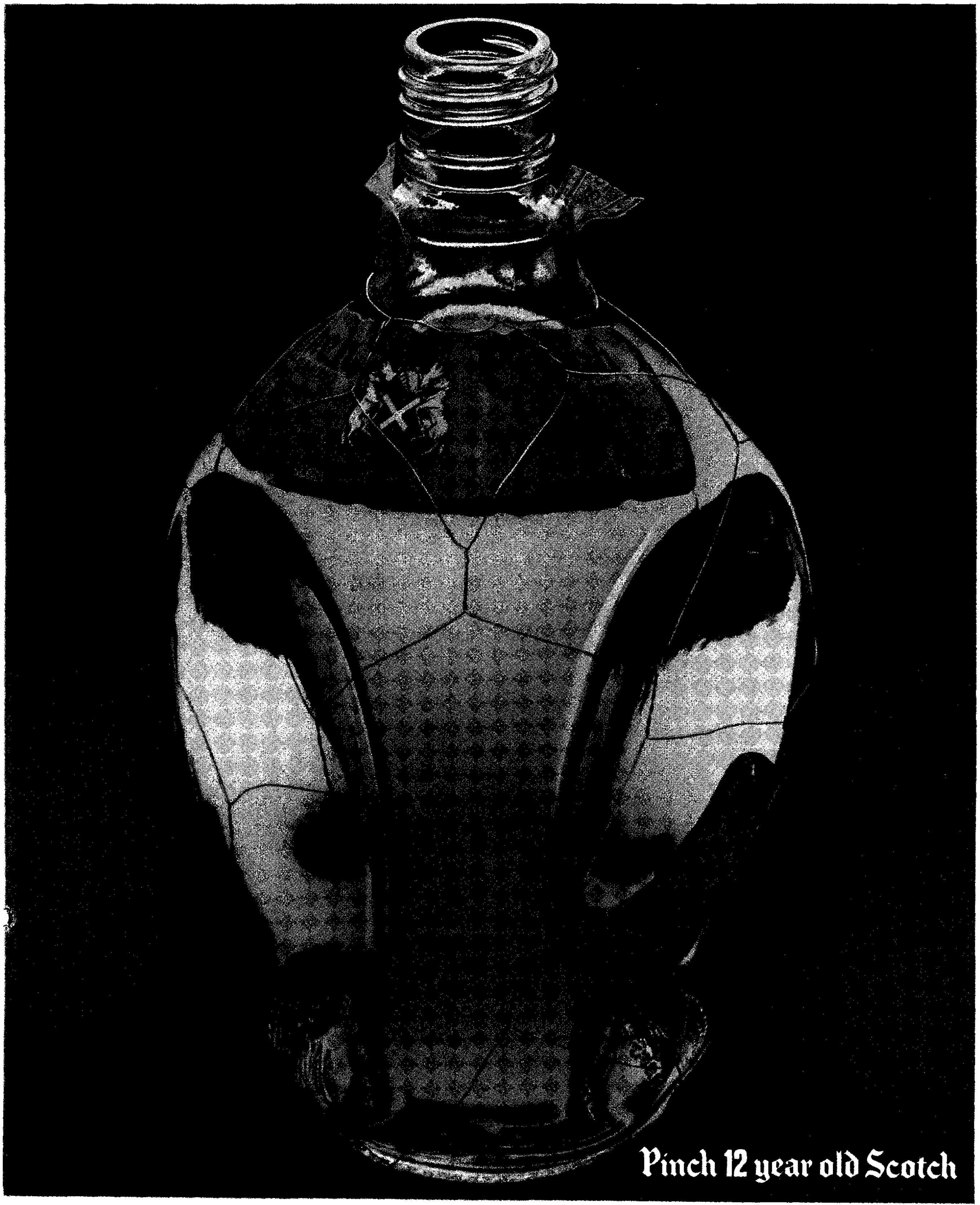
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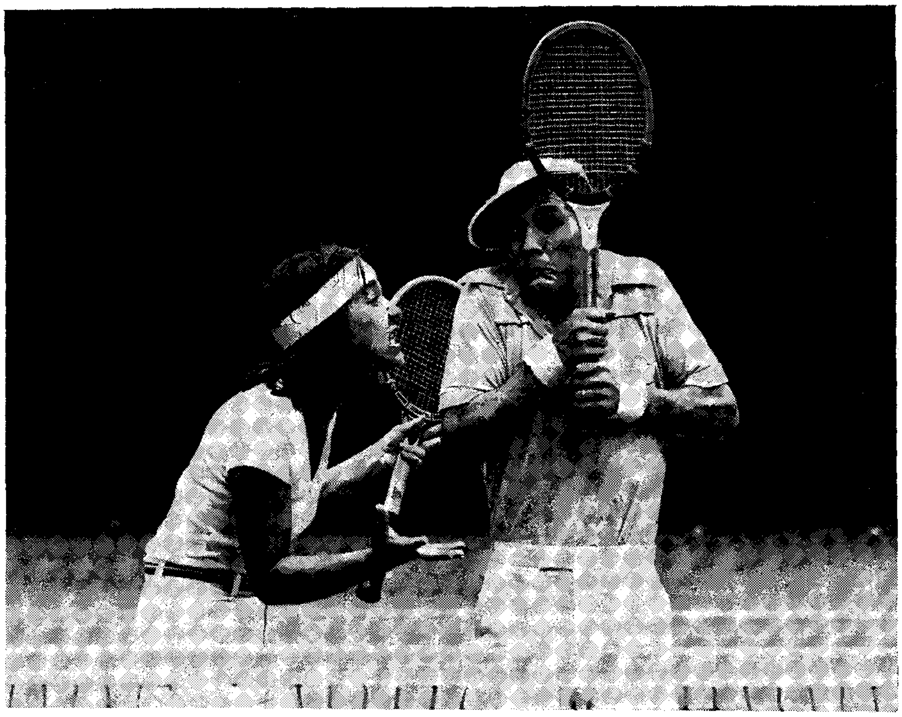
THE WINGS OF MAN

appears with fluffy hair, blooming skin, and bright white teeth—the radiance that we normally see in Keaton. This physical transformation is the key to Keaton's thoughtful performance: she plays an unlikable woman—a woman who dodges issues whenever she can, who may become almost as remote as her mother.

For Allen, who is a very conscious craftsman, it is surely no accident that the mother's impoverished conception of good taste is sustained in the style of the film. But what this correlation means to him isn't apparent. "Interiors" is a handbook of art-film mannerisms; it's so austere and studied that it might have been directed by that icy mother herself—from the grave. The psychological hangups that come through are fascinating, but the actors' largo movements and stilted lines don't release this messy material, they repress it. After the life-affirming stepmother has come into the three daughters' lives and their mother is gone, they still, at the end, close ranks in a frieze-like formation. Their life-negating mother has got them forever. And her soul is in Woody Allen. He's still having his love affair with death, and his idea of artistic achievement (for himself, at least) may always be something death-ridden, spare, perfectly structured—something that talks of the higher things. (If this, his serious film, looks Gentile to people, that may be because for Woody Allen being Jewish, like being a comic, is fundamentally undignified. This film couldn't have had a Jewish-family atmosphere—his humor would have bubbled up.) The form of this movie is false, yet it's the form that he believes in, and the form of "Interiors" is what leads people to acclaim it as a masterpiece.

People like Woody Allen for a lot of good reasons, and for one that may be a bummer: he conforms to their idea of what a Jew should be. He's a younger version of the wise, philosophic candy-store-keeper in "West Side Story." His good will is built partly on his being non-threatening. He's safe—the schlump who wins, without ever imposing himself. People feel comfortable with him; the comedy audience may even go to "Interiors"—to pay its respects to the serious Woody. Woody Allen's repressive kind of control—the source of their comfort—is just what may keep him from making great movies. "Interiors" isn't Gentile, but it *is* genteel. He's turned the fear of movies—which is the fear of being moved—into a form of intellectuality. If only it were all a put-on.

—PAULINE KAEL



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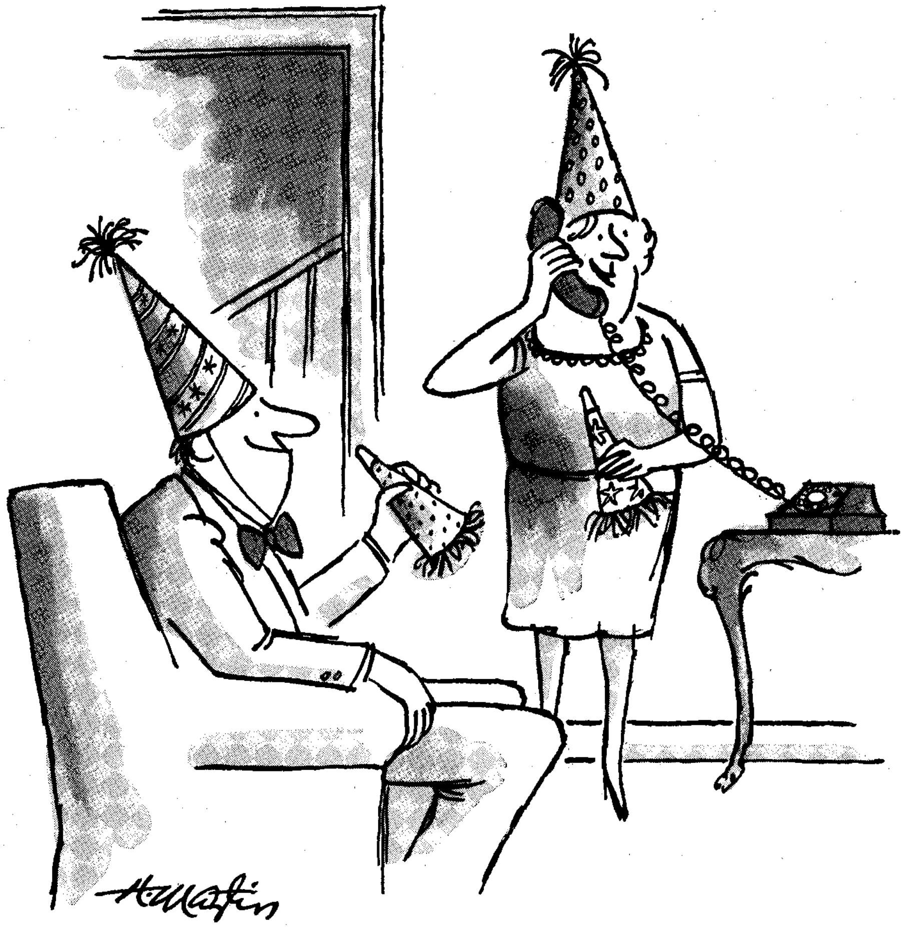
BOOKS

The Sailor's Return

As a storyteller, David Garnett has always been something of an archivist. In his early days, when he was turning a lady into a fox, we had the impression that his fantasy might well have been a genial private scandal dug up by family lawyers from ancient files. He followed the tradition of Defoe in making the improbable minutely circumstantial or the probable strange. There was an element of pastiche in this; but now, without that artifice, and with his gifts still sharp at the age of eighty-six, he has turned to an extraordinary and genuine piece of his own family's history. "Up She Rises" (St. Martin's; $8.95) is the life story of his mother's paternal grandmother, told as a novel but "with considerable accuracy." She was a barefoot and illiterate fishing lass, brought up in poverty among crofters and gypsies on the wild Scottish coast, and she became the heroine of a rough journey of five hundred miles on foot, from Scotland to Portsmouth, in search of her husband, who had been carried off by a press-gang in the Napoleonic Wars. She found him. He rose to be a master mariner, and in her travels with him afterward she went to Russia, was a wonder of Petersburg society—and of Russian gypsies—and met the czar. Success. She had not once let her honest head be turned.

In one way, "Up She Rises" is a companion piece to Garnett's much earlier novel "Pocahontas," with its graceful fidelity to the record; but Pocahontas was an exotic marvel and a princess, whereas Clementina Lamond was an obscure Scottish girl whose "rise" was due to her quiet resolution and her character. Her upbringing could easily have led to disaster. Her father was a crofter living on poor land among superstitious fishermen who were deep in smuggling, and he himself was on carousing terms with gypsy horse traders, who often settled on his little farm. He had a procession of mistresses. Clementina was his only legitimate child by his first wife, who had, it was rumored, been "helped" into the next world at the birth by an "aunt" notorious for witchcraft. Clementina grew up among the gypsy children and soon spoke the Romany language, which was several times a help in desperate moments later on in her life, although it had the disadvantage of making respectable people give her the cold shoulder. Garnett's account of this childhood is delightful; with his usual care, he brings to real life manners, language, the strange class divisions between crofters and fishermen, and the influences of history. Clementina knew how to defend her virtue. When she heard a cynical old wise woman plotting to get her raped by a peddler so that she could become the local witch, she demanded a pistol from a genial old man, who loaded it with birdshot and told her to shoot the peddler, but not above the knee—"We don't want a dead devil on your father's croft." She did as instructed. This marked her as a girl to be reckoned with. Her "aunt" was at the bottom of the plot, and her father threw the plotter out of the house. She adored this cheerful father; he was, she said, "a full man"—if mostly full of lust and whiskey. When the Excise broke in and arrested him for smuggling, he did not repine. He dressed up in his best when tried for his life and got off, but only to be sent to Botany Bay. The trial scene is very amusing.

These dramas of her childhood were followed by a more searching test of character. She fell in love with a superior young man who hankered after the sea. On her side, the passion began when she saw him semaphoring to his brother on the cliffs. (The science of flag signalling had just come to Scotland from France.) Her inability to write down the signals shamed her. She saw to it that she was taught to read and write from the Bible; the young man was fascinated. Helped by whiskey, she got him to bed, and although he decamped afterward to Norway on a ship, his conscience brought him back, and they were married. But the press-gang got him almost at once, and he was lost until Trafalgar was won. News came that his ship was in Portsmouth, and her famous five-hundred-mile journey began. Clementina's only protection was a dog and a Certificate of Good Character given to her by the local minister. Her adventure is the making of the book for its own sake and as an intimate picture of what life on the Scottish and English roads was like in the eyes of a wary, solitary



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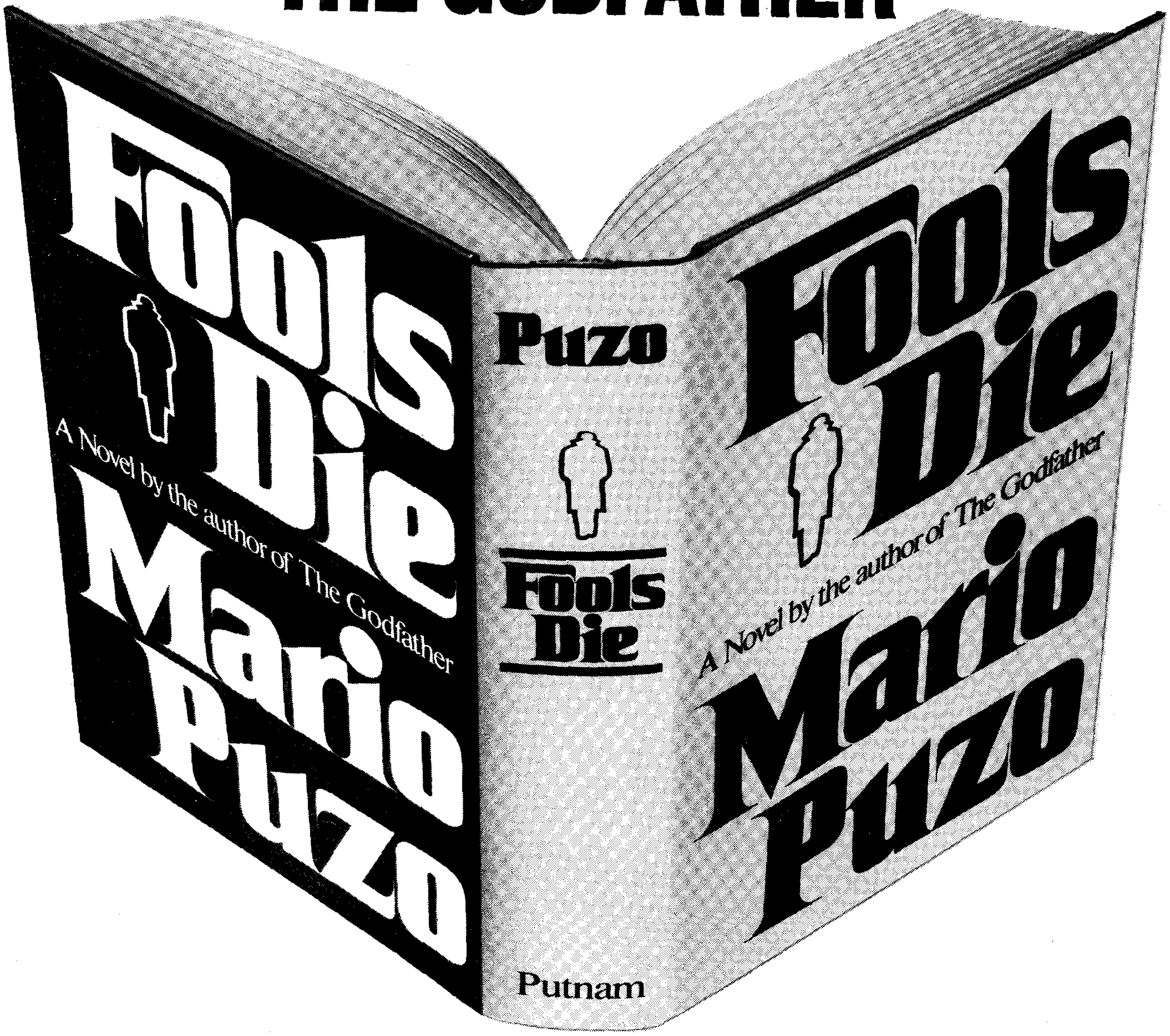
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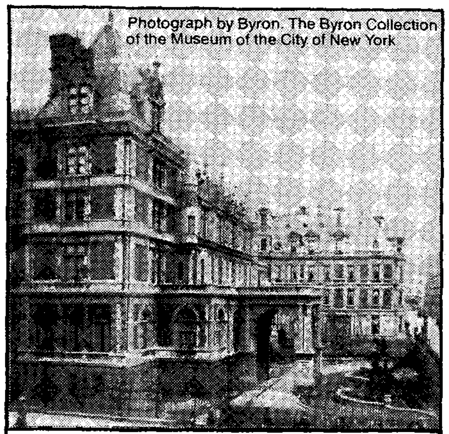
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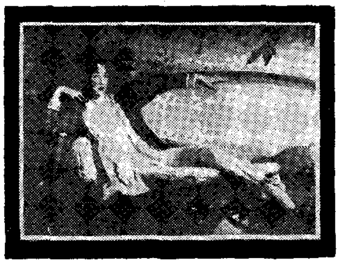
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DOUBLEDAY

woman traveller with one desperate end in view. There were thousands of vagrants or honest poor on the roads after the Napoleonic Wars. Travellers knocked on doors in a gamble for charity: they might be taken in or turned away for bizarre reasons. A clergyman, for example, threw Clementina out when he found that she was a Presbyterian. In the mining districts, miners were considered dangerous for any woman on her own. (Indeed, in my own Victorian grandmother's time village girls were often locked in when hard-drinking miners were on a spree.) Clementina's dog stole meat and she was nearly caught as a thief. There are innumerable odd encounters—one with a pair of jolly girls driving a flock of geese from Westmorland to Nottingham, a hundred and fifty miles. This was nothing for the geese, who could do up to six miles a day, provided the webs of their feet were shod with pitch and the quills of one wing were cut. There was the profitable adventure of rescuing a drowning girl from a millpond: Clementina was taken in by the rich people at the big house and was in luxury for a night; then on again she trudged, sleeping out or in barns. In the end, she got to Portsmouth and saw her husband, but only for a few hours—his boat was sailing the next day. Once more, she had to wait for "the sailor's return" (incidentally, the title of one of Garnett's early novels), and while waiting caught smallpox on the ship that was taking her back to Scotland, where she stoically earned her living—mending sails, baiting lines, knitting fishermen's stockings—until he was free to join her.

The novel is necessarily more Clementina's domestic story than her husband's, because he was making his career overseas. He was diligent, too. He had fought and killed, and had risen to command. The difference in their characters is acutely noted. She is proud of her literacy and easily angered by parish gossips who prevent her from being a schoolmistress, because of her gypsy connection and because her father was transported as a felon. She perhaps need not have made her great journey if she had applied to her mother-in-law for money, but Clementina could not forget the snobbish woman's slights. The buried gypsy wandering spirit as well as passion drew out her independence. When the minister, who is ashamed of the behavior of his parishioners, offers her a full term's wages as compensation for her dismissal from the school, she refuses it. She knew her husband would have thought it wrong

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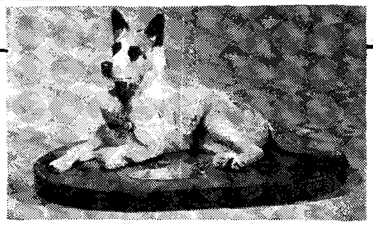
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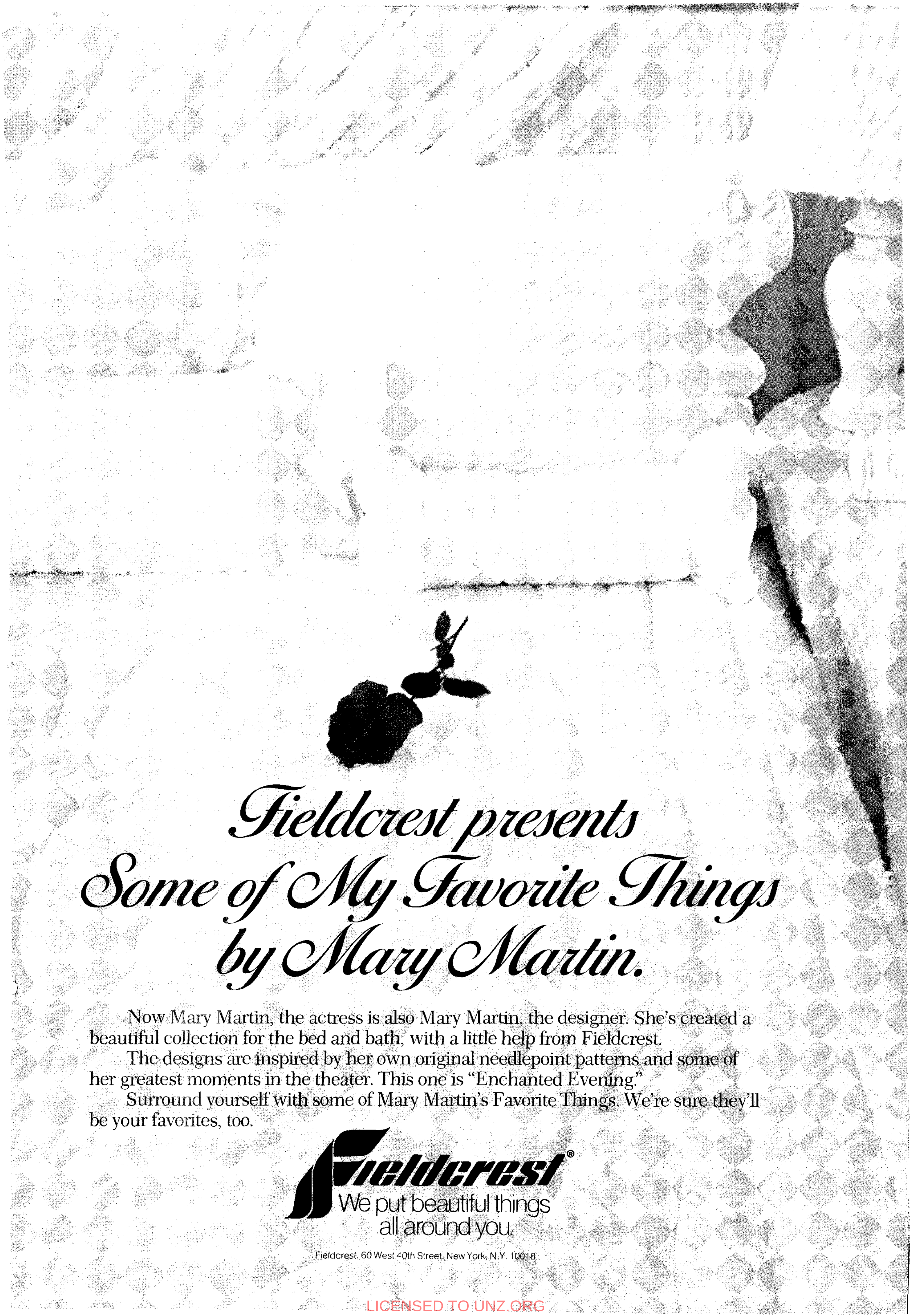

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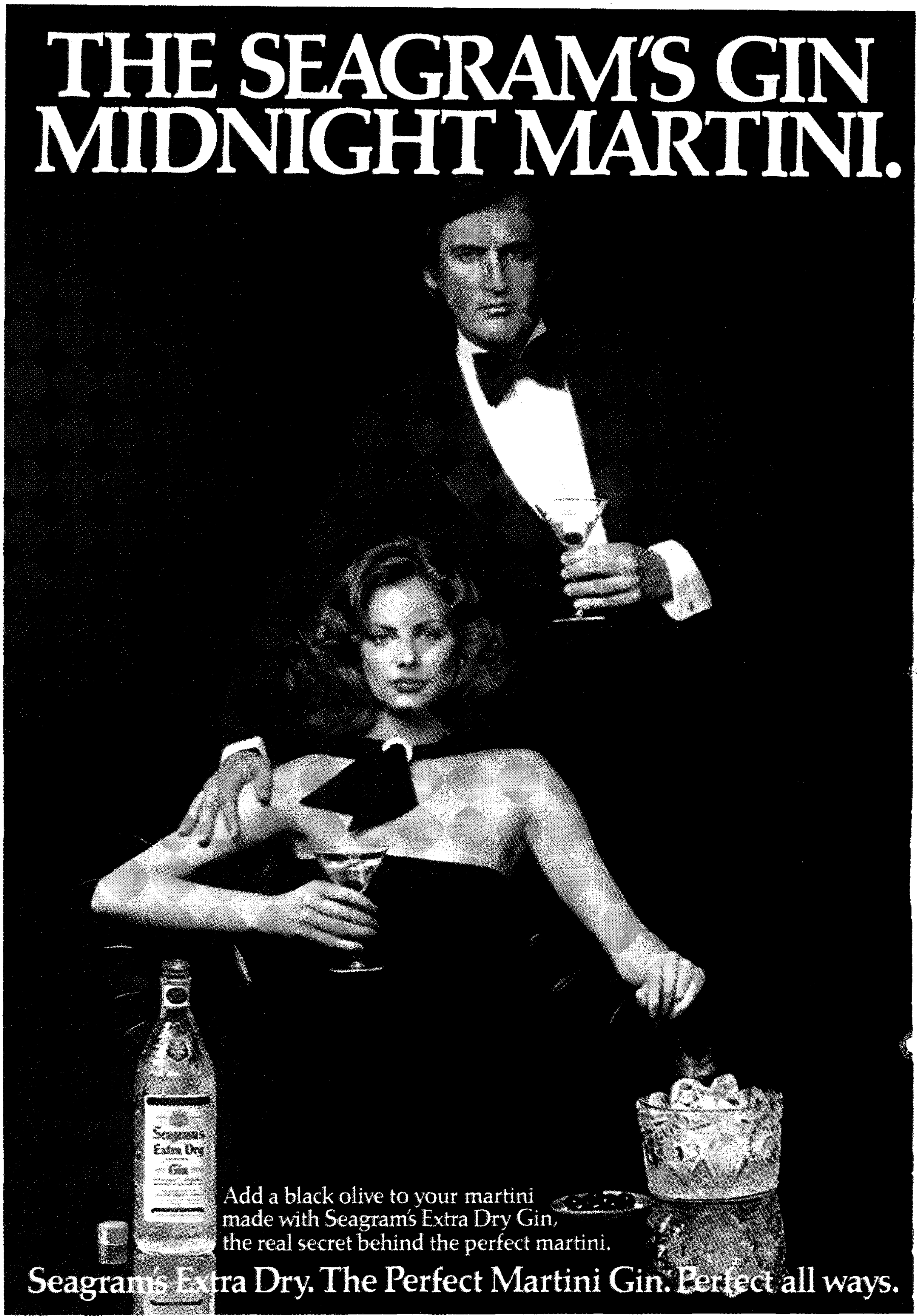

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In genteel Edinburgh, when her husband was training to be an engineer, Clementina had to give up her thick jerseys, her load of petticoats and spencers, and her Paisley or Shetland shawl. She felt naked and indecent in light, towny dresses. Garnett is thorough in his cataloguing of the miseries of strange clothes:

> Then the hated corset with its stomacher constricting her stomach and coming down in a point almost to the crotch. Above that a cotton dress left her shoulders bare while exposing her bosom in a frilly bag and then flowed down ignoring her waist, to below her ankles. . . . Then white cotton stockings and absurd slippers with a single strap over the instep: slippers which would fill with water at the first deep puddle. . . . On cold days she might wear gloves to above the elbows, carry a muff and wear a pelisse, and, on her head, an absurd bonnet looking like a gentleman's gigantic beaver hat.

Gone were the cheerful days when she lit a fire under the copper and boiled her underwear, and, after rinsing the clothes in cold running water, spread them to dry on the bushes. It shocked the prudent girl from the croft that women were expected to be daft enough to spend money on dolling themselves up in the fashion. She felt "no spark of gratitude" to those who took her in hand.

So her rise does not change her much. She lives for her children and her husband, but the sea and the Napoleonic Wars have changed him. Silent and gentle as a young man, before the press-gang got him, he has discovered new skills and ambitions. He had always been tormented by a Calvinist conscience; guilt is unknown to her. He is now the dour, hard-bitten commander, a disciplinarian with a temper. He can laugh, but laughter comes slowly to him. Yet his passion for her has always been considerate, and though he moves in grander circles than she does, he is very tactful about her homely speech and habits. He respects her plain dignity. In their different ways, both have pride, and that is a bond. Their children are well educated; foreign travel has given *them* elegance. A daughter makes a very grand marriage indeed. Clementina does occasionally have yearnings for the life of the gypsies she played with. In late middle age, she accidentally meets the gypsy girl who was her closest friend in childhood, and they ex-

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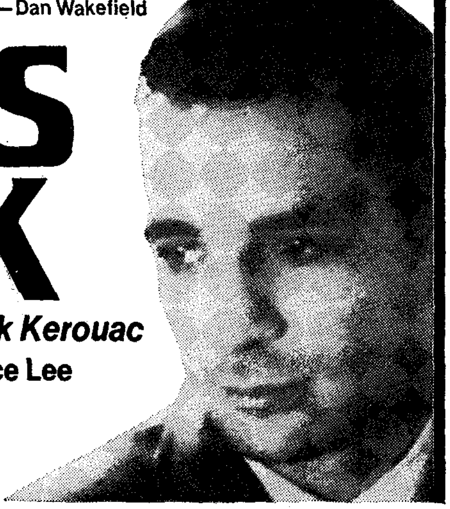

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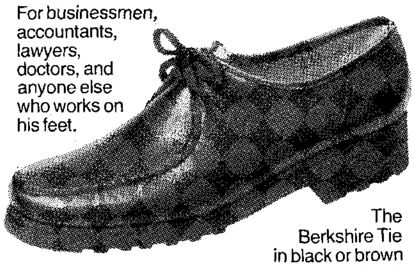

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change gossip and confidences. Clementina tells how in Russia she saw a bear, chained to a post, quietly holding a human baby, and says that female bears cannot be trusted: they want to suckle the child and in doing so are likely to crush it. The gypsy can cap this: An Indian snake charmer she used to know took her python to bed with her to keep it warm as she lay beside her lover. "If that woman strangled her lover in his sleep," the gypsy shrewdly remarks, "she would have a good *alibi*." This talk excites Clementina, who, under her decorum, is a very sensual and unshockable woman. She goes home "more unhappy than she had felt for many years." Wouldn't she have been happier if she had gone off with the gypsies? She has to pray hard to keep off the sinful thought that freedom is better than duty. She settles the dilemma in a comfortable way the next morning by refusing to eat a dish of scrambled eggs after she has finished her breakfast kippers: if she can't be free or as beautiful as the gypsy, because of her pockmarked face, she can at any rate get her weight down.

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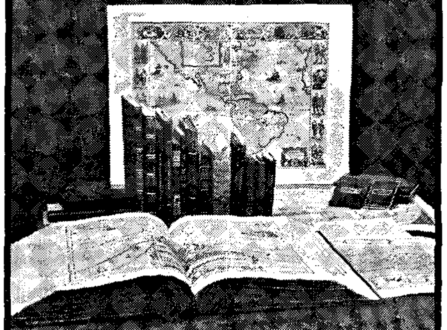

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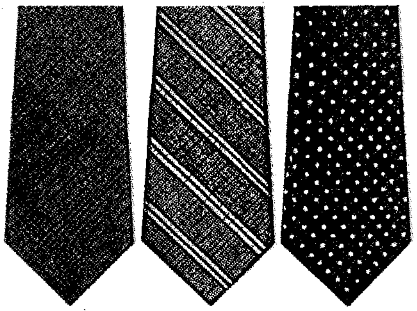

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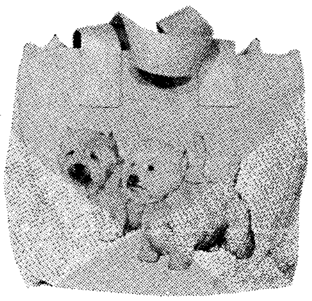

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THE CHANGELING, by Joy Williams (Doubleday; $7.95). This record of a tormented woman's thoughts begins with very short sentences and dissolves into garble. As the story opens, the woman, named Pearl, has run away with her baby, Sam, from an island off the New England coast where she has been living with several adults and a dozen children, all believers in occult powers. Sam's father finds them, and Pearl agrees to return, but on the flight back the plane crashes and he is killed. Mother and child are separated in the melée. The baby, reunited with Pearl in the hospital, where she is recuperating, has birthmarks on one of his hands and the cunning expression of an animal—features that strike Pearl as new and unusual—but she decides that she is imagining things. For the remainder of the book—about two-thirds of it, covering about seven years—Pearl is back on the island, drinking a lot of wine and gin and keeping her growing fears a secret. But when she sees the island attacked by strange hybrid beasts she loses her grip. Horror story or something more serious? The steady decay of Pearl's mental powers, skillfully rendered by Joy

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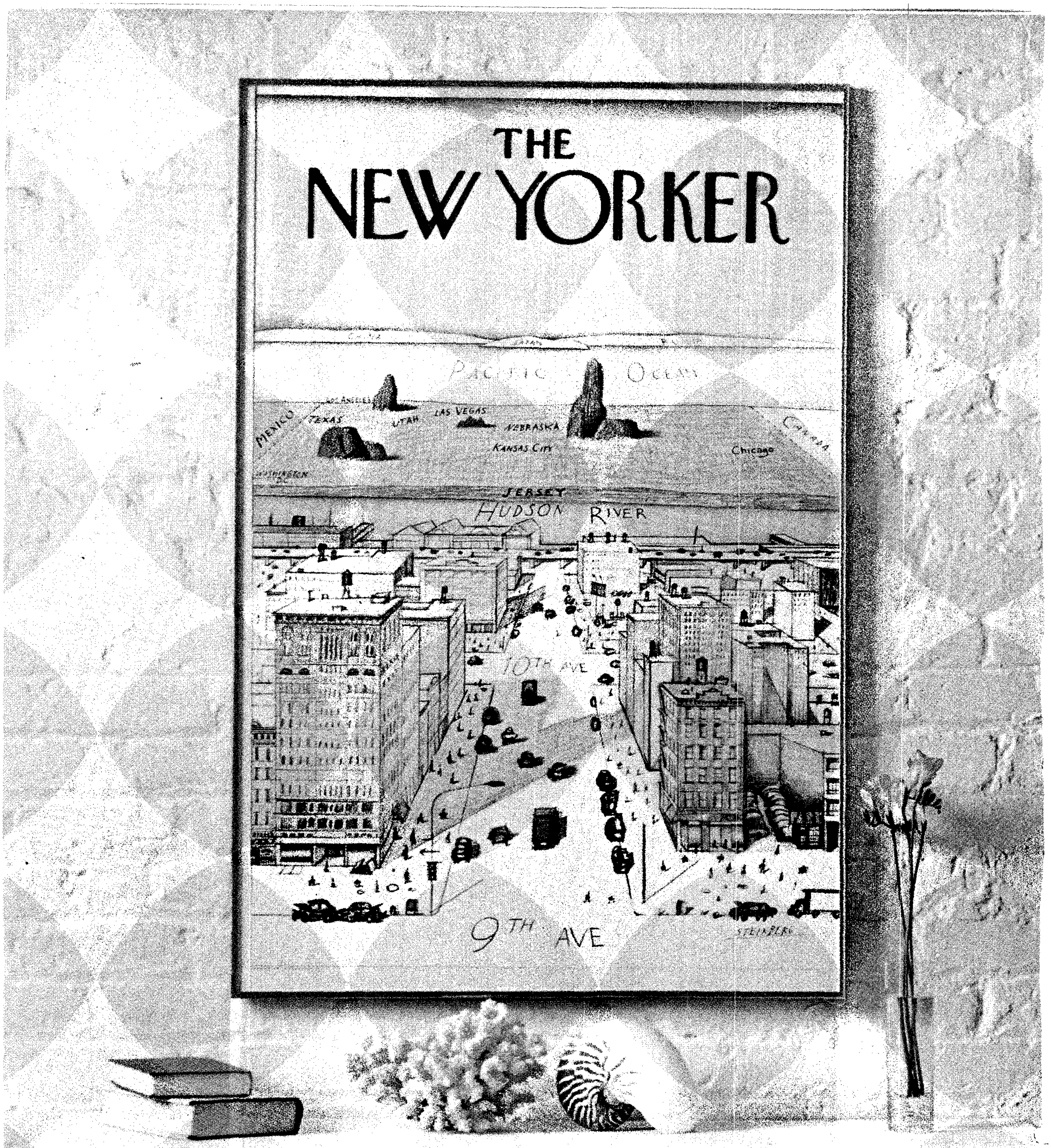
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Williams, may persuade the reader that the title is a metaphor for a schizophrenic.

GENERAL

The Memoirs of Anthony Powell. Volume II: Messengers of Day (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $10.95). In this absorbing installment, the autobiographer, fresh out of Oxford, lands his first job—finding bright new authors for Duckworth & Company, a conservative publishing house. Powell's success was predictably limited—Duckworth published his friend Evelyn Waugh's respectable biography "Rossetti: His Life and Works," but not his shocking first novel, "Decline and Fall." Powell made friends with many musicians and painters as well as writers, and he came into contact with such oddities as the eccentric hotel-keeper Rosa Lewis and the notorious magician Aleister Crowley. Somewhere in these crowded years, Powell wrote three novels of his own. His memoirs illustrate his gift for storytelling. Their portraits are subtle, witty, and refined.

The Case of Walter Pater, by Michael Levey (Thames & Hudson; $14.95). Walter Pater (1839-94) was a lifelong Oxford classics don whose writing, especially in the essays that make up "The Renaissance," stimulated one half of his Victorian audience and infuriated the other. A sometimes historian, sometimes critic, sometimes fiction writer, and sometimes autobiographer, he found his power in a mystifyingly benign, guru-like ability to suggest new ways of looking at art and experience. To Mr. Levey, director of the National Gallery in London and the author of a long list of art books on a wide variety of periods, Pater is great because his belief in the power of "sheer beauty" is combined with a "no less passionate awareness of everything that threatens it." If, in the end, this witty, elegantly written study isn't totally satisfying, it may be because its subject is made to sail through life too gracefully and all-knowingly. One can feel that Pater's thought was more muddled and unconscious than Levey would have it, and that—far from being the story of a dapper, discreet, wistful essayist—his career has the sadness of someone who realized only part of his talent.

E Sade, by Ronald Hayman (Crowell; $12.95). A full-scale biogra-

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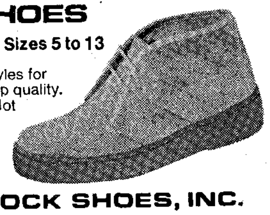

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phy of Donatien-Alphonse-François de Sade (1740-1814), and a critical examination of his literary works and his cult of evil. His life makes for a sombre story: twenty-five years of it were spent in prisons, partly as a consequence of his celebrated (by him) orgies but mainly because of the vindictiveness of his mother-in-law, and the last part of it was spent in the insane asylum at Charenton. The author quotes Freud ("Our civilization is, generally speaking, founded on the suppression of instincts") to bolster his contention that the danger society saw—and sees—in de Sade is not so much his sexual excesses as his doctrine that aggression, with the accompaniment of brutality and the inflicting of pain, is fundamental to all sexuality, that love and cruelty go together in nature. Mr. Hayman, an English drama and literary critic of sharp perception, traces the influence de Sade has had on a succession of writers, from Baudelaire to Simone de Beauvoir, Albert Camus, and Jean Genet.

Light from the West: The Irish Mission and the Emergence of Modern Europe, by William H. Marnell (Seabury; $11.95). The barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire also obliterated Christianity in much of Western Europe. Ireland, however, was so remote that it remained unconquered and Catholic, and, in time, missions from Ireland effected what the author calls "the second conversion of Europe." This is an excellent account of that slow, arduous, and risky process. Tiny bands of Irish monks infiltrated huge territories (parts of Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium) ruled by semi-savage Teutons and took their chances at persuading the chieftains to heed the twin gospels of civilization and Christianity. Mr. Marnell carefully separates fact from fiction—no easy task for the years between 563, when St. Columba set up his monastery on Iona, and 774, when St. Virgil dedicated a cathedral in Salzburg. The book comes with full scholarly apparatus, including useful bibliographies, but none of this intrudes on an exciting story.

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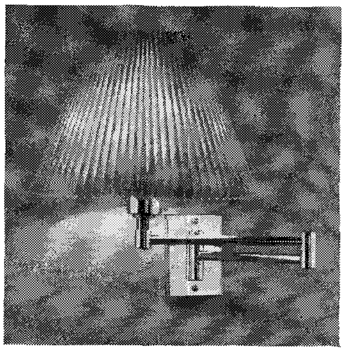

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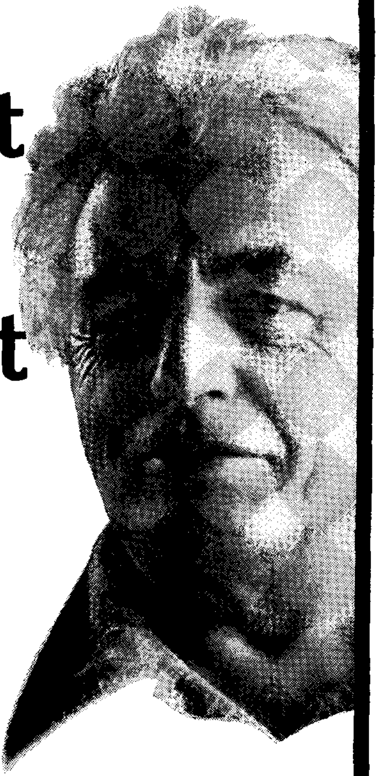

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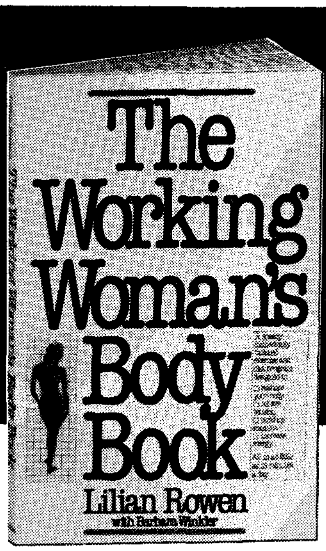

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stitutional interpretations that still stand—was regarded as one of the greatest men in the United States, and why he never attained the Presidency. He shows, too, why Webster's grand career ended in a yet more painful disappointment. Like other Northerners—Lincoln among them—Webster loathed slavery but believed that the Constitution protected it where it existed and that the best its opponents could do was oppose its extension. He did not understand the passionate anti-slavery feeling in his constituency, and when, in 1850, he supported a compromise that admitted California as a free state and appeased the South by a draconian fugitive-slave law, he was ruined politically in Massachusetts. The disillusion of onetime admirers, like Emerson, the author believes, produced the folk memory of Webster as a garrulous, winebibbing spendthrift who took bribes. Mr. Bartlett sees the man differently: a first-rate mind, a will to serve, and some neurotic traits, including the childlike assumption that, because he genuinely espoused lofty principles, the world owed him a very high living.

WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES, by Frances and Joseph Gies (Crowell; $10.95). A survey of the status of women all across Europe over a period of about four hundred years, with excursions into the particular: biographies of seven medieval women. Allowing for difference in time, place, and rank, the authors find that medieval women—sometimes in the temporary absence of their husbands, sometimes as dowagers or regents, sometimes on their own—ruled, managed, worked, and decided. Hildegarde of Bingen, who leads off their individual studies, was an abbess so famous that her writings won praise from the Pope. We know that writers document themselves and that queens and duchesses are documented by annalists: the surprise the Gieses have for us is the generous amount of information they have unearthed about humbler women, such as city artisans.

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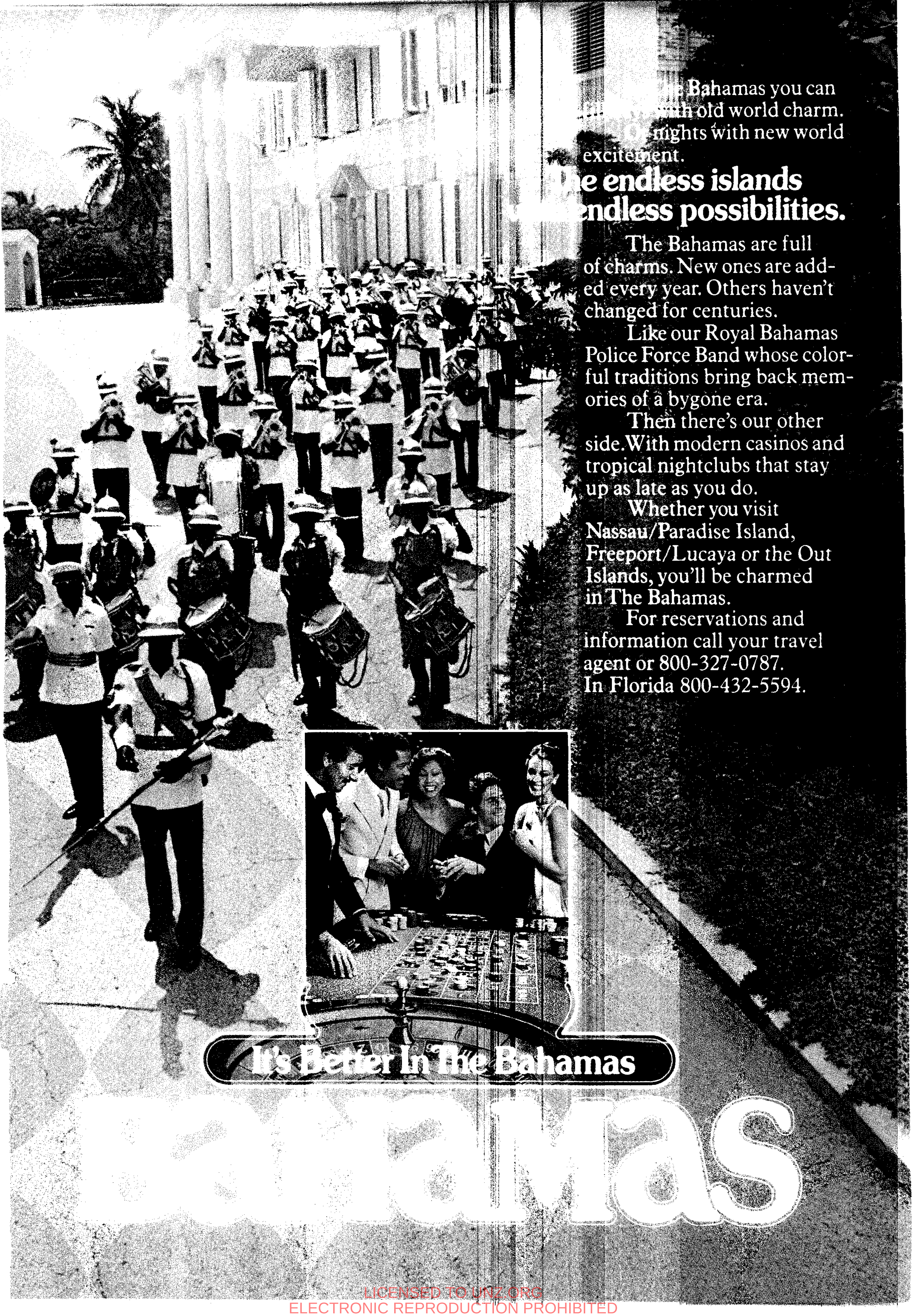
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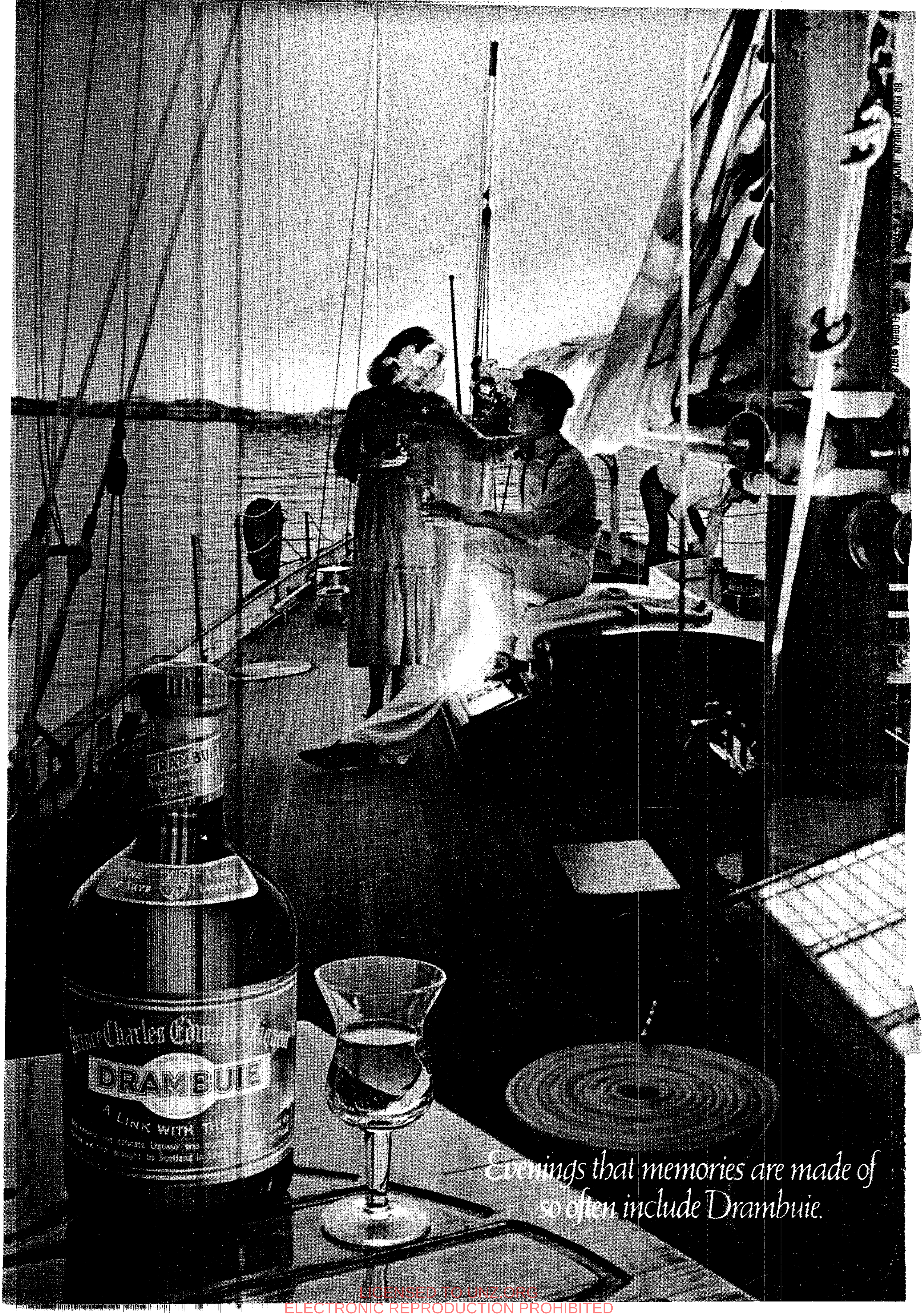
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